

THE
TRIUMVIRATE:

OR, THE
Authentic Memoirs

OF
A. B. and C.

Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpè jocosò.
HOR.

VOLUME II.



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TRIUMPHAL

AND

OF



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THE
TRIUMVIRATE:

OR, THE
AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS
OF
Andrews, Beville, and Carewe.

Nec furtum feci, nec fugi —
Libera, per vacuum, posui vestigia — } HOR.

CHAPTER XCVI.



HE next day, after dinner, the Triumvirate, being tempted by the fineness of the evening, took a walk to the sea beach, between two double lines of elms, planted so artfully, that every tree of the outward rows, covered the interval between two of the inward ones; which served to shade you, both from sun and wind, as effectually as if they had been

all placed in the same lines; and yet left, at the same time, the trees themselves their due proportion of air and soil, to thrive in. This avenue extended about a quarter of a mile, and was terminated by a clump of trees, which though only nineteen in number, were so ingeniously and paradoxically placed, that they formed just nine rows, with five trees in each *.

In the midst of this regular confusion, there was a seat formed round the center elm, under whose umbrella they sat down together, fixing upon that aspect, which regarded the sea. Here they all remained mute, for a considerable time, as that element had occasioned reflections to arise in each of their minds, which occupied their whole thoughts, in silent and self-contemplations. At length Mr. Andrews, who by being the most certainly unhappy of the three, was therefore become more collected and composed, than those who remained still in suspense, first broke silence, and turning to Mr. Carewe, claimed his promise, who thus readily began his story.

* Frame a regular hexagon—inscribe two equilateral triangles, draw diagonals from angle to angle, and the points, with the intersections, mark out the station of the trees.

C H A P. XCVII.

The story of Mr. Charles Carewe.

MY father is, for he is still alive, a gentleman of a considerable estate, in this kingdom. And my mother, who died lately, brought him a portion of five thousand pounds, and was a woman of remarkable beauty. I was their first, and only son—But my mother happened, unluckily, to be delivered of me, about a fortnight before the usual time.

As such accidents are known frequently to have happened, and that her character was irreproachable, the world, contrary to its usual bent, refrained from all manner of censure, upon this event. Nor did my father, who loved her as well as he was capable, seem to receive the least alarm, upon that occasion ; but rather in a coarse jocular manner, as was his way, applauded his own prowess, as he termed it, which could bring that matter *to bear*, such was his quibble, in about eight months, which required nine, with another.

However, about ten years after, he began to grow jealous and uneasy, about this very article, upon the following incident. A gentleman,

who was no way related, either to him or my mother, who had lived above an hundred miles distant from us, and had never even visited at our house, happened to die unmarried, and left his estate, which was about a thousand pounds a year, to me, appointing trustees for it, till I should become of age.

This person, it seems, had been a lover of my mother's, before her marriage, and was well received upon those terms, by her father; but more advantageous conditions happening to intervene, before matters had been concluded upon, she was compelled by her parents, to break off her engagements there, and was immediately married to my father.

These three concurring circumstances, her being wrested out of a lover's arms, the præmaturity of my birth, with this adoption, joined all together to raise a suspicion in my father's mind, which had never once occurred to him, till the last of these unlucky circumstances had happened.

Upon the first alarm, he with a precipitancy which was natural to him, and without giving my poor mother an opportunity of vindicating herself, from so foul a reproach, took a solemn oath that he would never see my face again, and immediately hurried me off to the trustees of
my

my fortune, to be educated and maintained, out of my own *patrimony*, as he stiled it.

The most interesting part of this story, the cause of my excile, I knew nothing of, till some years after this event, when my mother had obtained leave to visit me, at the school where I had been placed by my guardians, about forty miles from my father's seat. She then related to me the particulars I have just mentioned, which she said she would never have informed me of, but lest they might, by any chance, happen to come to my knowledge hereafter, from any other hand, and then possibly occasion some doubts to arise in my mind, which were unworthy of her. To obviate which, she immediately entered into a vindication of herself, with such an air of sincerity and virtue, that must have removed all manner of suspicion, from any but uncharitable and disingenuous minds.

At the same time, she afforded me the extreme pleasure of being informed, that she had perfectly quieted my father's uneasiness, by giving him every satisfaction that a christian could offer; which, with his own reflections upon the prudence and nicety, and of her whole conduct, ever since they had been married, had rendered him so conscious of the hastiness and injustice of

his suspicions, that he declared to her, according to his rough manners, and illiberal notions, that he would actually have asked her pardon, *if he was not her husband*. And as for that poor fellow, Charles, said he, I am sorry I took that rash oath, d'ye see me, but that's past and gone, and he must stay where he is now ; for, since I have sworn it, let who will go to the devil for a liar, by the Lord I am resolved that it shan't be me, d'ye mind.



C H A P. XCVIII.

HERE Mr. Carewe seems to be very delicate, upon what weak people imagine to be a material point ; and takes great pains to clear up his legitimacy—But why ? If the word *bastard* offends his ear, let him assume the title of *private relation* ; which is a more polite expression, in this case, that I here make a present of to the *civilians*.

Letters of safe conduct were issued by Edward the fourth, to the count de la Roche, *natural son* to a duke of Burgundy, who was coming over to engage in a tournament, at London, with
lord

lord Rivers *, who had challenged him. These letters were titled *Pro Bastardo Burgundiæ, super punctis armorum perficiendis*. The being admitted into the lists, was an article of honour, and therefore the stile of the *Pafs*, could certainly never be intended as an affront.

Or, to take it higher still, were not Romulus, Alexander, by Olympia's confession, Hercules, Themistocles, Jugurtha, king Arthur, Homer, Demosthenes, and Adrian the fourth, cum multis, every one of them notorious bastards? And was not Ego Gulielmus *Bastardus* the preamble to one of William the Conqueror's charters? But away with such upstart examples as these, and if you are tickled with pedigree, derive your origin from Cain, the *first bastard* of the world.

Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

Civilians distinguish bastards, by the title of *Natural Children*, in opposition to those born in wedlock; which latter may philosophically be divided into *unnatural*, and *artificial* ones. The

* This lord Rivers was a person of remarkable chivalry, and galantry of course. He was also a man of letters, and translated the lives and sayings of the philosophers, from the Latin; but left out every passage of them, which contained any manner of reflection, or sarcasin, against women. A polite, and peculiar instance of galantry!

first be those, who are begotten in the ordinary course of matrimony. For surely, no man can have the face to tell me, on this side of three-score, that it is *natural*, for a couple already agreed upon the *epenthesis*, the *medius terminus*, or *mean point*, to sit playing at *push-pin*, *pitch and toss*, or *hide in the hand*, while a lame sexton is limping round a whole parish, to summon a fat, full-dined, lethargic parson, waddling a snail's pace, to come and sanctify a deed, which by an express text, has already been declared a divine command.

These *slow-begotten* brats, *babes of grace before meat*, these *postponings* of love and joy, are what, in *obstetrics* *, as *Shandy* chuses to say, may be stiled *unnatural*, or untimely births, as coming into the world, contrary to the *due course of nature*, and as it may be called, *after their time*, also.

By *artificial children*, I mean those *succedaneums* to generation, where barrenness or impotency are repaired by help of medicine, or other arts of physic—They may likewise be stiled *Exotics* too, as reared by *cookery*, in cold ungenial *zones*. Such *adventitious* children, such *interlopers* in families, should certainly never be allowed by the

* Midwifry.

English constitution, to intercept an estate from the heir at law. And for this opinion, I shall give you a *constructive case*, in point, taken out of *Whyte's Reports*, folio 23, and page 678. *

A man fell down in a fit, at a certain coffee-house—A by-stander immediately proposed a bett, that he would not recover—Another unconcerned spectator *took him up*—Not the poor patient, but the challenger. A surgeon, who happened to be in the room, drew out his lancet, and stript up the dying man's arm; but the bettor called out to him to have a care of what he was doing, for that he should pay the bett, if the man recovered—An appeal was made to the jocky club, then present, who confirmed the sentence, “for that the gentleman had staked his money, upon *nature* only, not on *art*.”

Besides, these surreptitious heirs seldom ever arrive to the size or vigour of manhood, neither, but remain a kind of

Puny insects, quivering at a breeze;

like some of our modern nobility and gentry. For my part, (had I any thing to leave) [*aside.*] I would much sooner adopt an heir, out of a *warming-pan*, than an apothecary's shop. And,

* This thing is said to have happened some years ago, at Whyte's chocolate-house.

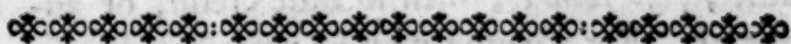
if a woman may be allowed to take medicines, to get herself with child, why may she not be indulged in getting herself with child, sometimes, by way of medicine, also? For physicians have prescribed this cure, in some cases.

Bastards—I ask pardon—*Private relations* are also said to be generally more endowed with spirit, wit, and genius, than the legitimate. Which must certainly be owing to their parents being both of *one mind*, at the same instant, and then in steps the good old proverb, that *two heads are better than one*. Is there always such a concordance, in matrimony? And where this is wanting, can the offspring of mere ceremony, be ever fit for any thing, but to make *heralds*, *dancing-masters*, or *gentleman-ushers*. *?

These *merry begotten* too, have another advantage over the legitimate, as they may be at liberty to *adopt* a father; and shew themselves *wise children*, in their choice. The legal son may have a scoundrel, or a scavenger, for his parent, but the bastard must have had bad luck, indeed, if among the number of galants, who may be imputed to his mother, he cannot be able, like

* *Quod persolvant debitum languide, & oscitanter; unde factus, à parentum generositate, desciscit.* Says Lemnius, the great physician.

some of the antient heroes, to pick out one, that he need not be ashamed of.



C H A P. XCIX.

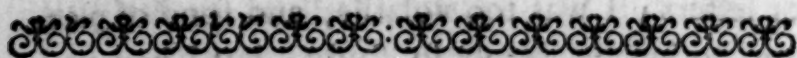
I Remained at this school, continued Mr. Carewe, till I had compleated the course I had begun at a former one, before my banishment; and was thence removed to the univerfity of Oxford; where I paffed through my ftudies and exercifes, -with as much credit and fuccefs, as moft of my cotermporaries.

I do not pretend to fay, that I applied myfelf to books, with the fame fedulity that either of you, gentlemen, faid he, bowing, would probably have done, in fo advantageous a fituation for letters; I was too volatile, and fond of pleafure, to ingage deeply in ftudy; but I had ever a certain pride of character, which notwithstanding my diffipations, and the *disadvantages of an independent fortune*, propelled me always, juft to fill up the *ftriked* meafure of my duties, though to fay truth, I feldom *heaped* it.

And in truth, the college courfes there, are fo very eafy, to any perfon well inftructed, and attended

attended to at school, that I have been frequently surpris'd to see so many young men, of sense and parts sufficient, pass through them, or rather, *pass them by*, with so little credit, or advantage. For a person may be perfectly idle, in a moral sense, without being so, in a literary one. Let him but diligently apply only that time, to his studies, which he cannot find room for, in his pleasures, and I'll answer for it, that he shall pass through all his degrees, with ease, and honour too.

But the misfortune is, that young fellows do not, time enough, take up a sense of this œconomy, at the beginning, and then, like other bad managers, the arrear of business they find on their hands, often affrights them from adjusting their accounts, till it may be, perhaps, too late to retrieve either their time, or their fortunes.



C H A P. C.

WHILE I was at the university, I happened to attach myself particularly, to a young man, who was of the same hall with me. He was a perfect Adonis, in face and person.

son. This, you may be certain, was a matter of no manner of consequence to me; but some friendly pieces of service, which happened to fall in my way to do him, with his sense and gratitude for them, mutually endeared us to each other.

He was not possessed of any great logical faculties, but had a refined taste for poetry, painting, music, and the classics; with a remarkable facility in learning languages; and he applied himself with such diligence to this *superficial part of literature*, that he could not only read French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, but speak them too, with perfect ease, fluency, and correctness.

But in the deeper or more abstruse parts of study, such as physics, metaphysics, and mathematics, in fine, through most of the arts and sciences, he was remarkably backward and slow. He used to attend diligently indeed, all the lectures upon natural philosophy, on account of the experiments, which he seemed passionately fond and curious about, but would very gladly have excused himself from the reasonings upon.

He was sensible of this weakness, and so mortified at it, that he was resolved to use every assistance toward conquering this imbecillity; and as these were branches of learning in which I had
happened

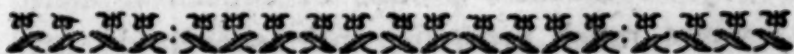
happened best to distinguish myself, and who was two classes above him, he used frequently to come to my chambers in a morning, or invite me to his, and intreat me to help him forward with these *tough businesses*, as he termed them.

I was flattered, and he obliged, by these conferences ; and it was this which first founded our mutual friendship ; which was afterwards farther cemented by a piece of humanity and politeness, I had frequent opportunities of exerting toward him, after our union, and which I am just going to mention to you.

He was very lively, had a good deal of wit and frolic, and was a perfect rake too, as far as sitting up all night, which he would frequently do ; but then he indulged himself in no other kind of excess, at these, or at any other times. He would neither drink, nor scour the watch, nor ransack brothels. His amusements, on these occasions, were conversation, reading, drinking coffee, playing cards, walking by moon-light, or hiring a coach, with two or three friends, and setting out at midnight, to be early enough to see some fine feat or improvement, fifteen or twenty miles off.

But some of the idle fellows who happened to be of our parties, used to press him sometimes, quite rudely, to join with them in their debaucheries ;

cheries ; which perceiving in him such a virtuous aversion to, I used constantly to defend him from, though I was frequently too ductile myself, toward such idleness and excesses.



C H A P. CI.

THIS harmony had subsisted between us for about two years, when my poor friend happened to have a very awkward piece of business fall upon his hands. He had been at billiards, which he played remarkably well ; he had much the advantage of the party ; but men are not, at all times, masters of their art, and he lost the game by one manifest bad stroke.

Upon this, an hasty Welchman who stood by, and had lost a few shillings on a bett, swore by St. Taffit, hur had played buty. My friend resented the assertion, and quick replied, that no person could have suspected him of such a baseness, who was not capable of it himself. Hur plood poiled over, at this sarcasm, and snatching up one of the tacks, he broke it over my friend's head ; who retired out of the room, with an " I shall find a time, Sir."

It

It was late in the evening, and the poor discomfited squire retired home to his own apartments—He had been reared under his mother's eye, who employed the curate of the parish as his private tutor, in her own house. This was by no means a process of education likely to inspire much prowess; and accordingly my pretty effeminate friend had not the least spark of chivalry about him. He passed the night without sleep, and with very uneasy struggles, and reflections, between the opinion of the world, and his *mortal aversion to killing people*.

The next morning early, he called upon me, looked pale and disturbed, told me with a trembling voice, the adventure of the night before, and asked my advice after what manner he should conduct himself, upon this unlucky occasion. I replied, that the testy *Wallian* had left him but one rule of *action*, which was *re-action*, and that I was ready to carry him a challenge instantly, as there was no time to lose. That a thing of this sort, should always be resolved on quick, and acted briskly; for that the sooner we vindicate our character, and the shorter time we bear resentment, the better.

He replied that it was not for such advice he had called upon me, on this occasion; that he knew full well what the false notions of the world

world had too strongly established in such cases ; but that his principles of morals and religion, stood more strongly still, on the other side of the question. He added, that supported by these, he could muster up philosophy sufficient to withstand a mere popular hiss ; but that this was not his sole difficulty, for his whole fortune depended on the favour of his grandfather, who had already declared him heir to two thousand pounds a year ; but having been bred all his life in the army, and totally ignorant of any character but a military one, had comprised all worth, all virtue, in bravery alone ; and had been often heard to swear, “ by the Lord, no “ coward should ever inherit an acre of his “ estate, which had been all purchased by the “ sword. No, d—n me, he may starve for “ me—’Tis fit the dog should *rot*, that begins “ to *stink* already ;” with such stuff : The young man told me therefore, that he came to throw himself upon my address, to extricate him out of this difficulty, by any possible means I could devise—*except fighting*.

I confessed that it was really a stroke beyond my genius, to think of any other expedient but challenging the fellow, at least. Perhaps he may be brought to ask your pardon, said I, and I shall strongly remonstrate to him, that this is the
least

least he ought to do. If he is a man of true honour, he certainly will do so. If not, he is a rascal, believe me, and will take to his heels, at the sight of a pistol. The *die is cast*, and there is no retreating.

I grant you, continued I, that duelling is contrary both to reason and religion, but as every one who lives in a community, is obliged to obey the laws of it, so may we hope that heaven may make some allowances for a practice which, though founded originally in barbarism, custom and opinion have long since sanctified almost equal to a law, among more civilized nations. I clapped him on the shoulder, bid him keep up his spirits till my return, and so quitted the room suddenly, without waiting for an answer.



C H A P. CII.

I Crossed the square directly, to the apartment of our antagonist, whom I found at breakfast, with a gentleman commoner from Llangefny. I told them my errand; but said at the same time, that I should not have taken this disagreeable commission upon me, only with a
view

view of accommodating the strife, without bloodshed, or dishonour. That it was plain to every body, Mr. Jones was the aggressor, that the rebuke was too severe for the reply, and that therefore, I hoped ———

Hop me no hops, cried out ap Shones, hur was saucy Jack, and hur will teach hur manners to a shentleman. If hur has mind to fight, let hur fight as fight can, for by St. Taffit, ap Shones will do noting but fight, or break more of hur pones, Jackadandy—Llangefny seconded this gallant resolve, by saying that it was unpecoming of a shentleman to ask pardon, for this was acknowledging hurself to pe in the wrong. I appointed the park, and the present minute,

At my return, I found my poor-spirited friend in the greatest agitation, both of body and mind. He asked no question, but looked inquiry. I really pitied his distress, and was so much affected with it, that I declare I would readily have fought the sulky South Britain, myself, to have rid him of his fears and danger; but that I thought this would be only acting the bravo, and have injured my own character, without redeeming his.

I told him that ap Shones was a bear, that we must take the field on the instant, that matters were unluckily come to that pass at present, there
was

was no living among men upon any other terms; that as he had been involved in this affair, without any vice of his own, and was prosecuting it without the least malice, but solely in defence of his character and fortune, he might well stand acquitted both to God and man; that therefore, any farther difficulty about the matter, must be cowardice, not scruple,

Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

For shame, said I, shake off this womanish weakness—Arouse—Be a man, &c.

During this military oration, he made no manner of reply, but fixing his eyes upon the floor, with a kind of stupid insensibility, as if he was falling into a lethargy, muttered to himself, in allusion to my last expression, *Would to heaven that I were either perfect man, or woman!*

This extraordinary soliloquy struck my ear with surprise, but I had only time for this reflection, which I spoke aloud, that an hermaphrodite had neither body, nor soul, worth saving. While I said this, I took down a case of pistols, which I had charged the day before, on an idle affair of my own, which happened to pass luckily over, and taking my feeble *Epicane* briskly under the arm, hurried it away to the ground

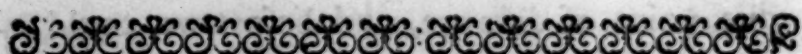
ground, without permitting time, or power to dissent.

We found the enemy had taken the field before us, had got possession of the heights, were properly stationed, and appointed, with their bright arms glittering in the sun—*A terrible show!* As I was leading, or rather dragging my poor-spirited friend up to what I judged to be the due point of distance, and before we could attain it, or that I could put a pistol into his hand, and retire, the hasty Welchman let fly a shot between us, which however, luckily missed us both.

I then thought this act of baseness a justifiable occasion for saving the credit of my friend, and making the quarrel now become my own; so quitting his arm, and desiring him to move off to the left, I rushed up to the station, crying out, Since I find you aim at both, have at you for one. But before I could form my posture, or present my pistol, I saw the enemy fairly wheel *to the right about*, and betake himself most nimbly, to his heels.

Llangefny sputtered, cursed, swore, and holloed after him to stand hur ground like a gentleman, but the winds and ap Shones were equally deaf and swift. So turning to the second, I just said, a flying enemy is not worth pursuit,
and

and a coward below resentment. Then discharging my pistol in the air, and running up to my now undismayed ally, whom I found chanting out Victoria! Io Triumphe! Io Pæan! with martial air and strides we marched off from the field together, returning back directly to my chambers.



C H A P. CIII.

AS soon as we arrived, my friend threw himself into a chair, with an heavy sigh. I sat up all night, said he faintly—doubts and anxieties distracted me. I eat nothing all this morning, and my perturbations, with the hurrying to and from the park, have so overpowered me, that I perceive my strength and senses beginning to fail. Bring me a glass of water quickly. I saw convulsions seize him, I ran for the bottle, but before I could reach it to him, he *fainted, sunk, and died away.*

I caught him up in my arms, laid him on my bed, and plenteously bedewed his pale face with water—but in vain.—I searched his pockets for some *eau de luce* I had seen him snuff up several times,

times, in the morning. The application had no effect, there was no breath to inhale the spirit—his pulse was silent, and his eyes still open, had now lost all speculation in them.

I was distracted—The Welchman's shot must have taken place—I opened all his cloaths before, and lifted up his shirt to search the wound, but viewed a spotless form. No, no, the wound was reserved for my heart alone. Such a polished skin! such limbs! such breasts! such a gender! I gazed enraptured on the perfect fair. An age of friendship rushed at once to love! I besprinkled her lovely body all over, and the water applied to parts unused before to cold, began soon to awaken sense. My hopes revived, and thinking the transition again from cool to warm, might more quickly compleat the cure, I stript off my cloaths in an instant, sprang into bed, and enfolded her lovely body in my arms. The roses returned into her cheeks and lips, her eyes began to dawn, her breath expressed itself in murmuring sighs, and her *pulse beat tremblingly alive all o'er.*

Soon as her bright orbs had twinkled into life, she quick perceived her situation, and endeavoured to disengage herself from my embrace. I leaped from the bed, threw myself on my knees by the side of it, intreated her forgiveness,

B

urged

urged my excess of passion, vowed ten thousand years of love and constancy, then caught her again in my arms, while through a charming mixture of surprise, confusion, gratitude, fear, irresolution, and desire, the yielding fair one

—————Chorusque
 Jupiter obticuit. —————

After the usual compliments were passed, as
He. Thou most angelic fair ! all heaven is in thy eyes, and bliss immortal in thy arms, &c.

She. Oh, my dear undoer ! I would have sustained a thousand martyrdoms, sooner than have yielded to any other man alive, &c.

—————
 —————
 I then begged the favour of her to let me into the mystery of her extraordinary metamorphosis —But first, said she, prithee let us have some breakfast. Agreed—I slipped on my night-gown, and brought the tea-table to the bed-side. She would have arose, but I would not suffer it. She had not slept the night before. After breakfast I returned again into bed.

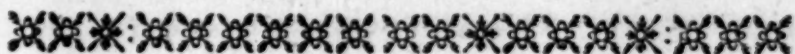
—————
 —————
 —————
 I happened, after some time, to awake from that sweet slumber which the Epicurean philosophers stile the *golden nap*, while my fair *Andro-*
genes

genes lay still composed in sleep. I raised myself up gently on my arm, and *with looks of cordial love, hung over her enamoured*. When I had viewed her beauties for some minutes, I felt myself offended in delicacy, at her wearing a shirt, in my arms—The idea it conveyed disgusted me. *Hic mulier, hæc vir*, as Seneca says of equivocal dress. So resolving to have no more of love in masquerade, I gently stole it off from her arms, then *spurned the embracing cloaths aside*,

“ From limbs of such a shape and hue,
“ As Titian’s pencil never drew.”

The motion awaked her.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —



C H A P. CIV.

I THEN repeated to my fair chum, the request I had made her before breakfast, and she thus readily began: My father was a clergyman of the diocese of ———, you’ll excuse

B 2

me;

me; and had about three hundred pounds a year in the church, but no other patrimony. My mother was daughter to captain ——— you'll excuse me there again, in a regiment of foot, I forget the number. She was extremely handsome, but had no fortune, and my father married her for love. She had a sister, a year younger than herself, a perfect beauty, also, who was, some time after, married upon the same terms, to a gentleman of a considerable estate, in the adjoining county.

Soon after my mother's marriage, her father was commanded abroad, and happening to be stationed in the East Indies, where in a few years he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, returned home with a fortune of near three-score thousand pounds, which he had amassed by spoil and plunder, among the nabobs of that country.

When my grandfather came home, he was presented with two grandchildren, one by my mother, and another by my aunt. They were both daughters, which disappointed the old soldier extremely. He settled a thousand pounds apiece, upon each of the children, and laying out the remainder of his acquisitions on the purchase of a considerable estate, declared to his daughters, that he would make the first grandson his heir. "A pack of piss-kitchens, said he,
" by

“ by the Lord, I would rather leave my fortune to the marine society, than among a parcel of *retromingents* that are incapable of serving either their king, or their country.”

Soon after this proposition, my mother declared a pregnancy, and about a month later, my aunt announced the same,

Here I took occasion to observe to my blooming bedfellow, upon the grovelling ideas of an husband and wife *manufacturing*, as it were, an heir for an estate, when compared to the sublime and disinterested joys of two free lovers, regarding only their own mutual passion. From hence we launched out into the unbounded field of philosophy and sentiment, in which scamper she acquitted herself with that spirit and refinement, which was natural to her.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

CHAP. CV.

Triglyph loquitur.

Kate. **W**HAT o'clock is it? 'Tis very late, my dear, the watch have just gone eleven. Well Kate, then I think it full time for us to — — — — —

The grammarians, rhetoricians, and annotators have contrived different points, marks, and notes, for distinguishing the several parts of sentences, expressions, interrogations, exclamations! (parenthesis) references †, “quotations,” &c. as the comma, colon: semicolon; period. [bracket] asterisk *, &c. But there was much wanted a further figure of writing, for the *quod factu*

factu factum est, which Mr. Carewe, being a great scholar, has happily introduced to us, from Oxford; and which nearly resembles the *apostrophe*, in rhetoric.

This we may stile a figure—not of *speech*, indeed—but rather, of *silence*; which may therefore, not improperly be called the *silent minute*. This is not the *hiatus*, or mark of vacancy, which we sometimes meet with in certain broken tracts or imperfect manuscripts; but rather the sign of *pleonasm*, the full stop; the *punctum stans*, or *conjugate point*, of geometry; the *punctum criticum*, of morals; the *punctum generatum*, in conics; the *punctum saliens*, or *punctum lachrymale*, in anatomy; or the *point sensible*, in physics, as Mr. Lock terms it. 'Tis finally, the dropping of the curtain, and closing of the scene.

This method seems to imitate the antient chorus of the Greek drama, which used to hint what was not thought proper to be brought upon the scene of action. For it was a rule, in those chaste representations, never to suffer any thing to appear before the audience, which might give offence to decency, or humanity.

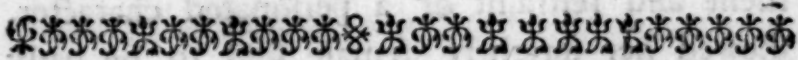
————— Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam.

Therefore all rapes and murders were intirely excluded from their performances. So that, then a days, if a reprobate, like some of our modern genius's, should have had a delight in such spectacles, he was obliged to step behind the scenes, and make sport for himself, of which ever kind he was in the humour for, either by stabbing an actor, or rummaging an actress.

But then, this expression of *before the audience*, is to be understood literally, that is, *before their eyes*; for where rapes or murders happened to be any way necessary to the carrying on of the plot, they were always related to the public, by some *by-stander*, in all the particulars of the action. I mean the latter, only; for as to the first, whatever *diversion* there may be, it has really so little *diversity* in it, that it by no means, affords us variety sufficient for an ingenious description. What an infinite number of different deaths has Homer introduced in his battles! No two men are wounded in the same place, nor by the same weapon. But truly, 'tis a dull thing enough to think of, that poor women, whether they will or no, can possibly be done, or undone, but one way.

The English stage indeed, does not confine itself to such restrictions; for there rapes, cuckoldoms, and fornication, are frequently exhibited
to

to the great delight and edification of the spectators; and men are stabbed, or run through the body, and dying in convulsions for a quarter of an hour together, before the philosophic audience. But the English, I suppose, are a freer, and a braver people, than ever the Greeks or Romans were, and all representations partake of the genius of a nation.



C H A P. CVI.

PRithee where did I leave off, when you interrupted me, thou restless chum, said she? The point we were last upon, replied I, was the subject of *pregnancy*. I recollect it now, answered she, and thus proceeded in her story:

A little before my mother was delivered, my poor father was seized with a pleuretic fever, which carried him off, in a few days. About a month after, my mother produced a son, who was christened *Henry*, after his grandfather, by whom he was immediately declared heir apparent, and the following month my aunt was also safely delivered of a boy.

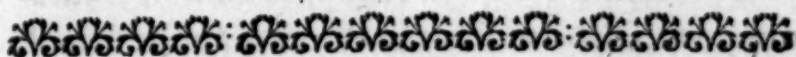
Just as these words were pronounced, the college bell tolled three—We arose, dressed, and issued forth to the outward apartment, where I had ordered, when I arose to breakfast, the most elegant repast that expence or the season could provide. During the entertainment we were attended by *dumb waiters*, only, to permit the full freedom of conversation; and my lively *mess-mate*, having now thrown off the embarrassment and restraint of a personated character, shewed her sprightly female soul to be truly *Epicurean*.

I remember one reflection she made, just as I had finished the flask of champagne, for she drank but two glasses of it: Were I, said she, an heathen, I should be apt to expostulate thus: If, as the stoics urge, all crimes be equal, why should not every vice shock our nature, as much as murder does? and for my part, added she, I cannot help imputing it as a sin to the gods, to annex the sensations of pleasure, to any kind of wickedness, whatsoever. 'Tis misleading, continued she, those weak persons who are apt to be governed too much by reason and nature, which they *unlearnedly* take for the most irrefragable revelations.

We walked the park in the evening, the *Welch Fuzileers* did not appear, and we strutted through
the

the throng, amidst the applause of all the colleges. She engaged me to supper, at her apartments. I promised to follow her, and stepped aside to a milliners, to buy some night-shifts for her, in order to preserve the decency of appearances, for the future.

The next morning we awakened about eleven o'clock, dressed ourselves, and came out to breakfast, after which she thus continued her narrative :



C H A P. CVII.

THIS same *Henry*, said she, was myself. My mother, in the extremity of her grief upon my father's death, resolving, like a chaste matron as she was, to live and die a widow, concluded that she had then but one game to play for the fortune; and determined within herself, that let matters turn out as they might, she would either bring forth a son, or else impose an heir upon her father. One should *shuffe* well who *deals* for an estate. The nurse and midwife were bribed, and the cheat passed. For my grandfather was so rejoiced, and my uncle

so mortified, at this event, that the least thought of *matriculation*, never once entered into either of their heads.

My mother reared me with the greatest circumspection imaginable, hardly ever suffering me to be out of her sight, and keeping my nurse constantly to attend me, till I was fifteen years of age; which so scandalized the old colonel, that I heard him once say to my mother, By Mars, that fellow will soon beget foster brothers for himself, upon that wench there.

This home-bred and feminine kind of education, with the detaining me from a public school, placing me under the private tuition of an old curate of our parish, and never suffering me to mix, or play with boys, used sometimes, to put the old gentleman out of patience. You'll spoil that child, he would say, you'll rear him a *nest-cock*, a coward; then fare him well, for me, for by the Lord, Madam, if ever he should betray the least symptom of that *vice* and disgrace to my blood, I will transfer my estate from him to his cousin Tommy, that boxed a great hulk of a barber's boy so stoutly, before my face, t'other day.

My mother, upon these occasions, would play him off with pleading the slightness and tenderness of my frame, which rendered it hazardous

to

to rear me after that careless and robust manner that other boys were treated in. "It was my grief for his dear father's death," she would cry, "that has weakened my poor child's constitution, in the last month—Should I not then endeavour to repair the damage I have myself done him?" He was tender-hearted, for he was brave, and such reflections would soften him.

"As for this same precious quality of courage," she would at other times say, "let it be ever so valuable, it must be too dearly purchased at the price of modesty or religion, neither of which are sufficiently taken care of, in the common, or what is stiled the *liberal education* of young men, in these days. But you, Sir, need have no manner of apprehension about the boy's wanting spirit, whenever proper occasions shall call upon him to exert it. A man may be brave without being forward, and a grandson of yours, Sir, though reared in a nunnery, would, like *Achilles*, soon betray that he was born a soldier." He was vain, and this would effectually stop his mouth.

C H A P. CVIII.

I WAS arrived at the age of fifteen, continued she, before I had been let into the secret of my real sex; and was hitherto kept so totally ignorant of anatomy, that I even knew not the difference of gender; and was at the same time so chastely bred, that the least curiosity or reflection about this matter, had never yet arisen in my mind.

I used sometimes, indeed, after twelve years of age, to be sensible of a remarkable difference between the kiss of cousin Tom, and his sister's, or my own; which puzzled me to account for, till I had resolved it into our being both lads, of the same age, and such near relations; and upon the whole, fairly concluded, that till the heart has become susceptible of passion, the natural sympathy of human nature, subsisted stronger between those of the same sex.

But this philosophical blunder of mine, was soon after exploded, when I was about thirteen: A young fellow, who taught the guitar, happened to arrive in our neighbourhood. I had a tolerable voice, and intreated of my mother that I might be suffered to learn this instrument, to accom-

accompany it, which she consented to. I found a sort of pleasure in looking at the young man, though he was not any way remarkably handsome; but whenever he took hold of my hands, in order to place them properly on the guitar, I used to find myself affected with the very same kind of emotion I had before felt, when cousin Tom used to kiss me. Certain private intimations, or inward sensations, I knew not what, or why, and which I could not possibly resolve into any manner of sentiment, or philosophy, whatsoever.

This alarmed me extremely, I apprehended that I was contracting some dangerous disorder, and mentioned these unaccountable effects to my mother. She blushed, cast down her eyes, and seemed to be in the greatest confusion imaginable. I felt frightened and ashamed, from sympathy and filial tenderness, without being able to guess, or daring to ask the reason. But the very next day, my music-master was dismissed; and I declare that I felt myself pleased at it, without knowing why.

C H A P. CIX.

S OON after this event, my dear mother began to decline in her health—She had been ill for some time, of a slow fever on her spirits, which terminated in a gradual decay, under which she pined for about two years. At length, finding herself drawing near her end, she called me to her bed-side, wept, blessed, and embraced me.

Here my fair friend poured forth a torrent of pious tears, to the memory of her mother, which interrupted her story, for that time; nor did I press her to renew it, the rest of the day. And really, gentlemen, said he, the recollection of her filial concern upon that occasion, is so strongly renewed, at present, in my own mind, that you'll excuse me now, I hope, as I then did her, from pursuing this subject, till to-morrow evening.

Mr. Andrews and Mr. Beville bowed, Mr. Carewe wiped his eyes, and after taking a silent turn or two, along the shore, they returned home together, supped, conversed, and parted.

C H A P. CX.

THE next evening, the Triumvirate returning to their former station, amidst the clump of elms, Mr. Carewe thus proceeded: That day, said he, I dined and supped with my lovely orphan, but she insisted on my returning home to my own chambers, at night. Our living so intirely together, both at bed and board, said she, may possibly be taken too much notice of. I confess too that I begin to feel myself a little frightened at our adventure, since this pause has given me some leisure for reflection. Besides, I really want sleep and rest. Farewel, farewel, said she, till the morning, and I will then call upon you to breakfast.

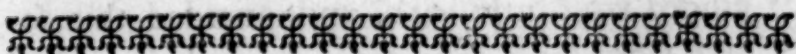
I replied, that I was neither ravisher, nor bravo, that I scorned to take advantage of an accident, or a surprise, and would never claim any other tye over her, than her own inclinations. But then, my charming *Harriot*, cried I out, and clasping her in my arms, will you not pass the *day natural* then with me, to-morrow? If, replied she, with a sigh, and a smile, at the same time, and pressing me close to her bosom, grace shall not return in sleep, unsought for, I will,

will. I bowed, she bowed, then curtsied—we laughed, and I retired.

I had now, in my turn, some leisure for my own reflections. I passed part of the night in them. I pitied her misfortune, and would repair it. But how? On my own part, I examined well my breast, and found I loved her not. Adventure, frolic, and desire, only, had attached me to her. That mystic Gordian knot, of two entwined hearts, which time itself can ne'er resolve, but the sheers of *Atropos* alone must sever, was wanting here. And on her part, she had seemed to have acquiesced too readily in the intrigue; her conversation, since that event, appeared rather too free; and though she still preserved her modesty, she had, methought, resigned her chastity with too small reluctance. The *veni, vidi, vici*, may enrich the spoils of war, but always impoverishes those of love.

However, upon the whole, I firmly resolved, at the hazard, nay the full expence both of life and fortune, to steer her safely through the awkwardness of her present circumstances; to confirm her mind, if not in female, at least in manly virtues; and to be her friend, guide, and champion too, through every incident of life, be her future conduct what it might. For
from

from me she could never possibly deserve ill, who had myself, too much undeserved from her, already. This resolve then, serving me instead of a prayer, I folded my arms, and slept quietly till morning.



C H A P. CXI.

SHE came to breakfast, according to her promise, and immediately after, re-assumed her story. My dear *daughter*, said my mother—'This expression both surprised, and alarmed me. I thought that she had fallen into a delirium, and was just going to expire. I threw myself on my knees by the bed-side, and taking hold of her hand, cried out, 'tis your son, 'tis Henry, dear madam, you are now speaking to. I know full well, replied she, *who* you are, but alas! you little know *what* you are; and I am now going to unfold a secret to you, that will astonish you much more, but will, at the same time, explain the propriety of that expression, which has just now surprised you.

She then revealed to me the whole mystery of my metamorphose, in the manner I have before related

related it to you, and then concluded her speech in these words: “ My dear daughter, said she, “ for now you will give me leave to call you by “ that name, behold with fear and caution, the “ difficult and hazardous course you have for “ the future, to steer alone ! I would have “ guided your little bark, and guarded this secret from you, for some years longer, had “ fate permitted. But I must now intrust you “ to yourself, at the most dangerous time of “ life, without the protection of any other matron, but your own sense and virtue. ’Tis “ however, some consolation to my mind, to “ think that your present mask will screen you “ from all outward perils, and I trust that those “ principles, both of honour and religion, in “ which I have so carefully educated you, even “ from your lisping years, have by this time, “ sufficiently shielded you within.

“ I have taught you that religion should be “ our principal business in this life, as it will “ certainly become our only concern in the “ next. I have instructed you that chastity was “ a virtue, required even in a man ; how much “ more then, must you think it requisite, in “ your present sex, when the opinion of the “ world, and the laws of civil society both, “ join to demand it ! And for this purpose, believe

“ lieve me, that modesty is the surest bulwark
 “ you can raise; ’tis the advanced guard, which
 “ upon being assaulted, gives timely notice to
 “ the citadel, for its defence.

“ With this great view then, you may have
 “ observed that I have all along, bred you up,
 “ rather as a woman, than a man; giving you
 “ the very same education, both in morals and
 “ manners, with your sister; that you might
 “ have nothing to unlearn, should you here-
 “ after, at any time, be induced to confess your
 “ real sex. For masculine manners are very
 “ incompatible with female morals, as liberty
 “ in one way, is apt to extend itself in an
 “ other; and the departing from our character,
 “ in any part of our conduct, is so apt to lead
 “ us astray, that we may not always be able to
 “ find our way home again.

“ I confess that I have sometimes repented
 “ me of this stratagem,” continued she, “ more
 “ particularly since I have fallen ill; beginning
 “ to think that this world itself, were too dearly
 “ purchased, even with the least deceit. But
 “ then I considered again, that my nephew will
 “ derive a very good fortune from his father,
 “ and that I have done nothing more, by this
 “ finesse, than establish my own father’s estate
 “ in the eldest branch of his family, where by the
 “ rights

“ rights of *primogeniture*, it should naturally re-
 “ main, were it not for that too partial distinc-
 “ tion between the male and female line, which
 “ I make little account of, as founded more in
 “ law, than nature; that you will, by this
 “ means, have it in your power to do more
 “ good; and lastly, that to discover the secret
 “ now, would be to brand my own character
 “ with an indelible stain. The world would
 “ then cry, it was wickedness in the first in-
 “ stance, and weakness in the last.

“ I therefore recommend it to you, my dear
 “ child, said she, to continue the masquerade,
 “ till you come into possession of the estate;
 “ when you may go out of these kingdoms,
 “ live abroad, and change your condition, as
 “ well as your garb, as you may find yourself
 “ inclined hereafter.”

She then embraced me, and I parted from her
 in the utmost astonishment, and difficulty. I
 could not believe my senses. I suspected all this
 novel to be merely visionary, either in my mo-
 ther's mind, or my own comprehension of it. I
 ran to my nurse, and examined her about this
 story, but she confirmed every particular of it;
 and, to put the matter beyond all dispute, gave
 me, alas! too certain demonstrations of my
 sex.

The

The effect of this extraordinary discovery in me, is not to be described. My spirits sunk suddenly, like those in a *thermometer*, upon a chilling blast. I felt a sensation creeping through my veins, like an ague fit, with a sort of timorousness stealing o'er my shoulders, like children left in the dark. I felt awkward and helpless, like one who had lost a limb; I wept my *fall*, mourned my imperfect state, and like another Adam, blushed at the discovery of my *nakedness*. In short, I was affected all over, rather like a person that had really suffered the metamorphosis, from man to woman, than one who had been but barely informed of it. And becoming now a woman indeed, I fell from one hysteric fit, into another, and laughed and cried myself by turns, out of them again.

*****:*****

C H A P. CXII.

ABOUT two days after, my dear mother expired in my arms. I grew inconsolable: A double distress oppressed my mind, to lose her, and to find myself! My grandfather came

came to the house the day she died, just time enough to give her his blessing, and to bid her farewell. He lamented her, after his manner, " Poor girl, she was indeed a good creature! " but good or bad, d'ye see me, we must all go, " one time or another."

Then turning to me, cried, Hearkee me, youth, no more of your piping and sniveling now, for though you have lost a mother, d'ye mind, you have got a much better thing, which is a father, child. You have been too long tied to an apron-string already, but 'tis I that shall have the management of you, now. I design you for the army, d'ye mark me, but you shall go to the colleges first; for though I am not much book-learned myself, look you, I don't think it absolutely necessary to be a blockhead, to be a good foldier. No—far from it—I have known several officers fight stoutly enough, though they had both sense and learning to boot. The king of Prussia, d'ye mind, is not only the bravest general in the world, but the compleatest too, in other matters. Not that they signify, in the least, believe me, as to the main point; but what I mean, is, that they don't hinder. As the renowned Don Quixotte says, The pen blunts not the lance—

Now

Now there's an example for you, my boy, fellow me that, I say—And indeed I don't doubt, but with a little of my instructions, after you have done with your books, for good and all, you may. I don't love much bragging about the matter, d'ye mind, but let me tell you, younker, for all that, *I know the thing*, that's certain. Nay, that's given up to me by all.

You may reasonably conclude, said she, that I was by no means in a temper of mind, to relish all this harangue, especially the fighting part of it; however, I looked submission, called him my father, my only parent now; and promised him that his commands should always be the rule of my obedience.

He lett off the house, brought my sister and me home with him, and in about a year after, disposed of her in marriage, with an additional portion of two thousand pounds, to a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood; and placed me at this university, about two years ago. The rest you know too well, said she, and concluded her narration, with a sigh.

C H A P. CXIII.

I Don't know how it might have struck my readers, as probably few of them may be philosophers, but I affirm, that from the first, I began to suspect this extraordinary personage to be a woman. " He was not possessed of any
 " great logical faculties, but had a refined taste, a
 " facility in languages, but in the deeper studies
 " and sciences, dull and slow. He was fond and
 " curious about experimental philosophy, but
 " never troubled his head about the reasons
 " of them," &c. * Prithee are not these the characteristics of a woman? And need she wear petticoats, to declare her gender.

Epictetus says, that " attempting to catch
 " weak minds, with study, is like fishing for
 " custard, with an hook." Now I confess that this image is a very absurd one, for it conveys no sort of natural idea. Huswives never throw custards into a river, though the yellowness of the Tiber, upon the banks of which Epictetus lived, or rather *starved*, might have led him to imagine they did. But if they had, surely no

* See chapter C. second and third paragraphs.

alderman of those days, unless they were more stupid than those in the present times, which I think morally impossible, would have ever thought, as well as they love them, of such an instrument to catch custard with.

But your antient philosophers had but slobbering notions of things, in comparison of our modern adepts ; and as they are generally interpreted, more by guess, than construction, I suppose the sense of Epictetus, to be, that women have rarely a sufficient *depth*, for heavy lading ; for that *the weight which might ballast a ship, would sink a boat*. There may perhaps, have been *amazons* in literature, as well as in war ; but all I contend for here, is, that let the *Thracians*, or *Samothracians*, boast what they will, there never was an *army* of them.

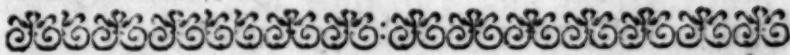
And this natural œconomy, in the distribution of parts, was certainly, most admirably designed, by Providence. The eastern allegory conveys the hint to us, in a very ingenious manner. Woman, 'tis said, was formed of the slightest rib of man, on the left side, which embraced the heart. Now, by a metonymy, let us substitute the heart for the rib ; and this we know to be sensible of impression, but incapable of reason. Women therefore, were given to us, for the sole purposes of *feeling*, and she who

would pretend to assume an higher character in life, in my opinion well deserves a *rib-roasting*.

Tacitus says of the English, when the Romans had established an empire among them, *Jam domiti ut pareant, nondum ut serviant*. They were so far conquered, as to become subjects, but not slaves. And this should be the motto of wives. A man and his wife may be compared to the nominative and genitive cases, in grammar; the first always *governs*, the second never. Women have confessedly certain *privileges*, but they become rebels when they would extend them to *prerogatives*. The Salique law—the Salique law.

They were designed, not to harden our morals, but to soften our manners, not to stiffen our philosophy, but to relax our studies. All subjects of taste then, as Shaftsbury says they may be referred to *sensation*, fall properly enough within their province. Music, poetry, painting, dress, entertainments, &c. Topics of these kinds, though we should differ about them, can never raise the heat of argument between us, sufficiently high to interrupt that harmony and concord, which should ever subsist among the sexes; for you know the adage, *de gustibus non*, &c. But should subjects of science once arise, then the argument, then the vindication, then the

the scholastic warfare begins ! For of science,
man is *proud*, and woman *vain*.



C H A P. CXIV.

BUT with regard to the —— you know what I mean, methinks our friend Mr. Carewe is a little too severe, upon our heroine, in his late night thoughts *. But as *Noll Bluff* says, he was then become as *calm as a discharged culverin*. This is the only season for philosophy. Prithee, what woman in the world, could have behaved otherwise, in her situation ? Her mother indeed gave her a chaste education, but then she takes and tucks up the poor girl's *catastrophé*, in a pair of breeches ; and pray did you ever know any woman come to good, that wore them ? Nay, even *drawers* are too much—They are symbolical.

Then again, what between her gender, and her garb, she might be deemed to be neither man or woman, but both between ; and *between two stools*—You know the rest of the proverb.

* Chapter CX. last paragraph but one.

But she resigned her chastity too easily, you say—Perhaps she could not help it. A lock never refuses the key, when 'tis in order. This was an adage of Vulcan's, though some mythologists, with more probability, attribute it to the blacksmith's wife. Persons may be burned in their beds, but would it be fair to stile them *suicremators*, upon that account? The flame might be none of theirs, though the *combustibles* were. The smell of fire, 'tis said, renders the senses lethargic, and 'tis too late to fly, when the flames surround us.

Now there are flames, even stronger than those of fire; and whatever inclines, is more powerful still, than that which compels us. A resisting combatant may wear out his antagonist, but to take away the power of resistance, is a compleat conquest indeed. Now pray consider the intire circulation of her blood suspended for a quarter of an hour, then set a flowing again by the warmth of a young fellow's embrace; and the tepid tide rushing from the heart into all parts of the body, at once. Consider that she had been in a swoon, and that the senses are the first things which awaken. Chastity might have continued still asleep; for in the most virtuous woman, it may sometimes be taken *napping*.

The

The stoics divide man, into three parts, the body, the animal soul, and the intellectual one. To the first, belong the senses or notices; to the second, the appetites and passions; and to the third, reason and virtue. Now as this is the order in which they ripen in our nature, it must certainly be the succession of their awakening from our sleep. I would have women therefore, be very careful to bolt their chamber-doors at night, so as to receive timely notice; for a world of mischief may be done with *two thirds* of her, before she may possibly be able to stretch and yawn herself into reason or virtue.

And as for her acquiescing so readily in the affair afterwards, I am sure we have all been told, that whenever a misfortune happens to us, we should always endeavour to *make the best of it*.

But what will clear up my fair client's character beyond every blot of censure, is this, that the poor child was but *three years old*, at the time of her undoing. For it certainly is not fair to compute her age, but from the date of her metamorphose, which was at fifteen; and she was only eighteen, at the time of her *fall*.

She compares herself to Adam, in the first crisis *, and we may resemble her to Eve, in the

* Chapter CXI. last paragraph.

latter one: For though I am the first divine that ever had charity or duty enough, toward our great grandmother, to make the least manner of apology for her conduct, in a matter which was certainly more her misfortune, than her fault, I, as champion for the sex, must ask you now, what sense or virtue could be expected in a brat of a year old? And Eve was really no more, when she first played hell and the devil, with old nick; for from the very best accounts we have, it was the first year after her creation.

And this method of interpreting original sin, accounts for a difficulty which has ever puzzled both philosophers and orthodoxians, with regard to the origin of blackamoors; which in the natural way, say they, must have required another Adam, or *second first man*; but in the supernatural way, I will be bold to affirm, that they are undoubtedly the progeny of the devil and Eve, *in conjunctione copulativo*. And this became farther manifest afterwards, when this globe came to be distinguished into zones, from their naturally taking possession of the torrid one, as being most congenial to the fiery constitution of this hellish breed. ^

C H A P. CXV.

WE lived together, for some time, in the pleasantest way in the world, by *mingling love and books together*, till my poor pope Joan began to perceive herself to be with child. At first she knew not what ailed her, and did not in the least, suspect the truth of the matter. And indeed how should she? She was always considered as a boy, and therefore women never spoke freely before her, as 'tis possible they may sometimes do, among themselves; and her mother died, and her nurse was discharged, too soon after the discovery, to instruct her in the nature of those things.

And indeed, she has since declared to me, that she had not the least notion, of any couple's being capacitated to beget children, except a married one. That having heard of *the mystery of marriage, the wedding ring, the indissoluble knot*, that man and wife were thereby *rendered one flesh*, &c. she had carelessly concluded, that there must have been some sort of a free mason's secret in the matter, which the priest had the sole power of initiating the couple into, when he performed the ceremony. And that she had ima-

gined what had passed between us, might have been indeed, the unchaste joys of lovers, but could really never have conceived them to have been the chaste duties of the marriage rites.

But when she was made sensible of her mistake, she grew extremely unhappy, she upbraided me severely, called me seducer, betrayer, &c. in one breath, and in another, pressed me to marry her. I replied with a line in a Scotch song,

“ Jockey would loo, but he wo’na marry,”

adding, that ceremony among friends, was absurd, but to take up forms, where one should leave them off, ridiculous to the last degree. That we had really as much matrimony already between us, as might satisfy any two reasonable people, and that a clause of surrender, always raised the value of any tenure. That marriage would be quite inconsistent with the plot that was carrying on for the estate, that it must expose us to the necessity of making a new confidant, which would certainly be too idle an hazard to run, for a bare punctilio. That I would take care to extricate her from this difficulty, with sufficient address, and it would be time enough then, to settle plans for future conduct.

This

This sort of jest and earnest apology, silenced, though not satisfied her; but served however, to render her seemingly easy, for the present. She kept intirely within her own apartments, wore a loose *bagniane*, wrapt about her, and received no visits, except from me, on pretence of studying for a fellowship.

About a month before she was to lye in, the long vacation happened to come on, and I took a private lodging for her, about forty miles from Oxford. We set out at night in a post-chaise together, and the next morning she assumed an intire female garb, that I had supplied her with long before, at college, for the pleasure and variety of seeing her a *woman* sometimes, when we used to shut ourselves up intirely in my chambers.



C H A P. CXVI.

LADIES, I am much afraid that there is one particular, in this story, which will shock your faith extremely. A girl of eighteen, not to know how a woman is got with child! a probable tale, truly! And yet I do really think

such a thing may be very possible ; first, because she affirms it ; next, because her mother and her nurse guarded her equally from the converse of man and woman. And they were much in the right of it to defend particularly against the latter, for fear of a discovery. 'Tis mother's maids that debauch all boys. I'll tell you the story of my first *surprise*, some time or other, when I am in the humour, and I assure you it will entertain you vastly. Besides, might she not have read the story of Jupiter and Ganymede, the *Formosum pastor Corydon ardebit Alexim*, the account of Sappho and the Lesbian maids, the comedy of *Love's Labour lost*, or *Concubitus sine Lucina*, &c? And is not a mixture of learning, apt to breed indigested ideas, and lead one into very unphilosophical inferences ?

And in the last place, who could ever imagine, from the mere light of nature alone, or from any manner of *à priori* reasoning, without the assistance of *experimental* philosophy, or *à posteriori* evidence, that a woman could possibly be got with child, *so ridiculously* ?

I have really known a few instances, myself, of this ignorance, in girls, who have lived *very far* in the country ; and I remember a young lady once, of about seventeen, who upon hearing a gross expression one day, by accident,
came

came up to me, and repeating it, asked me, as a scholar, what was the meaning of that *hard word*?

I met lately, among some French tracts, with an authentic story of two young peasants, which I will relate to you after my own manner, not having the book by me. Take it as follows:

The story of Lubin and Annete.

THEIR parents were both poor, and lived in a little village on the river Seine, in France, which consisted only of their two cabins, and huts for their cattle. The fathers and mothers, on both sides, happened to die, before *Lubin* was eighteen, and when *Annete* was about sixteen. They were cousin Germans, and both extremely handsome.

As there was no fortune, in either of their families, worth the while of guardians, executors or trustees to pillage them of, each of the heirs took peaceful possession of their respective claims, which consisted of a few cows, some sheep, goats and poultry, with a small vineyard, which their fathers had held in partnership before,

These young persons had been bred up together, from their infancy, and had contracted a mutual passion for each other, without knowing it;

it; taking it to be only the usual warmth of friendship. When the last of their parents died, they joined their stocks, lived in common, and in the *true state of innocence*, together.

There was a small market town, within two miles of their *hamlet*, to which one or the other of them used to carry a lamb, a kid, or any thing else to sell, just as they might have them fit to dispose of. One day, Annete went alone to market, with a basket of chickens on her arm. The bailiff of the town, took notice of the roundness of her waist, and asked her if any thing ailed her? No indeed, Sir, said she, dropping a curtsy, I thank you—I am as well as ever I was in my life, thank God. What makes your hips swell so of late then, my pretty Annete? Indeed Sir, I cannot guess the reason, but I find myself growing fat every day, without knowing why, for I labour as hard as ever, and don't eat, drink, or sleep, a bit more than usual.

You are married then, I suppose, replied the bailiff? No indeed, Sir. You have got a lover, my pretty Annete? No indeed, Sir. I never saw one in all my life. Pray tell me who sleeps with you a-nights now, my pretty lass? Why my cousin Lubin, to be sure, answered the innocent. Then cousin Lubin is a rogue, said the bailiff, and has got you with child, my pretty Annete.

Annete. Upon this expression she stared, asked how? and then clapping her hands for joy, cried out, *Je ferai peut-être un petit Lubin!*

The fair *Raravis* returned home to her cottage, extremely rejoiced at this news, and chid her Lubin for not letting her into the secret before. He was as much surprised as she, and declared his equal ignorance of the matter; saying, 'tis an odd way truly, of getting children, by romping, and tickling one another!

The priest of the parish, hearing of this extraordinary story, came to the village, and rated them soundly, about living in so criminal a state together. This surprised them both, still more, than the other. They replied, like simpletons and illiterates, as they were, that they could not possibly imagine themselves to have been guilty of any manner of crime, in what had passed. We had neither of us any envy, hatred, or malice, in what we did—we injured no body, and we pleased ourselves. To which Lubin added, can a sin, and its contrary, be both criminal, at the same time? Are we guilty in killing one person, and in bringing another into life, also?

Tush, tush, cried the priest, you add presumption to your crime, by daring to reason with me. But is it possible, added he, that you
can

can be so very ignorant, as to doubt that the bringing a bastard into the world, is a crime? The holy father then will kill it, cried out the simple Annete, and leaning on Lubin's shoulder, wept bitterly.

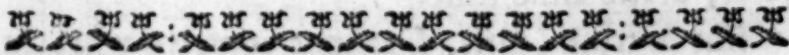
The honest Lubin then turning to the priest, fell upon his knees, saying, O father! I ask God's pardon, and yours, for happening, though by mere accident, to get a child without your consents; but I am most willing to marry my cousin, this instant, in order to prevent such wickedness, for the future.

Son, replied the father, I am as willing as you can be, to stop up the gap of fornication, and lay open the gates of chastity; but 'tis proper first, that you acquaint me, what kind of relation you bear to this young woman? I think you stiled her cousin, a while ago? pray what degree of kindred does she stand in toward you?

Good father, replied the distressed Lubin, Annete is my first cousin. What! cousin German? Yes, father, the same. This is more unlucky still, replied the priest, for it is not now in my power, any way to accommodate your misfortunes; as the church absolutely forbids all such consanguineous unions.

Upon this last sentence, the unhappy innocents retired home, weeping together, to their cottage,

tage, where from scruples of conscience, they resolved to keep separate beds, for life. They continued in this state of divorce for some time, pining away, and languishing at each other, till the lord of the manor, having been told their story, sent for them both, and after examining them, and being fully convinced of their real simplicity and innocence, took compassion on them, and obtained a dispensation for them, from pope Benedict the fourteenth, to beget good catholics for the future, *according to form.*



C H A P. CXVII.

THE ingenious Monsieur Marmontel was so struck with this story, that he has worked it up into a pretty novel, and inserted it among his writings, under the title of *Histoire Veritable*, in order to distinguish it from some others, which were only founded in fiction. In the preface to it, he speaks thus: “ If it be
 “ dangerous, says he, to render young people
 “ too knowing, it is, on the other hand, rather
 “ more so, to let them remain too ignorant; for
 “ there are offences against laws, which do not
 “ appear

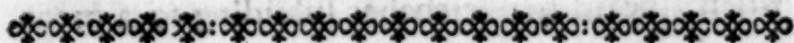
“ appear to be so against nature ; and I am here
 “ going to afford you one instance how far inno-
 “ cence may err, when the bandage is kept too
 “ close upon the eyes.”

You may see, ladies, from these examples, joined to that of mother Eve, that *a state of innocence, is a state of fall.* Therefore, as I have ever known you to swallow advice, *as the sand does rain*, and to keep both ears open to it, *that it may go in at one, and out at the other*, I would recommend it to you to be always, as to be sure you are already, *innocent as doves, but wily as serpents*, at the same time.

But in truth, girls, I cannot contrive what in the world to do with ye. Your mothers are quite at a loss, between freedom and restraint, to know how to educate ye. It really requires a great depth in natural philosophy, for ethics will not do alone, to be able to conduct ye safe through life, considering ye still as free agents. Therefore women are unequal to the task, and men are improper for it.

What's to be done then ? for my part, I prefer the eastern manner of cloystering ye, to any other. For as women must be slaves, either to *opinion*, or *restraint*, I think it much less severity to put their chastity out of danger, than to annex infamy to the lapse of it. Women are in a pitiable

able condition indeed ! our sex seduce them,
and their own prevent their reformation !



C H A P. CXVIII.

IN our new sojournment we kept ourselves quite retired, nor ventured to stir abroad, except to take a short walk in the evenings, in a walled garden which belonged to the house where we lodged. We neither of us brought any servants with us, from the university, for fear of a discovery, but I hired a man, and she a maid, in the village where we were situated.

I suffered my share of anxiety, as well as she, during this interval, till one night about ten o'clock, after we had supped, the pains of labour came upon her. I called up the midwife, nurse, and landlady to her, and then ran up to my own room, which lay just over her's. Her groans pierced my ears and heart. I could not stand them. I ran down the first flight of the stairs, in order to get out of the house, but as her pains increased, her cries became so shocking, that I had not resolution enough to pass by her door—I ran back again, and locked myself in, like one pursued for a murder.

I felt

I felt like *Jaffier*, when he had betrayed his friend to the rack. I opened the window, with a design of leaping out of it, into the garden, when I heard her screeches subsiding to a moan, and the landlady, soon after, running up stairs, cried out, Your wife is safe, and I wish you joy of a son. I hastily opened the door, caught her in my arms, and thanked her for the joyful news, but adding, in a generous transport, "'Tis well! but by Heaven I never will get her with child again, unless she vexes me." The good woman cried Tush, you fool, is that the way you'll reward her labour? and ran laughing down stairs.

This happy event much relieved both our minds, and our joy was doubled in our present awkward circumstances, that it was not a daughter. We congratulated each other upon this occasion, and as we were both of us university lads, we resolved to have all the antient ceremonies performed, in honour of our *terræ filius*. Accordingly, on the fifth day, we passed him through the rites of the *amphidromia*, and appointed the *festus nominalis*, five days after, for his christening; both of which were executed according to the most exact formalities, of the Greek and Roman antiquities.

When

When the curate asked me the name of the child, I answered *Hermaphrodite*. The parson, mistaking the name, for the nature of the infant, refused to go on with the ceremony. It is not orthodox, said he, to give such a creature baptism. It can never be a good Christian, that's plain. How can it *make a fair shew in the flesh?* how *serve the Lord with all its members?* how *be fruitful and multiply?* All which things I do affirm to be required of a perfect Christian.

I laughed at the doctor's mistake, and told him that this was a *patro-matro-nimic*, given to the son of Mercury and Venus; and that I looked upon ours also, to be the child of wit and love, alluding to the mother's beauty, and my being reared in the *lap of the muses*.

May be so, may be so, replied the doctor. I have forgot all your heathen stories, intirely—An heap of idle inventions, all of them. I stick to the Bible—I am sure there are as extraordinary ones there—One need not turn to the *Pantheon*, to look for them. And if they read the Bible at Oxford, instead of your Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I am positively sure and certain, that it would do every bit as well—nay better too, for one may learn a great deal of good out of the Bible, moreover. But Christianity is disre-

garded

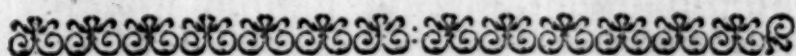
garded now-a-days, and all our youth are bred up perfect heathens.

In the interim of this discussion, the nurse had slyly unpinned the child's rocket, stripped up its flannels, and presented it, heels foremost, to the doctor. He then put on his spectacles, which he had been twirling about his thumbs, during the harangue, and after examining the infant, *matriculatively*, cried, Ay, ay, this will do; this child is within a very few words of becoming an excellent Christian; and then proceeded to the consummation of it.

After the ceremony was over, she smiled at my whim in the nomination of the child, but desired, lest perhaps other people might be led into the same mistake with the doctor, that we should stick to the male part of the derivation, and stile our son *Hermes* only, for the future. This I readily agreed to, and the doctor concurred with us, saying, it certainly was a much more *Christian name*, than the other.

During her confinement here, I never stirred from her bed-side, except when I retired to meals, or that she fell into a slumber; reading to and conversing with her constantly, to keep up her spirits; and as we passed under the character of man and wife, and that I had changed my name, we had this same curate of
the

the parish to read prayers for us, morning and evening ; and when she was able to sit up at meals, I asked him frequently to dinner, which was a great relief to us both, as she was become very reserved and thoughtful, and that I began to grow intolerably uneasy at the confinement.



C H A P. CXIX.

ABOUT a fortnight after she was brought to bed, gentlemen, continued Mr. Carewe, an adventure happened to me, which I shall relate to you here, in its proper place.

My landlord took me aside, one evening, and told me that there was a lady just come to his house, who desired to speak with me. I never staid to inquire who she was, what she was, or what her business ? My only question was, Where is she ? He led me down stairs to the parlour, and opening the door, cried, Madam, here is the gentleman you want, and retired.

I walked into the room, and a lady richly dressed, remarkably tall, finely made, and about five and twenty, rose gracefully from her seat, curtsied, and moved forward. I bowed,
and

and we advanced briskly toward each other, I to salute her, and she to shut the door, which she did, and bolted it too, at the same time, taking a kiss *en passant*. Then returning to her seat, and placing me close by her, she turned a very handsome face toward me, and thus began :

The freedom I have taken with you, Sir, must certainly surprise a stranger, but the business I have to propose to you, will probably do so much more. I have been married these seven years, to a gentleman in this neighbourhood ; and my husband has really behaved toward me, during all that time, not indeed as well as it was possible, but as well, I suppose, as men generally do to their wives ; so that upon that score, I have no manner of complaint against him.

How irksome, dear Sir, must it then be, to a woman who has no charge to bring against an husband, on her own part, to be reduced to the sad necessity of urging one, and of the blackest dye too, against him, on a foreign account ; without malice, resentment, or the least manner of provocation, to impel her to it.

Yet such, however, is my unfortunate situation, continued she, applying her handkerchief to her large blue eyes ; for my husband has been lately guilty of a most barbarous, cruel, and premeditated murder, which not only cries
aloud

aloud to Heaven for vengeance, but to me in a most particular manner, for justice, as I am perhaps the sole person alive, who can detect this villany, as being the only one who knows any thing of the malice præpense, which could have induced a man, in other things tolerably good, to perpetrate so atrocious a crime.

Nothing, you may be assured, dear Sir, continued she, could have induced me to enter into such a prosecution, but the clamorous cries of justice, and of blood, which supersede all other obligations, and make me dread the divine vengeance on myself, as an accomplice, should I suffer my ears to be shut against their urgent calls.

You may think it extraordinary, perhaps, that I should address myself to you, who are a stranger, and a man of no power or authority, in this shire. But should I have applied to any of the neighbouring justices, I was afraid, as they are all my husband's friends, lest they might privately convey an hint to him to make his escape, to lock me up, or probably, by some *more effectual method*, to put it out of my power ever to appear against him.

I bethought myself, therefore, of placing myself and my cause, under your protection; for having seen you several times at church here,

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and

and taken notice of your respectable appearance, as a young man of fortune and fashion, and being informed, upon inquiry, that you were come to reside, for some time, at this house, I believed that your interfering in this matter, would not only assist me to obtain justice, but also screen me from the violence and resentment of my husband, upon this melancholic occasion. Here she closed her charge, continuing still to weep, as she had done almost through the whole of her harangue.

I was shocked, astonished, and concerned. For God's sake, madam, said I, what are the particulars of this horrid murder? what inward consciousness have you to accuse him upon? or what outward circumstance, to prove him guilty of the fact? Sir, replied she, the body was found murdered, in a pit, and the person's horse lay killed just by him, to prevent his running home to raise the alarm too soon. My husband was the last person known to be in his company, and has for some time, suspected him of an intrigue with me, since which surmise he has never suffered him to come within his doors, bearing him constant grudge, and deadly malice.

C H A P. CXX.

I Told her that I did not see sufficient grounds, upon the whole of the story, to take away a man's life, who had any rank or character in the world; but your internal evidence, madam, said I, which seems the most material, with you, will never sway, nor ought it, with a jury. I therefore advised her to return home, to say nothing of her intended prosecution, which should for ever be buried in silence with me, to leave the detection of this crime to Providence, and the punishment of it to the laws; for that, if there was any foundation, from facts or circumstances, to charge the murder upon her husband, there would probably, soon arise more natural and unquestionable prosecutors against him, than a suspected, and provoked wife could ever possibly be deemed.

What effect can your evidence probably have, added I, except to fix the indelible stain upon your own character, of two the most abominable and unjustifiable crimes in nature; an offence against an husband's bed, and an attempt upon his life? The first may ever remain problematical, if the latter does not add demonstration to it. *The adulteress will hunt for the precious*

life. And with regard to him, continued I, it must rather serve to acquit, than condemn him; for the very cause of your suspicion, may in some sort, be deemed the reason of his excuse.

The highest injury and mortification a man can possibly receive, went I on, is from an offence of this nature—The resentment and provocation must therefore, rise, in proportion to the wrong. This is so well understood, and admitted of, by legislators, continued I, that there is always an indulgence shewn, in the administration of the laws, upon the fatal effects of any sudden transport of passion, on such an occasion.

But persons may not always be able, or sufficiently prepared, to execute their resentment, upon the first discovery; and as the Christian *code* * has not thought proper to adequate a penalty to the offence—for what are fines or imprisonment, to a man's own sense of the wrong?—I really think that a resentment, shewn upon the first opportunity, as well as upon the first provocation, may be perfectly agreeable to reason, though not, it seems, to law. *He will not regard any ransom, neither will he rest content, though thou givest many gifts.* Nor may this be deemed of the nature of malice præpensæ, nei-

* By the Jewish laws the adulterer and adulteress, were both stoned to death.

ther, while the injury continues still instant to the soul, and that the sense of it may rather gain strength, from reflection. *For jealousy is the rage of a man, therefore he will not spare, in the day of vengeance.*

Now, to sum up all, madam, said I, and rising from my seat, give me leave to add, that the justice which you say, and which I shall still preserve charity enough to presume you are actuated by, is much mistaken in this point; for there are, believe me, let the stoics urge what they will, certain duties, within duties, which may render that action, which would be just in one, unjustifiable in another.



C H A P. CXXI.

SHE seemed extremely confounded, rose and walked toward the window, wiped her eyes, and then turning about to me, with a constrained composure in her air; So young a preacher, said she, I have never heard before, and you may be an orthodox one too, for aught I know; but this I am sure of, that after the steps I have already taken, this day, in first charging my husband with

the murder, and then eloping from him, it is now too late for me to think of returning home again. Even should he receive me, how could it be possible for us ever to live on any terms, together, after his having suspected me of adultery, and my accusing him of murder !

I have therefore no resource left me now, said she, with a sigh, and countenance full of distress, but to pursue this point, at least so far, as to frighten him into some terms of separate maintenance ; which, after what you have said to me, upon this extraordinary occasion, shall, I assure you, be the utmost of my malice against him. And surely, Sir, said she, catching hold of my hand, and falling on her knees before me, you will not refuse me your humane and generous assistance, so far at least, as may be requisite to extricate an unfortunate woman, out of so shocking a dilemma.

I raised her up in my arms, and—I am quite ashamed of it, gentlemen, said he, looking at Andrews and Beville—I could not refrain from embracing her. I had really conceived the most virtuous abhorrence, of her crimes, but—I don't know how it was, I found the kissing her, most wickedly pleasant.

I then promised to take her person under my protection, though I would not patronize her vice ;
and

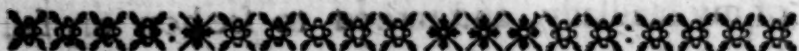
and telling her that it would not be proper for me to be seen any more in her company, for the remainder of that evening, I left her in the care of my landlady, and retired to see how my fair invalid had rested since I had parted from her.

I found her just awakened from a refreshing slumber, and with that steady calm temper which she had constantly preserved, through the whole course of her confinement in this place. She was thoughtful, but not grave; easy, though not gay; and had that kind of even cheerfulness always about her, which flows rather from a composure of mind, than a mirthfulness of heart.

I did not mention a word of my adventure below stairs, and had given the same caution to the whole house, as I was afraid that the shocking circumstances of the story, might have too much affected the weakness of her spirits, in her present invalid state; and that possibly, it might have alarmed her with a little jealousy, also, as there was sufficient reason to suspect, that the lady's chief concern about the matter, might have been for the loss of one galant, and her principal end in applying herself to me, be for the compassing another.

I sat and conversed with her, till her nurse-tender dismissed me, and then retired up stairs

to my own apartment, read for an hour or two, and went supperless to bed.



C H A P. CXXII.

THE next morning, about eight o'clock, I was awakened by some body coming into my chamber; and as I never shut the windows, at night, in order to rise early, I perceived a gentleman whom I had never seen before, walk into the room, in boots, with a pale, frightened look, and a pistol in each hand. I called out to him to stand, and declare his business, instantly, or I would fire at him; leaping into the floor, on the opposite side of the bed, and snatching up one of my pistols, which lay on a chair, just by it.

He answered me as quick as I could speak, in these words: Dear Sir, I ask pardon for this abrupt appearance, and be assured that I wear not these arms, to offend you, but to defend myself; and so far from meaning to assault you, Sir, I am rather come hither to require your protection. I then desired him to lay down his arms, on the table, and take his seat, till I should

should have put on my cloaths. He did so, but while I was dressing myself, proceeded thus:

I am come, Sir, said he, to compleat the adventure you had with a certain lady, yesterday evening. I am, alas! the unfortunate husband of that wicked woman, who in revenge for my not having repudiated her, some time since, which I am now convinced she was disappointed in, is at present, endeavouring to set herself free from the marriage chain, by the most diabolical stratagem, imaginable. She eloped from me, yesterday evening, continued he, after some very warm expressions, on both sides, she quitted the room in a rage, and left me in such astonishment and confusion, that I did not know she had gone away from my house, till the bell rang for supper.

I then sent servants all round the neighbourhood, to inquire after her, and about five o'clock this morning, one of them returned back and informed me, that she had been seen alighting at this house, from behind a tenant of mine, who lives in a little village near me. I was still sitting up, so mounted my horse, and rode off directly hither.

As soon as I arrived, I inquired from the landlord, what he knew about her, and he told

me that when she came to his house she desired to speak with the gentleman stranger who lodged here, that he immediately introduced you, Sir, to her, and then left you together, in the parlour; that you remained there but about half an hour, and then retired up stairs to your own apartments, for the remainder of the night.

I then desired him to shew me the chamber where she lay, and having left my pistols in his charge, for fear of alarming her, I went softly into the room, opened the window-shutters, and then going to the bed-side, gently put aside the curtain, to see if she was awake. She opened her eyes, just at the time, looked at me for half a minute, before she could recollect herself, then shrieked out, and hid her head under the cloaths.

I sat down by the bed-side, and desired her to be under no manner of apprehension of any violence from me, that I only came to expostulate with her, calmly, upon her hasty expressions, and precipitate flight; and also desired to know, how far she intended to carry her wickedness and disobedience.

She then uncovered her head, and with a steady countenance, replied, that she really deemed me a murderer, and had therefore fled from my house, in fear of her own life; that, on the way,

way, her conscience had urged her to a prosecution against me, and that despairing of justice, from any of my own *quorum*, she had applied to a stranger, for assistance, who had generously promised it to her.

By this time I was dressed, and sitting down by him, repeated to him all the circumstances of the charge his wife had brought against him. I told him that there was certainly foundation enough, to put him upon his tryal, at least, that guilty, or not, this affair must be attended with considerable scandal, trouble, expence, and hazard. But that be he criminal, or be he not, taking all circumstances together, I compassionated his unhappy situation, and if he would candidly relate to me the whole truth of the story, I would be his friend, so far, as to put a stop to the iniquitous and unnatural prosecution, on his wife's part.

Sir, replied he, with an expression of joy and surprise in his countenance, your generosity and humanity have won a secret from me, which I never should, nor indeed ought to have revealed, to any other person breathing; but now, said he, rising, and lifting up his hands and eyes to the ceiling, with the same sincerity with which I intreat of Heaven forgiveness for my offence, I will confess my crime, in this article, fully to
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you.

you. So saying, he returned to his seat, and thus began :



C H A P. CXXIII.

MY father died soon after I became of age, and left me, who was his only child, a clear estate, of about a thousand pounds a year. I lived an idle, debauched life, like other young men, till I was two and thirty. At that unlucky æra, I first saw this woman, fell in love, and married her, without a fortune.

She was then, about eighteen, and from what she appears to be this day, one may easily judge what a charming person she must have been, at that age. We lived in perfect harmony together, for near six years, during which interval, she bore me one son, and a daughter.

About a year ago, and near the unhappy end of this too happy period, a gentleman arrived from the university, at his seat about four or five miles distant from me. As this is a neighbourhood in the country, and that I had been formerly well acquainted with his father, I paid in due course, the first visit to him.

He

He was a young man, of about two and twenty, not handsome, but of a genteel person, and had that peculiar easy air about him, which denotes both birth and breeding. He was hardly endowed with even a moderate share of understanding, but had that kind of liveliness, and nonchalance in his manners, which is too apt to captivate women, because it does not alarm them sufficiently to put themselves upon their guard.

In about a month after, he returned my visit, and staid a week with us. He was all frolic, and dissipation. He gave a shift, to be run for by the girls of the village, a hat, to be cudgeled for, a saddle, for a horse-race, and tobacco, to be grinned for by old women. He made me send for a fiddler, and summon all the young people in the neighbourhood, to a ball; and used to din our ears, in the morning, with the noise of his hounds, and French horns.

He gave us an invitation at parting, and in a few days, we returned his visit. The same kind of active idleness and extravagance, continued while we staid there. Strange, giddy creature! my wife would sometimes say, he is as innocent and undesigning, as an infant—but he will run through his fortune and constitution, as other young heirs do, before he has given himself time
for

for the enjoyment of either. A friend, such as you are, she would add, who has so much the *advantage* of him, in years and sobriety, must be of vast service, to prevent his falling into the hands of harlots, and sharpers. I thought as she spoke, and therefore encouraged a frequent intercourse between us.

C H A P. CXXIV.

I Have seldom known a good end come of inmates, of this kind, in a man's house. The husband is sometimes en deshabille, both in temper, and habit. The friend always decked out, in dress and chearfulness. The husband careless, the friend attentive—the husband old, and the friend new. Novelty and comparison give the advantage. Freedoms increase, and it is never safe for a woman to be familiar, but with her husband. There are certain periods in female virtue, which philosophers stile *critical minutes*, when chastity, by long watching, I suppose, begins to nod, and the close

close besieger must, sooner or later, catch her off her guard.

An old and faithful servant, who had been butler to my father, and continued in the same station, with me, came to me, one day, about a month ago, and after a good deal of hesitation and difficulty, gave me some hints of a criminal intercourse, between my wife and my friend. I caught fire, and in a peremptory tone, commanded him to reveal all his knowledge in that affair, without the least reservation or disguise.

He then told me, that the morning before, as he was going to wind up the clock, on the staircase, he saw him going into his mistress's bed-chamber. I was surprised, at first, said the poor old man; but considering his free careless manner, that he might not have known your honour was up, and called in to rouse you, or might have imagined she herself was up, and have gone in to hurry her to breakfast, I did not harbour much suspicion, at that time; especially as I saw you all, soon after, at the tea-table, together, and that I did not perceive the least manner of guilt, in either of their countenances, which I supposed that no wicked persons could ever disguise.

But

But, this morning, continued he, as I was coming down from my own room, later than usual, with my shoes in my hand, to avoid making a noise as I passed by your door, I perceived him again coming out of my mistress's chamber, upon which I turned back, for a while, to let him pass by, as if unnoticed. I then began to grow uneasy in my mind, said he, and thought it my duty to inform your worship, of such practices.

I was struck dumb for some minutes, and then directed him to lie on the lurch, the next morning, and the moment he should see him go into the room, to come and acquaint me of it. I went immediately into the closet, and charged my pistols, afresh. I endeavoured to appear easy and composed, all that day; I did not stir out, indeed, but walked about the parlour, humming a tune, or sat in the window, reading a pamphlet, till dinner. In the evening, we played parties of picket together, and I took notice of many freedoms between them, both in words and action. Catching hold of her hand, when she cut the cards, or presented them to him to be dealt. Free speech, and arch looks; with other ribaldry, of the same sort. Such impertinences might have passed unnoticed, at another time, but *trifles light as air*, &c. We supped,

supped, and parted, about eleven o'clock, all in seeming harmony.

The anxiety of that night, is not to be imagined. I doubted, I believed—I hesitated, I resolved—I hoped, and I despaired. I recollected a thousand circumstances, to think her innocent—a thousand others, to deem her guilty. Her touch disgusted me. I lay on the stock of the bed, slept little, and waked in a perfect fever. She slept sound, and did not in the least, perceive my disturbance.

The next morning, I rose early, in order to give iniquity fair play, and retired to my study; where I waited with impatience, till my confident came to tell me, that my wife was come down to breakfast, and he had not observed any thing, of what he had lain in wait for, though he had kept his station, ever since he heard me go down stairs, till that every moment.

O Sir! cried he out, at this period of his discourse, is it not a shocking thing to say, that I felt myself disappointed, at this report! but such, however, was my wretched situation. Delayed revenge is like a late feast, the appetite palls upon it. This day passed over, in the same manner as the foregoing.

C H A P. CXXV.

THE next morning, the butler came running to me out of breath, and told me he had just then, seen him go into the chamber. I desired him to remain upon the spot I left him, till I should call him up. I walked up stairs, directly, went into the room, with a pistol in my hand, and shut the door after me. 'Tis too late to hide your baseness now, villain, said I, in a low voice, [but I will, notwithstanding, spare your life. Rise instantly, open the window, and leap out into the garden; then return into the house, call for breakfast, and leave the rest to me.

He flew to obey my commands, and as soon as I had shut down the window after him, I opened the door, and going to the stair-head, called up John. Friend, said I, I cannot find him here, but do you go in and seek for him. He declined it, till I presented the pistol to his breast. He then searched the room diligently, and upon his disappointment, looked aghast, and trembled.

Old man, said I, fear nothing; your information has shewn an honest disposition in you,
but

but your eyes begin to fail you. You must have mistaken me, who might have gone in and out, the two former mornings, and this day you must have taken one of the maids for a galant. The poor fellow then threw himself upon his knees, acknowledged his error, crying, that threescore and ten had rarely eyes to be depended upon, and intreated forgiveness, both of God, and us.

I granted his pardon, said I would intercede with his mistress, bid him never mention a word of the affair, and desired him to go down stairs, and lay the tea-table. But how was his surprise augmented, and his mistake confirmed, when he met the gentleman in the parlour, and intreating for breakfast, saying that he was obliged to set out for London, that very morning.

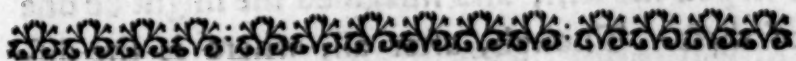
I then returned into the chamber, where my wife had lain silent, and motionless, during the whole transaction. She rose up, on her knees, conjuring me to believe her innocent, the truth of which she offered to certify to me, by the most sacred oath. She said that the young man had always a giddy free romping way with him, which she had frequently reprimanded him for, and had finally threatened to inform me of it, if he should continue his impertinence. But that in
thought,

thought, word or deed, a vestal was not purer than she, and then burst into a flood of tears.

I replied, that I hoped, for my own sake, and had charity enough to believe, for hers too, that no criminal intercourse had ever passed between them; that her indiscretions had been indeed, almost unpardonable, but that I had given sufficient proof of my having deemed them only such, by my command of temper, upon this trying occasion, with the stratagem I had made use of, in order to screen her character even from a footman's censure; and that I hoped her conduct would thenceforth, become thoroughly reformed, from a grateful sense, of my behaviour, and a proper condemnation, of her own.

She did not come down to breakfast, but after the table was removed, and the coast clear, the gentleman made me many asseverations, and swore all the usual oaths, of *men of honour*, upon such occasions. To which I answered, that my wife's innocence rested not upon his justification, that I dared not even to think her guilty, though I believed him to be a villain, which I would then resent, more emphatically by deeds, than words, if the regard I had already shewn by my late contrivance, toward her character, had not reprieved him from my vengeance. He acknowledged

knowledge his inhospitality, asked my pardon, and retired with precipitation, and confusion.



C H A P. CXXVI.

MY behaviour, upon this occasion, continued he, must appear very extraordinary, to you, and so indeed it was; but my reasons for it, were these: Had I found them together, the first day, as I expected, I should certainly have shot him through the head, and might probably, have dispatched her too, immediately after him. But the disappointment, and the interval, had given me time for reflection. My resentment was by no means abated; but my prudence and my pride, had tied down its hands.

I did not think her actually guilty, at that time, though her behaviour since, and at present, has now fully convinced me that she was. There are a sort of women, who from a shameful neglect in their education, will too freely give, and take, improper liberties; thinking it sufficient virtue to abstain from mere *matter of fact*.

fact. I have seen women sometimes, handle and present a pistol, out of a bravo, who would be terrified to death, at the thoughts of letting it off. I hoped the best, and imagined she might be one of these. Though, after all, where is the difference, between a wife who is really, or only seemingly guilty? If, as the verse says,

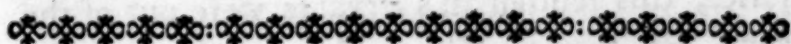
“ She still is virtuous, if she so is deem’d,”

the reverse of this maxim has, I am sure, much greater truth in it.

In the next place, the thoughts of my dear children, came across my mind. I believed them both my own, and loved them, with a true father’s fondness. Could I then think of exposing their mother, the mother of my daughter more particularly, to infamy? *for a mother in dishonour, is a reproach to the children.* My own pride also, came in bar, on the apprehension that such misfortunes, from the unreasonable and unaccountable opinions of the world, generally occasion a man to fall into contempt.

All these considerations, joined together, operated upon my mind, and wrought my temper to that calm conduct, which I manifested upon this mortifying occasion. They governed my behaviour toward her also, for there is certainly no medium, between seeming to think a wife
guilty,

guilty, and turning her out of doors; and it hurt my pride less, to appear credulous, than tame.



C H A P. CXXVII.

MY wife did not, by any means, behave properly, upon this crisis, though possibly she meant to do so; she was very ill-tempered, and insolent, perhaps from imagining that mildness and humility, might argue a sense of guilt; and rendered the poor old butler so uneasy in his service, that he gave me warning, in a week after this adventure; which obliged me to discharge him, and settle an annuity on him, for life.

Thus matters went on, a little awkwardly, between us, for about three weeks, till the day before yesterday; when I happened to go to dine at a neighbour's, in a free way, without invitation, or [knowing who were to be of his company. There I chanced, most unluckily, to meet the person who is the subject of our present tragedy. We took no manner of notice of each other, which however, being in a mixed company,

pany, was not observed. The bottle went briskly about, and I drank hard, and in an ill temper, which is always a dangerous thing.

When we broke up, and came to mount our horses, this gentleman's servants were out of the way. He was pressed to stay, and answered, that he was under an engagement to some company at his own house, that night, but lamented the want of one of his men, whom he called his guide, as he knew the road, across the country, and that it was now late, and dark. No matter for that, replied our host, follow your friend, there, said he, pointing to me, to his avenue-gate, 'tis not half a mile about, and it is strange if you are not able to find the way from thence, which you have been galloping to and fro, both night and day, for these twelve months past.

This unlucky reflection increased my rancour. I made no manner of reply to the proposition, but mounting my horse, bowed to the gentleman of the house, and rode off. This absurd person followed me. I was piqued at it. It appeared a fresh insult. It was making too slight of my resentment. I mended my pace to get rid of him, but he pursued me still. I had not the least thought of it, the instant before. I am convinced that this may have been often the case. People should be particularly careful therefore,
never

never to indulge, as we are too apt to do, that malice, or habit of mind, which may temper them for a crime that opportunity, or the devil, may suddenly tempt them to.

Just when we came to a certain pass, I turned into a field, and pulling up my bridle, cried out to him, I have taken the lead from you, long enough—I now resign it to you. Push away, across this fair field, and we shall recover the road again, at the end of it. He clapped spurs to his horse, and in an instant I heard them both, in full speed, fall tumbling down the precipice. I listened for a minute, but heard neither motion or groan, from man or beast. I was struck with horror—I grew sober in a moment—I repented too late. And through the awful silence, and horrid darkness of the night, rode home a wretch indeed!

This, Sir, concluded he, is the intire truth, and total circumstance, of my unhappy story; and to shew you that I am not quite guilty, I have been obliged to let you into the secret, how far I am so. Not guilty, perhaps, according to the laws of man, but too surely criminal, to the full, against those of God!

C H A P. CXXVIII.

HE then told me, that the coroner's inquest had brought in a verdict, of accidental death, the evening before, as no marks of violence, appeared upon either of the bodies, but what had been occasioned by the fall. Thus you see, Sir, said he, upon what ground I stand, with regard to any prosecution about this affair; so that nothing but the confidence which your generous deportment, with the kind hint you have dropped of extricating me out of this difficult business, have tempted me to place in you, need have induced me to let you into the secret of my being, in any manner accessory, to this *murder*, which in all my future prayers and penitence, I shall ever consider, and endeavour to atone for, as one, in all its most horrid and culpable forms. Amen!

He then claimed my promise, about *quashing the indictment*: I told him how I had reasoned, and how far prevailed with the lady, the evening before. That, upon what I had heard, from both parties, I could judge that there was now no possibility of their ever living together, again, and that I thought he would make a prudent bargain,

bargain, in giving her a *bill of divorce*, with two hundred pounds a year, to get quietly rid of this troublesome and unhappy affair. He embraced me and the proposal, together.

I went down stairs to acquaint my fair client with this negotiation, and she willingly accepted of the terms, on condition that I should be her *trustee*. I mentioned this article to the husband, who very readily consented to it. I see plainly, said he, her further scheme in this: You are an handsome young fellow, and she has no design, I dare say, of retiring into a nunnery. She would keep up an intercourse with you. Be it so. She has now *the world before her, where to chuse*, and though it is some consolation to my humanity, at the same time, I think she has better fortune than she deserves, to fall into the hands and protection of a gentleman of worth and honour, he was pleased to add, as you, Sir, appear to be.

Immediately upon this, I sent off an express to the next town, for an attorney, who came, and while the gentleman and I were at breakfast, drew up the article for a separate maintenance; we then went into the room, to the lady, for their mutual signing and sealing; which when over, he rose from his seat, made a low bow to her, without saying a word, but

threw a bill of fifty pounds into her lap, and let fall some tears. Then turning toward me, thanked, embraced me, and retired.

This moving scene affected me, extremely. It was near half an hour before I could get the better of it. Had I been twenty years older, I might possibly not have got rid of it, so soon. She appeared a good deal discomposed, also. She wiped away a few tears, cried, "Dear Sir, am I not extremely to be pitied? But 'tis past, 'tis over now; and 'tis a jest to think of resisting destiny." This is a fine salvo that some folks have got—They sin away, without remorse, and impute their crimes, to fate.

"The stars are more in fault than they."



C H A P. CXXIX.

I Then went up stairs to see how my fair prisoner had rested, and found her just done breakfast. She asked me where I had been truanting, for the hour past, and I replied, that there had happened a small law-suit in the neighbourhood, that I had been appointed umpire,
on

on both sides, and had settled the dispute to the intire satisfaction of the parties. Ay, said she, with a sigh, you can be good, if you please. I staid with her, reading and talking to her, by turns, till her chicken came upon the table, and then retired to my own meal, as usual, for the flavour of beef or mutton were yet too strong for her.

I went down stairs, paid a visit to my new ward, and joined my dinner to hers. Our behaviour toward each other, was a good deal constrained. She thought, perhaps, that a free carriage might have given me too slight an opinion of her character; and I imagined, that a cavalier air, on my part, would seem too much like taking advantage of her present situation. We drank a bottle of wine together, after dinner, talked of indifferent matters, and I then took my leave, pretending some extraordinary business called me away; for I had given a caution to the family not to acquaint her with my particular engagements in the house, and she seemed a stranger to them herself. At parting, she invited me to return to supper, which I promised.

I drank tea and played picquet with my first charge, till nine o'clock, and then retired. I felt myself uneasy, all the evening. I was dissa-

tified with the disingenuousness of my own conduct, and was alarmed at my entering too far into vice. I had virtue enough to condemn such courses, but not resolution sufficient to quit them.

After supper, the fair refugee and I appeared a good deal more at our ease together. We entered into a very galant converse, made a jest of prudes, and ridiculed parsons; deemed matrimony but mere form, and that the unlucky expression, of man and wife becoming *one flesh*, was apt, from the very idea of *homogeneity*, to make them consider each other, too much as the legs or arms, of the same body, affording little more enjoyment in the conjugal embrace, than if they were only *bugging themselves*. Observed, that David was a man after God's own heart, without troubling ourselves to fix the æra when he became so. Preferred the *Canticles*, in the literal sense, to all the rest of the Bible; and agreed, that Epicurus was the best, of all moral philosophers.

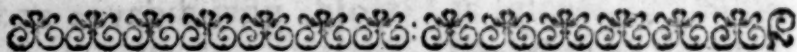
We drank two bottles together during this entertainment; toward the close of which, she began to grow full of sorrow, and lamented her misfortunes—I became full of compassion, and comforted her. She seemed perfectly pleased with my company, and wished frequently, as
she

she was so kind to express herself, to be possessed of my sex, sense, and spirit. They are all at your service, Madam, said I—There is a nation in the world, who think that by killing an enemy, they shall be endowed with all his faculties, and I would die to serve you. No, no, replied she, you are not my enemy, and I think I could sooner kill myself, than injure you. The good-natured creature!

Well then, said I, there is another way of compassing your flattering wish. You have read the Eastern Tales, I presume. There is a story among them, of a certain dervise, who possessed the faculty of shooting his soul into any dead body he pleased, and re-animating it again, while his own lay a breathless corpse beside it. This fable, believe me, Madam, is verified among us adepts, at Oxford, now-a-days; and I myself have been thoroughly initiated into the mystery of transmigration. Take an example now, said I, go stretch yourself, at full length, upon that couch there, in the very posture of a dead person, and counterfeit a trance. I will then instantly let fly my soul into you, upon the wings of love, and revive you again, to the wonderful delight of all spectators; while my inanimate body shall then lie panting by your side.

[illegible]

The next morning, she hired a post-chaise, and drove off to London.



C H A P. CXXX.

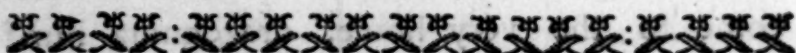
HERE'S a rake for you, ladies, with a *witnefs*! Yea verily, with *two*. Two strings to his bow, i'faith. But to ſpeak ſeriously now, prithee whoſe fault is it, his, or yours? The affair with the *man-lady*, d'ye mind, was none of his ſeeking, I am ſure. He happened to

to meet with it, where no man living would have gone to look for it. He was searching for a wound, only, when this same *hiatus valde ridendus*, presented itself to his view. *Obstupuit, steteruntque*, &c. And, as Falstaff says, *Rebellion lay in his way, and he stumbled upon it.*

If women will come into young fellows bed-chambers, and then fall into fainting fits there, what in nature, can a man do, but like a quack, apply the *panacea*, to them? His *laboratory* has no other drops, no other hartshorn, no other cordial, but this.

And as for this here gentlewoman, neither did he seek her either. Did he stir across the threshold of the door, to meet her? Did she not come to the very house, dragooning him? Might he not use the *se defendendo* plea? I think 'tis all fair, after a man has first tried what effect an exhortation may produce. Could the parson of the parish, himself, have done more? And you must acknowledge, that Mr. Carewe did preach a most excellent sermon, to her. Though, how he came by so many texts of scripture, without having been bred at Glasgow, I cannot conceive. And in the course of his homily too, he gives a prudent hint to all galants with regard to cuckolds. *Fœnum habet in cornu*, he says—

A word more. With regard to what the husband says, about the *nod of chastity*, which may be stiled the *nod of assent*, or *critical minute*, I am to inform you, that the French phrase for this same expression, is *L'heure de berger*, or the *shepherd's hour*. Now if the character of a nation, as is reasonably enough affirmed, may be known from its proverbs, I must congratulate my fair country-woman in having the advantage, in point of chastity, over their neighbours, even in the great proportion, of *sixty to one*. This frail crisis holds only a *minute*, with English women, but lasts a full *hour*, with French females.



CHAP. CXXXI.

WHEN I found that my fair academie was perfectly recovered, I began to renew my galantries toward her again. One night, after we had supped and parted, as usual, I returned back from my apartment, with my night-cap in my pocket, and went into her bed-chamber. I found her on her knees, and earnest at prayer. I was confounded, and retired into the

the ante-chamber ; where I stood musing, till I heard her begin to move ; but before I could gain the door, she had shot the bolt on the inside, and walked away to the farther end of the room. I became sensible of a certain inward rebuke, upon this occasion, and immediately returned up stairs, to my own chamber.

The next morning, we met at breakfast ; during which we appeared under a mutual constraint and awkwardness, toward each other. After the tea-table was removed, I attempted to open the conversation, upon the last night's incident, but faltered in the first sentence ; upon which she interrupted me thus—"Never, never, Mr. Carewe, must we meet again, on any other terms but those of friendship. A woman may be betrayed into error, by another's crime, but it must be her own vice that suffers her to continue in it. I have had, by this time, sufficient leisure for reflection, and have passed severe ones, on my former conduct. But I rejoice in the smart, which heals whilst it corrodes. Good God ! cried she out, in a passion of tears, was it not enough, that I should sink, at once, from man to woman, but that I must again fall, even below the only character estimable in her, too !"

She was going on, but I interrupted her by
catching

catching her in my arms, in a sudden transport of generosity, and fondness, and offering to marry her, that very instant. “ No,” she replied, and wresting herself from my embrace, “ you have “ once denied me that happiness, already—’Tis “ enough—I will not accept it now : For I shall “ never receive from your honour, what I cannot owe to your love. Had you ever loved, “ before, I might perhaps, be led to accept of “ the present cool terms you offer. That dangerous crisis once over, I might possibly, be “ induced to compound for your friendship “ and esteem ; but while I have that hazardous “ æra to dread, I must always keep a reserve “ over my own affections toward you, which “ would be inconsistent with that union, which “ your generosity alone has challenged you “ now to proffer *.

“ Ever since that fatal day—or rather happy “ one, as I may now deem it,” continued she, “ when you revealed to me the unfortunate “ situation I was in, my thoughts have constantly turned inward on myself. The spring “ of that religious and virtuous education, “ with which my dear mother had imbued my “ mind, reverberated then so strongly on my

* This reflection will be explained in chapter cxxxix.

“ heart,

“ heart, that it quickly awakened every pious
 “ sense, which avocation, idleness, and plea-
 “ sure, had till then, lulled to sleep.

“ I meditated on the dependency of our
 “ earthly state, on the relation, duty, and obe-
 “ dience, we owe to our Creator; I weighed
 “ well the worth of all worldly enjoyments, and
 “ upon comparing time with eternity, have
 “ fixed my soul so firmly, upon higher concerns,
 “ that my mind has at length, happily arrived
 “ to this just reflection, that nothing here below,
 “ but innocence, peace and ease, are worth my
 “ care.

“ I will to-morrow,” continued she, “re-assume
 “ my former disguise, and still carry on the
 “ masquerade, both on account of my dear mo-
 “ ther’s commands, and for one of the reasons
 “ she gave too; namely, that it will save me
 “ from the irksomeness and danger of any far-
 “ ther sollicitation, or attempt; which by that
 “ means, I should have escaped from you, also,
 “ if so unforeseen and unprovided an accident,
 “ had not unfortunately, thrown me too much
 “ into your power.”

She spoke all this, with a collected spirit, and
 stoicism, which astonished, and charmed me. It
 raised my esteem for her, to the highest pitch,
 but at the same time, affected me with such a
 tender

tenderneſs and contrition, that I could not poſſibly refrain from tears; which ſhe perceiving, called out to me in a manly tone, and with a ſmile at the ſame time, What, Mr. Carewe, ſaid ſhe, are you going to change your ſex, alſo? “ For ſhame,” added ſhe, “ ſhake off this womanish weakneſs—Arouſe, and be a man. * ” I recovered myſelf, but made no reply.

This whole day we ſpent together, in a general converſe, through which I behaved myſelf with the higheſt politeneſs and decorum; both in my deportment toward her, and in avoiding the moſt oblique hint, which might revive in her mind the remembrance of our former connection. This charming woman ſeemed much flattered with the reſpect and delicacy of my manners; ſhe declared that ſhe ſincerely eſteemed this day to be the happieſt, and moſt pleaſant, we had ever ſpent together, and I endeavoured to think ſo.

The next morning, ſhe hired a poſt-chaiſe to carry her to her grandfather's, where ſhe told me ſhe deſigned to ſtay during the remainder of the vacation, and then return to the univerſity, to

* Theſe were the very words he made uſe of to her, when he was ſpiriting her up to the duel. Chapter cii. paragraph 4th, latter part of it.

finish her studies. She dressed herself, *en cavalier*, and wrapped herself up in a *roclaire*, pretending to be afraid of catching cold on her journey, so soon after her lying in. She made a present of all her *femalities*, to the daughter of the house, saying to me in a low voice, Farewel, now, for life, to my poor helpless sex. Then committing the care of our son and nurse, to our host and hostess, we tenderly embraced, and she hurried into the chaise, with a precipitation which betrayed her not to be yet quite mistress of her philosophy.

I remained for some time, at the gate, looking after the carriage while it continued in view, and contemplating upon this virtuous and extraordinary woman; I then returned into the house, discharged my bills, embraced my *Hermes*, took post-horses, and rode back to college, not so pleasantly indeed, but much more composed in mind, however, than when I left it.

C H A P. CXXXII.

I Passed a very uneasy time of it, there, for a week. I felt an awkward want of half myself, and if not the most necessary, at least the pleasantest part of me. I was dull in company, and melancholic, when alone. I began to suspect I loved her; but this I was sure of, that had she given me time enough for it, I should certainly have done so.

At one while, I was for carrying her off, and ravishing her into matrimony. Nor was this generous thought at all checked, by reflecting on her large fortune, for that article I was firmly resolved to have made easy to myself: I scorned to accept the portion of fraud, and would have restored it to the rightful heir.

At another time, I had one curiosity already gratified, and another still to satisfy; namely, to try how long a spliced chastity could hold out, and whether this experiment might not be like *new wine put into old bottles, or a new piece into an old garment*. At length, time and use, which generally blend all our wants and losses with the common complexion of life, restored my carelessness and spirits to me again.

On

On the commencement of our term, my dear *Levis Agyeu* * returned to college. As soon as I heard of her arrival, I went to wait on her at her apartments—She received me with great civility and affection, but immediately putting on her hat, said it was a fine morning, and desired the pleasure of my company to take a walk with her in the park, as she wanted a little private conversation with me, which might be interrupted by other visitants. I approved of, but was dissatisfied at, this caution of hers.

When we were alone in the park, she told me that the old colonel seemed extremely rejoiced at her visit, but much concerned at seeing her look so pale and thin. You have studied your eyes out, my child, said he, and 'tis high time to be done with that same work, now. You have been chewing upon three years of crabbed learning already, at that same university, as 'tis called, besides all you swallowed before, at school, and if you are not as wise as Solomon, by this time, the devil's in it for me. But there's an end of all farther puzzling now, as I have lately procured a cornetcy for you, from my old friend the secretary of war; and I long sadly, to see you strut the parade, in your military uniform, shortly.

* One of the names of Apollo, from his having no beard.

You

You know, said she to me, that I am no Amazon, and yet this declaration of his did not distress me so much as you might naturally expect—I was prepared for it, from his frequent resolutions, in that way, and had therefore, furnished myself with an answer. I returned him thanks for this, and all his other kind intentions in my favour, but added, that with regard to the professions of life, it was always both prudent, and reasonable, to grant the party engaging, some liberty of choice, in a matter of so much moment, both to themselves and others.

Zounds, said he, thou isn't afraid, is thee? No, Sir, I replied, with an assured countenance, I thank God, that I fear nothing now, but himself and you. But it is my duty to the first of these most sacred obligations, continued I, which makes me hesitate about too implicit an obedience, to your commands. Very fine, very fine! replied the colonel, all this begins very finely indeed, but tell me quickly, now, without any more of your logic, or sophistry, what the devil is all this about?

C H A P. CXXXIII.

I Thus went on. When I entered upon the study of natural philosophy, Sir, at the university, I was charmed and surpris'd at the internal art and contrivance of the almighty artificer, in many subjects, which I had looked upon superficially, before. Still as I proceeded, still as my knowledge improved, in mathematics, gravitation, attraction, and astronomy, my mind enlarged, and my soul was impressed with a sense of awe and wonder, at the amazing greatness, goodness, and oeconomy of Providence. Nor needs all this to refute the fool of David *—Shew him but a straw, and when he has accounted for that, let him then dispute a Deity.

Afterwards, Sir, when I had entered into my course of moral philosophy, I quick perceived the duties, the relations, the dependencies, both of civil and religious obligations. I almost thought the system perfect; but there seemed still to be something yet wanting. I loved virtue, but feared not vice. I adored the Deity,

* The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.

but

but feared impiety, in prayer. I asked for blessings, and yet dreaded them as curses. There needed two things, yet, absolutely necessary to compleat the scheme. Certain sanctions for our virtue, and a revelation, to instruct our worship.

These great *desiderata* then, directed my inquiries toward religion. I here found all was perfect harmony. The scene extended, my views enlarged, the concordance, between divine and human things, apparent; virtue encouraged, and vice deterred. And to sum up all, a form of worship appointed, which abolished idolatry, instructed prayer, and restrained enthusiasm.

What the devil, is all this for, interrupted the old soldier? Was this harangue necessary, said he, to let us know you were a Christian? I always honoured religion, as much as you, or any scholar of Oxford, or Cambridge, either; ay, by G—, as much as the chaplain of our regiment, himself, who, by the Lord, was as honest, and jolly a fellow, as any of the corps. But a man may serve God, and his king, and country, too, at the same time, I hope. Grant me but that, and there's an end of the argument.

You are certainly in the right of it, Sir, replied I, and your observation is indeed, very just.
But

But then, Sir, in return, I hope that you will allow me there may be more ways than one, of doing all three. How in the name of God, now, is that possible, answered he? can we preserve the protestant religion, Hanover, or Old England, any other way, but by fighting?

Dear Sir, said I, I am far from disputing the necessity of fighting, for as the world is at present constituted, there must be soldiers, as well as other *handicraftmen*. But pray, Sir, is not a divine, instructing his congregation, or reforming his parish, more serviceable to God, the king, and his country, than a colonel of horse, or foot, exercising his regiment on the parade?

Is not the making of good subjects, more necessary, than the training of soldiers? One may be hired, the other not—What so fitted to make men brave, as religion? And what to regulate the discipline of an army, as morals? The divine, then, is necessary, in the first instance—The soldier, only in the second. The soldier's profession, is but temporal and temporary. The divine's, celestial and eternal!

Preach me no preachments, interrupted old Mars; a parson, indeed, were he such as I am afraid few parsons are, might perhaps, do some service to religion, and his country, in the way you suppose; but never tell me, man, that all
the

the preaching in the world, can ever be able to defend Hanover. No, no, Bilbo is the word, there, and right or wrong, *nolus, volus*, we must all fight for Hanover, that's a sure thing.

I replied, there was no fear but there would be always people enough found to fight for Hanover, or a castle in the air, if they were paid for it; but as all men were not to be soldiers, we might be left at liberty to chuse our professions; and that, for my own part, I had for some time, been sensible of so strong a propensity toward putting on the gown, that I took it to be an inward *call* from the spirit, to enter into holy orders.

Call me no calls, replied old Testy, you are a coward, firrah, I see you are. You are no man, but an hodmandod *, and would rather fight the devil, than a Frenchman. Call of the spirit! No, sneaker, 'tis want of spirit that is your call, and like a criminal, flying for his life, you would take sanctuary in a church, would you? Yours is no *call*, I say, 'tis *proffered service*, and you know the proverb, you sh—n a—e fellow you.

Call of the spirit, forsooth! but 'tis necessary that some people should pretend it, or how few

* A shell-snail.

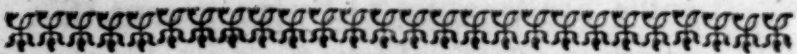
of the pulpits, in England, would be filled, now-a-days ! How many do I know, myself, who were never called by the spirit, nor ever call upon it, either. But business must be done ; and they marry and christen, as well as the best ; for a parson's a parson, and there's an end on't. What the devil need we desire more ?

But here's another difficulty, continued he, you have brought upon me too, by your strange notions of spirit and pulpit, and such *tringum-trangums*—What will your *quaking spirit* help me to do now, with the commission, that I have laid out all my interest to procure for you, and which I must now return so thanklessly, upon my friend's hands again ? By no means, Sir, said I, you may dispose of it more properly, than even by giving it to me—My cousin Tom, Sir, will readily accept of it. It will be looked upon as a kind of present to him, and I would willingly obviate every occasion of jealousy, which might possibly, arise between us.

And so, by G—d, I will, replied he, sharply, and if I should leave him my estate too, what would you say to that, youth ! I should say nothing, Sir, but should think, that as you have made the fortune by your own valour, you have certainly a right to bestow it according to your own favour ; and if, Sir, added I, your
opinion,

opinion or inclinations, should point him out, as the more worthy object, I shall be perfectly resigned, both to the dispensations of Providence, and yours.

Pugh, pugh, said he, you won't let me have my own way, in any thing, I see—I am not used to these old-fangled notions, and I don't know, for the blood of me, how to deal with them. I wish, with all my soul, that either you, or I, were different sort of people, that we might understand one another, rightly. But let us have done with it now, child, said he, and go bid them lay the cloth for supper.



C H A P. CXXXIV.

YOU may be surprised, perhaps, said she, at the easiness with which I seem to have resigned a fortune in which might be comprehended all the flattering prospects and enjoyments of life. But, Mr. Carewe, pursued she, with a sigh, I had already shaken hands with this life. And though I think I have now happily attained to such a pitch of firmness and fortitude of mind, that were it possible to be
either

either my duty, or obligation, to fight, I could this instant draw the sword, and like another *Joan d'Arc*, rush into the midmost battle. But to enter a volunteer in arms, would have been a presumption unbecoming my real character, and therefore I declined it.

And as to the worldly considerations, which might naturally have perplexed me, upon this occasion, continued she, I had already wrought my mind to this determination about them. I do not think that female virtue consists in chastity alone, though certainly, both prudence and decency require this to be our distinguishing character. This duty we owe, first to religion, and next to ourselves; but justice is an higher point of virtue, because we owe this, both to God, to ourselves, to our neighbour, and to the rights of civil society.

I had hitherto carried on the deceit, in obedience to my mother's commands—But ever since I began to consider things in an higher light, and to compare my first and second duty, together, I had resolved to act, in this matter, that equitable, and ingenuous part, which I am certain she would herself direct, were she now to return upon earth, to instruct me.

What then had I to apprehend from my grandfather's resentment, but that event which I

F

had

had before resolved upon in my own mind? The virtue of the act, was already perfect in resolve, and the merit of the gift I was willing to resign to another. I could not imagine that my grandfather would have cast me off to absolute beggary; and any reasonable provision he might have made for me, would have served to support me in that scheme of life which I had already resolved upon: For I am determined, said she, to put on the gown, for one additional reason more than my dear mother gave me for wearing a male habit; which is, that a respect to my profession, may restrain both that prophane, and immodest manner of speaking, before me, which I have already sustained too much of among men.

I was charmed, said Mr. Carewe, at the nobleness of soul, in this virtuous woman, but was somewhat mortified, however, to find that I was not capable myself, of the same refinement of sentiment, in one particular; for I confess that I felt disappointed at her having prevented me from recommending to her the very action, she had already resolved upon; and from offering her three hundred pounds a year, out of my own fortune, in consideration of her resigning the estate to her cousin; which I assure ye, gentlemen,

men, said he, had for some time past, been fully my purpose.

I was going once to mention this to her, but thought it might have had a disingenuous air; and in short, said he, I was really, as much puzzled, as old Square Toes, himself, to know how to deal with her *old-fangled* notions, as he styled them, and almost wished as he did, that either of us were different sort of people.

However, this not sincerely, for I thought it too soon for myself, to quit the pursuit of pleasure, and indeed, for her too; as the small *snack* she had got of it, was hardly, in my opinion, worth so much repentance; but as grace comes earlier to some people, than to others, I would not wish to disturb her peace, or attempt to interrupt her course of virtue, but for a moment, to gratify even my warmest desires; for I was resolved, upon all occasions of this kind, to qualify, as much as possible, the sinner, with the saint; and never to mix up a greater *portion* of vice, with my pleasure, than was just necessary as a *vehicle* to it. By which means, I ever retained an *bank in hand*, as the jockeys phrase it, to pull up, before I was got to the brink of the precipice.

C H A P. CXXXV.

WHILE I was revolving these things in my mind, the fair prolocutor thus went on. The next morning, said she, after breakfast, the old gentleman called me into his apartment, and after some minutes silence, during which time he sat musing and looking at the fire, he lifted up his head, and turning his face toward me, in a good-humoured tone of voice, Mr. Parson, said he, I could not well sleep, last night, for the sermon you preached to me, yesterday evening.

It put me in mind of your poor mother, she was a great reasoner, and would sometimes argufy the case with me, till she used to put me into a passion, for I always hated women's prate. But it does well enough in a man, especially a scholar, as you are ; for what does people learn for, d'ye see me, if they don't shew it ? Therefore, I consent, d'ye mind, that you make yourself a parson, as soon as you will, and though I must say that you have disappointed me hugely, in my first design for you, I don't doubt, in the least, but you may be a good man yet, for all that ; and we will now be as good friends,

friends as ever, said he, and shaking me by the hand at the same time.

I thanked him on my bended knee, but he ordered me to rise quickly, saying, Never kneel, child, but to the king, God bless him, or your prayers—That is my notion, son, and I don't doubt but I shall see you chaplain to our regiment yet, and you shall be so, believe me, added he, if strong drink can kill a parson, and that I have any interest with *some people*, and I never say a thing that I don't mean to do; that's my way, d'ye mark me?

You'll live a roving, jolly life, of it, then, you dog you, and know more of the world, in one year, there, than you would do in seven, in this parish, or the next. But I have sent for your cousin Tommy, and will give him the commission *you know*. No—you shall give it to him, yourself, it shall be your gift, it will make him love you, and I would have families live well together, child, after I am dead and rotten.

He then gave me the secretary of war's letter, which mentioned that he had procured a cornetcy for him, at his request, in the ——— regiment of cavalry, and desired him to write the person's name, at the bottom of that letter, and return it to him immediately, in order to have the commission filled up. I thanked him

for the pleasing office he had assigned me—Forgiving, is certainly one of the pleasantest things, in the world.

In the evening, my cousin arrived, equipt perfectly *à la militaire*; for my aunt, in compliment to the martial enthusiasm of her father, had ever since he was put into breeches, affected to have him dressed like an officer, with cockade, sword, and gambadoes. He is perfect master of his exercises, which, with a little smattering of French, is the only part of education his parents had ever attended to. He has an handsome, genteel person, and has that kind of forwardness and air of confidence, which persons who know one thing, a little, and are quite ignorant of every thing else, are apt to assume. He had lately challenged a young apothecary, in the town where his father lived, for saying, that it was ridiculous to see a chit pretend to strut about, with a sword on, who was only of fit size, to wear a glyster-bag *armed*. And the pistol and the pestle were going to it, *ding dong*, when some friends happened to interpose, and put an end to this martial strife.

After the mutual salutes were over, I took him aside into another parlour, and shewed him the letter from the secretary of war. He congratulated me upon my good fortune, but said,
with

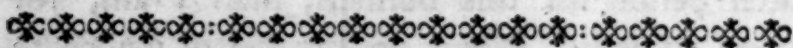
with a sigh, that he would rather be in possession of that commission, than of the old Don's estate, for that the army was the only profession for a gentleman, all the rest of the world being divided into *payfans*, and *bourgeois*; and that he longed most bloodily, to be at flashing work with the French.

Then cousin, said I, you seem to be a much fitter person for this business, than I am, for upon my word, I bear no manner of malice to any people breathing, not even to my foes. So saying, I carelessly took up a pen, which lay on the table, and writing down *Thomas Irwin* at the foot of the letter, presented it to him.

He kissed it, hugged me, and drawing his sword, made several passes at an old Windsor chair, swearing that there should not be a Frenchman in the world, by the end of the campaign; and that he would then gather all the women together into a seraglio, and people the kingdom over again, himself, with good Protestants.

Come along, my gallant soldier, said I, and pay your acknowledgments, where they are more properly due; for the gift is our grandfather's, though he was so kind as to appoint me the giver. We then went up stairs to the old gentleman's room, where the brisk cornet

returned him hasty thanks for his preferment, and instantly begged leave to set out, that evening, for London, to deliver the letter, and expedite the commission. The good old man cried, There's a lad for you that is in haste to fight, then gave him his blessing, with a bill of an hundred pounds, and dismissed him.



C H A P. CXXXVI.

HERE we were interrupted, by the coming up of three or four of our college acquaintance, with whom we walked a few turns, till the bell struck three o'clock. I then pressed her to come home, and dine with me, which she refused; upon which I offered to go home with her, that she might be at liberty to finish the rest of her story, if any yet remained, but she replied, that she had nothing prepared at her chambers, and proposed to the rest of the company, that we should all go to the tavern together, which was agreed upon.

After dinner, we entered into a lively conversation, in which she bore her part with great wit and spirit, and seemed to be more chearful and disin-

disingaged in her manner, than I had known her for many months past. This struck me as a confirmation of her virtue. The conflict seemed to be over. My heart exulted with joy.

We drank our friends, in the usual course, and then one of the company, who had been appointed *magister bibendi*, proposed a round of sentiments, and began himself decently enough, with *the joys of friendship, love, and wine*. The next turn fell to me, and I gave *the season of May, and the age of fifteen*. But this sort of chaste archness, did not long continue, for the next person called upon, launched out beyond all innuendo, which began to give my delicate friend some uneasiness. She cast a look of distress, toward me, and I immediately put a stop to the round, by acquainting the company that our friend there, had lately taken the resolution of going into orders, and that such ribaldry must certainly be offensive to him. She bowed, and the rest were silent,

I then proposed, as we were all scholars, that we should toast some classical rounds, of memories, beginning with the philosophers, while we were sober, and reserving the poets for our more jovial cups. The fancy took, because the thought was new, and each person declared his sect, by his toast. Plato led the way, because

he wore good cloaths, and kept a good table. Democritus came next, because he was a merry fellow, and taught, long before Copernicus, that the world turned round. Then followed Zeno, not on account of the severity of his philosophy, but because he had done justice on himself for it, by an halter.

When it came to my turn, I named Aristippus, on account of the character that Horace gives of him, *Omnis Aristippum decuit, color, & flatus, & res*. Then my fair philosopher concluded the round with Socrates, as being, in the opinion of Erasmus, a Christian, before Christianity; and then immediately, rose up, and quitted the company. I offered to attend her home, but she forbid it; saying, that she had her lectures to look over before examinations; and appointed me to meet her, the next morning, in the park, as before, to conclude her story. I returned to my company, and finished the evening, *a la mode*.

C H A P. CXXXVII.

THE next day, I met my charming friend, said he, at the time and place appointed, and after a quarter of an hour's conversation upon general topics, she proceeded with the thread of her narration. Thus far, said she, had I tolerably well extricated myself, from a very difficult piece of business ; but my principal point had not been yet obtained. There was a matter of much higher consequence, still to be disposed of, which I confess I was so impatient to have adjusted, that I was, one or twice, very near declaring the whole secret of my disguise, to my grandfather, had not a tenderness for my mother's character, prevented me.

I then determined with myself to keep the matter still a secret, thinking that no accident could disappoint the honest purpose I had already framed ; for should I happen to die before my grandfather, the estate would devolve of course, into the right line ; and should I outlive him, I might then resign it, with equal advantage to my cousin, as at present.

However, some scruples arose, that justice delayed, was in some sort, justice denied, and that it was always prudent to be honest, while
one

one may, lest the general frailty of human nature, might perhaps, obstruct the fair intent, when the time may call upon us to perfect it by action. Besides, said she, the matter lay a dead weight upon my mind, and I was impatient to get rid of it, in order to dedicate my whole soul, to the contemplation and enjoyment of philosophy, and religion.

Upon this resolve, I went up directly, into my grandfather's chamber, who was much confined by the gout; I took occasion to commend the spirit and accomplishments of my cousin, in which he seemed heartily to join me with a certain martial joy in his countenance, at the same time. I added, that I imagined he must have been just such a brisk young fellow, himself, at his years, all fire and activity. The very counterpart, exactly, replied he, with a smile of satisfaction. I am extremely sorry then, Sir, said I, that you have not such an heir, to represent you; who might serve to perpetuate your fame, and keep your character alive, after you are gone, better than I can possibly do, in my confined scheme of life, who am likely to hide both, under a gown, and bury their memory, in some country cure.

What do'st mean, boy, replied he, with a good deal of surprise? Han't I told you already,
that

that we are as good friends now, as ever? Prithce, what sort of a crotchet hast got in thy noddle, at present, lad? Pray explain it quickly, now, without more ifs or ands. To which I replied, that I was then come to justify my character to him, by giving a convincing proof of the sincerity with which I had made my option of the gown, in preference to the sword, by begging leave to renounce all future pretensions to his favour, with regard to the estate. That as I did really mean to sequester myself intirely, from the world, firmly resolving never to marry, so great a fortune might be either a temptation, or an incumbrance to me. For that fortune, titles, rank, and grandeur, are dangerous sophisters, and too often persuade us that the false goods of life, are the true ones. That his other grandson was more likely to wear it with honour, and being capable of bustling in camps, and shining in courts, and senates, was a fitter person to put foremost in the world, at the head of a family which his own virtue and bravery had so lately brought into respect and notice. That for my part, I should perfectly acquiesce, in whatever portion his kindness might think proper to allot me, which though ever so small, said I, if I have virtue, will be as much

as I shall want, and if not, will be more than I shall deserve.

The good old man, continued she, at these words, burst into tears, saying, at the same time, in an hurrying manner, Boy, boy, you were born to be my plague, and are still crossing me, in every scheme I have. But perceiving that my tears fell faster than his own, he cried, Prithee be quiet, child, and don't distress me any farther—Don't be angry, I don't mean what I say, to vex you, all I meant, was—But indeed, I don't know what to mean, or say, you have made such a fool of me. We continued both silent, for several minutes, before we could either of us compose ourselves sufficiently, to speak any farther, upon the subject.

We then entered into several expostulations, on both sides, but upon finding me determined in my purpose, he at length, acquiesced in my proposal, and asked me upon what provision I had formed my œconomy. Speak, said he, and be it what it will, you shall have it, by G—. I declined this offer, saying, that it would not be becoming in me, to parcel out his bounty, nor to stipulate conditions, as if I was selling the estate, only thus far I might pretend to prescribe, that I should prefer a sum of money to an annuity,

nuity, in order to have something in my power, to leave, to friendship, or to charity.

Well then, my dear child, said he, I gave your sister three thousand pounds, d'ye mind, and I will give you four, if that will content you. But, hearky me, cried the worthy soldier, at the same time, don't be mealy-mouthed about the matter, in the least, for you shall have what you please, as I told you before. I said 'twas ample, bowed, and thanked him.

The next morning, continued she, he sent for me into his chamber, and shewed me the draught of the present will he designed to perfect, by which he had made the provision of four thousand pounds, in my favour, and settled his estate on my cousin, but with a remainder over, to me, in case he should not leave any heirs male behind him—For you deserve it, said he, if I had ten estates, by the Lord, you deserve them all.

I expressed a proper sense of gratitude, upon this occasion, staid with him till he could hobble about the house, received his blessing, and came off hither, to finish my studies, said she, and to take upon me the profession of holy orders, which I have already declared to you.

C H A P. CXXXVIII.

DURING the course of her story, I was affected, and amazed. I dropped tears, at some parts of it, and would have praised her, in others, but that there appeared a nobleness, and a spirit, in her virtue, which seemed above it, and awed me into silence. I found myself in a situation, too difficult to be described. Your own sentiment and delicacy, Gentlemen, said he, must represent it to you. I could not admire, without lamenting, nor commend her, without condemning myself.

However, there was one part of her discourse, which had dwelt upon my mind ever since the first proposition of it, and which I then laid hold of, to extricate my speech. I was displeased at her purpose of going into orders. She was perfect enough, intrinsically, and needed not the cloak of sanctity: and cleric pride, joined to female vanity, methought would be enough to demolish the purest saint, that ever was canonized. I therefore, took occasion, from this subject, to open my mouth, and gave her the following opinion upon it.

I told

I told her, that there was something very unorthodox, in her scheme. Women are ordered *to keep silence, in the churches*, so that the business of catechising, preaching, or exhorting, can never become any part of their province. That were there even no offence, in the thing itself, yet the disingenuousness of the act, was unworthy of her. That the carrying on a deceit, at the foot of the altar, even with the best intent, was dangerous hypocrisy. Nor was such a *pious fraud* at all necessary to her purpose, as we may dedicate our services to Heaven, under any character, or in any profession. And that the world is, at present, so constituted, that the precept, or example, of one virtuous layman, would have more effect, than the preaching of ten parsons.

I added, that should she even be able to preserve the secret, during her life, her death at last, most certainly would reveal it. That the story of pope Joan, was a disgrace even to that religion, that was before a disgrace to itself; and that this discovery might supply small wits and libertines, with matter of scoff, would bring a reflection upon her memory, and occasion her body to be the object of public view. *I will set thee as a gazing-stock. I will shew the nations thy nakedness, and the kingdoms thy shame. Nahum.*

She

She assured me that she had never considered the matter in any of these lights, before. That knowing of no *salique law*, in scripture, to exclude women from the ministry *, she had presumed that nothing but *negative* custom merely, which establishes no law, stood against it. But that what I had just hinted to her, had struck her in such a way, as to make her suspect, that she had used somewhat of that kind of ingenious sophistry with herself, which she had already condemned, in her dear mother. But that at present, she found both her scruples and delicacy sufficiently alarmed, to resolve on laying aside her purpose. She then thanked me for my advice, and concluded her speech by saying, that she was pleased *to owe me any thing*.

I snatched her hand, with eagerness, crying out, “ My charming saint, ’tis impossible that
 “ you should ever be indebted to him whose
 “ life and fortunes you have already, so fully
 “ purchased. The pittance you have com-
 “ pounded for, with your grandfather, is too
 “ scanty a provision for you, for life—Take
 “ half my estate, in addition—I here most”—

* Nor in France, to exclude them from the throne, neither, though it was construed and strained to that sense by Philip de Valois, in order to exclude Edward the III^d, of England, from the crown.

Hold,

Hold, Mr. Carewe, interrupted she—Keep your fortune, but amend your life. This would be true generosity to me, indeed; and this the only present, be assured, I shall ever accept of, from your hands.

However, said she, seeing me affected, and confounded, let us still continue friends, for life. I find a perfect disposition, in myself, toward this chaste connection, and I should hope that your heart, however libertine it may be, is not totally devoid of all Platonic, neither. Some company appeared in sight, and came strolling up to us just as she had finished this expression, and she retired home, immediately afterwards.

Yes, my cherub, said I to myself, and gazing after her, my friendship, my admiration, my esteem, can never possibly be raised higher, toward any mortal object. Then why, O nature! hast thou suffered love to be a passion distinct from these! I would this moment, sacrifice my life for thy service, and yield my fortune in exchange for love. But 'twill not be—My fated hour is not yet arrived, and chance, not choice, must fix my destiny!

C H A P. CXXXIX.

THIS reflection of Mr. Carewe, is both natural and mortifying, at the same time. How must it hurt one's moral, not to be able to raise, or direct our passion, toward an object, whom reason, honour, virtue, and obligation, even with the addition of youth and beauty, may point out to us, as in this, and frequent other instances, has been the case?

And, on the other hand, how must it pique our pride, to be reduced to wear the chains of some idiot, of an harlot, or, what is infinitely worse, a shrew, even with beauty and youth, but often, without either? of which I could quote you many examples.

A friend of mine, who, though a man of both sense and spirit, had laboured for some years under this predicament, after many fruitless struggles to set himself free, compared himself, aptly enough, to a lion in heraldry, held fast by the lower parts, and pawing to get loose.

Distinct from that charming, and rational union of hearts and minds, which is the general sympathy of the most perfect natures, there arises sometimes, a certain extraordinary and unac-

unaccountable fever in the blood, more a phrenzy, than a passion, and rather an instinct, than a sentiment, which it is said people are, at one time or another of their lives, *afflicted* with.

Most people are born with the seeds of this passion, as well as of the small-pox, in their constitution, which sooner or later, break out, as the blood, or humours of the body, happen to be apt, or fit, to nourish the distemper. These two unavoidable incidents are so much alike, in several particulars, that I shall carry on the allusion, the better to illustrate my subject.

One is a disorder in the blood, and the other *an impression on the mind*, from the first of which, no temperance, or art in physic, and from the latter, not the best sense, or most exercised philosophy, are able to defend us.

I stile this sort of love, *an impression on the mind*, to distinguish it from all sentimental passion, or any principle in human nature—excluding all manner of desire, admiration, or esteem, inspired by youth, beauty, or merit—As these may be fairly accounted for, from physical, or moral reasons; and may consequently, become effects, as often as these causes shall operate.

But the love I mean, is a mad enthusiasm of the soul, a singular caprice of the affections, that
some-

sometimes, *makes us doat on what, at another time, we should fear to look on. 'Tis a fancy, that passes beauty,*

Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur ;

'Tis a *ſenſe* which is enamoured of *folly*, a *ſight* that *blinds* us, a *thraldom* we *rejoice* in, a *plague* which we *ſolicit*—In fine, a fascination, a crisis, or anomalous effect, which like the operations of witchcraft, proceeds unaccountably, without any apparent cause, deducible either from reason or nature.

“ So by a calenture miſſed,

“ The mariner with rapture ſees

“ On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,

“ Enamelled fields, and verdant trees.

“ With eager haſte he longs to rove

“ In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks

“ It muſt be ſome enchanted grove,

“ And in he leaps, and down he ſinks.”

We often eſcape both *infections*, where one might naturally, have apprehended the greateſt danger, and catch them, perhaps, at a time, when we may have the leaſt reaſon to imagine any probability of our being affected. We are
often

often struck, at first sight, and sometimes, by the most unamiable objects—So that I have known persons to catch one, as well as the other, from a shock.

When people fancy that they have been more than once, affected by this disorder, it must be by mistaking something else for it, as the measles often may impose itself upon the patient, for the small-pox.

There is one lucky circumstance then, in which they both agree—That we are never attacked by either, more than once in our lives—But, alas ! how slight our triumph, when effects sometimes remain for life, almost as miserable, as the malady ! “ Such another victory, “ as a certain general said, would undo me.”

In love, the struggling for an heart, is like wrestling for an egg ; where though you gain the prize, you get it broken.

C H A P. CXL.

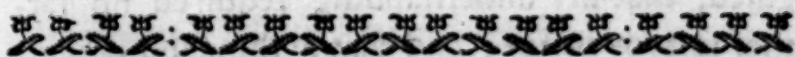
THIS term compleated my college course, and my guardian acquainted me, that he had entered my name in the Temple books. The night before I was to leave the university, I gave a parting supper, to my select friends, among whom I had principally invited my fair Stoic. But she excused herself, by a billet, in which were only these words: *Tender adieus are apt to leave impressions—'Tis easier to fly, than struggle. Farewel.*

Soon after I had gone to the Temple, I became of age, and settled accounts with my trustees. The ballance in my favour, was but about five thousand pounds, the rest of my income having been expended upon my maintenance and education, and the discharging of some incumbrances which had affected my estate.

As soon as I received this money, I was resolved that the first act of my manhood, should be a deed of justice, and honour. I therefore immediately laid out four thousand pounds, in the funds, and inclosed the debentures to my
generous

generous friend, at Oxford, with only these words in the cover :

For Hermes Carewe.



C H A P. CXLI.

I WAS now entered upon a more enlarged scene of life and action, had an unrestrained dominion over my own fortune, and was not accountable, either for my diligence, or idleness, to any one, but myself—the worst of all masters, let people boast of liberty as much as they please. My studies were quite of a different nature from any thing I had been used to read before. It was beginning school again. I would recommend *Coke* upon *Lyttleton* to be always taught, immediately after grammar, while the memory is strong, and before the mind may have imbibed the least tincture of taste, or polite erudition. For as the study of it is a work of labour, not of genius, it comes to great disadvantage after Virgil, Homer, Cicero, or Demosthenes.

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However, I tugged away at this oar, for some time, till the world began to get hold of me. I had more presumption than knowledge, and greater spirit than judgment; which naturally, led me into two fatal errors, at once. I imagined, that my understanding required no farther improvement; and that a thousand pounds a year, needed no œconomy. I was naturally full of fire—But, for want of fuel to maintain the flame, I spent myself in a blaze.

Ut quondam in stipulâ magnus sine viribus ignis.

I set up an equipage, and kept a pack of hounds, about ten miles from London. I hired a genteel *valet de chambre*, out of livery. I employed the most fashionable taylor, and left the rates of every thing, to himself. I struck myself out of commons, lived in taverns; and——rented *private lodgings*, near the Temple.

I learned more of life, at this school of the world, in six months, than I had known at Oxford, in the five years that I was stationed there. For though we had treble the number of students, at the university, yet they were not enough their own masters, to exhibit that infinite variety of characters, with which mankind abound. If you see one Frenchman, one Spaniard, one Italian,

lian, you are furnished with specimens of their several nations ; but you may be acquainted with an hundred Englishmen, without knowing the English.

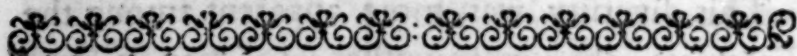
It would be an endless task to enumerate, or describe all the various characters I met with in this *microcosm* ; some of which, indeed, exceeded to such extravagance, that they might more properly be stiled *caracatura*'s, of mankind ; while others were so very anomalous to human nature, that you would imagine I was describing the tenants of some other planet, instead of our own species.

This diversity was more apparent among the Templars, than in any other set of men in England ; because they live more upon an equality together, and are less restrained by the decors of mixed societies, where different professions, different ranks, and different sexes, join. So that *Every man in his humour*, may be justly stiled *The Temple Comedy*. To which may be added one very unhappy cause also, which is, that they are, in general, tied down by no certain mode, or system of religion, theirs being mere philosophic deism, alone.

“ A consequential ill, which freedom draws,

“ A bad effect, though from a noble cause.”

And here, gentlemen, said Mr. Carewe, as I have spent some years in this society, I think proper to justify myself from certain suspicions, which may possibly, have arisen in your minds, upon this occasion. And I will now give you a sincere, and ingenuous confession of my faith, with regard to this most dread, and interesting article; and which I shall attempt to explain, upon the simple dictates of reason alone, without the discussing of mysterious systems, or venturing into the inextricable labyrinths of polemic divinity.



C H A P. CXLII.

Mr. Carewe's Confession of Faith.

IN the first place, I take it for granted, that whatever there may have been, in profession and practice, there never was a real atheist, in belief. Some omnipotent, omniscient *monad*, some cause of causes, light of light, there must have been, before all worlds, necessarily, independently,

pendently, and self-existing, coeval with eternity.

In the next place, I believe, that this intelligence did, by some supernatural conviction, independent on reason, or philosophy, manifest, or reveal itself, to the first race of mankind. I draw my argument, from the number of erroneous, absurd, and unnatural systems of religions, and beliefs, which have appeared in the world, from the most early ages of record.

For had religion its rise from the pretence of legislators, or been the result of mere philosophy, the scheme of it would have been contrived more consonant to human reason, like that of the Turks, which is consistent enough in its doctrines, though erroneous in its faith. But the purest revelation from heaven, handed down by tradition, and interpreted by priests, must necessarily have involved both our belief and worship, in all the impiety and blasphemy, of the heathen rites, and pagan superstitions.

The greatest philosophers, with Socrates at their head, finding the world in so forlorn a state, cried out to Heaven, for a new revelation, to dispel the mists of ignorance, and reduce our wanderings into the right line. It was reasonable to hope for such a guide, from the goodness and justice of our Creator; and from our know-

ledge and experience of the ways of Providence, I firmly believe, that whatever is best to do, it always does perform.

I think that the Christian religion has at length supplied this great *desideratum*, by conveying to us the most perfect moral, and the purest worship, that ever yet was proposed to man. If we remain still in error, 'tis surely the safest one we can possibly fall into. For the proofs, both internal, and external, are so consistently framed, that the whole wit and philosophy of mankind, cannot defend from the illusion. We err with saints, we err with wisdom, we err with virtue, we err with piety; we err with infidelity converted, and testifying its conviction through the martyrdom of death and tortures! Heaven must then, either reward our faith with glory, accept the will in atonement for the deed; or pardon with impunity that error, which itself hath suffered to be with so much plausibility imposed upon us.

I consider then, a deist, who writes, or argues, upon the *religion of nature*, alone, as he cannot possibly be an infidel to Christianity, upon conviction, to be an immoral man, and a dangerous citizen of the world. We have, alas! too frequent, and sad experience of the strongest sanctions of rewards and punishments, being too

too weak for the lusts and passions of men; and whoever would attempt to set us still more at liberty from the restraints of virtue, must probably, have conceived some mistaken interest in the indulgences of their own vice, or in the tempting of others to the same fatal latitude.

In fine, without ever entering into a religious argument, upon the subject, we may venture to pronounce a professed atheist, or deist, to be either fool, or knave; because they but discourage the good, and set the bad more at liberty.

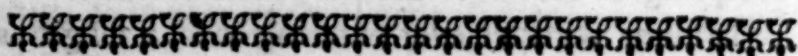
*Fear first made gods, the impious atheist cries,
And fear unmade them, the divine replies.*

An atheist is certainly, the most *credulous* fool breathing. He *believes*, contrary to all philosophy, that matter produced motion first, and that then, they both laid their heads together, and created intelligence.

We cannot conceive *thought* to be immaterial, say some philosophers; but can they conceive matter to be intelligent? We are conscious of our own ideas, therefore we have undoubtedly a conception, of somewhat, distinct from *matter*.

It is much more philosophic to imagine, with Berkley, an universe of *spirit*, than with Hobbes, an universe of *matter*; for it is certainly, more rational to think, that spirit might *create*, or, ac-

cording to Berkley's metaphysical refinement, *impress the idea of matter*, than to suppose, that mere *matter* could ever rouse itself, to thought, or action.



C H A P. CXLIII.

I DID not think it proper or decent, to interrupt Mr. Carewe, while he was *at confession*; for though I sometimes, pretend to be jocular, give me leave to assure the reader, that the greatest heathen of Greece, or Rome, never had an higher respect for virtue, nor the dullest parson in a country cure, a more stedfast faith in the Christian religion, than the person who here assumes the title of *Biographer Tri-glyph*.

This being premised, and finding that Mr. Carewe does not chuse to treat you with a description of any of the characters he hints at, as it would lead him into some satyrical strictures, which are, by no means, his turn of wit, I shall here entertain you with one story, out of his budget, which is a most extraordinary, and certain

tain matter of fact, already known to many of my London readers :

The story of the Weeping Cull.

ONE of Mr. Carewe's friends was a man of remarkable good sense, and agreeable manners ; but of a very grave deportment, and a serious air ; which however, did not appear to be natural to him, as he had a lively eye, an healthful state of body, a florid complexion, and seemed to be fond of company.

He had been a resident there, for three years beyond the *terms* requisite to be called to the bar ; and could not be deemed a student, in any sense, at this time, for he neither read law, divinity, humanity, or prophanity. He used to spend most of his mornings, in riding or walking ; and his evenings, in the society of a few friends. He was a sober man, of good morals, and a constant churchman, twice a day.

Once a week, on every Thursday, he kept a fast, till night, and toward the dusk of the evening, after prayers, used constantly, on that day, to take his station, on the Strand, to see *the girls of the town* pass in review before him, till he had fixed upon his object, whom he would invite home to his own chambers, to
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supper.

supper. He did not generally pitch upon the handsomest wench, for he chose always one of a particular description. She must be tall and fair, but pale and red-haired.

He would treat her with an elegant collation, and a bottle of wine. Would sup with her, and make her sing, if she happened to have any manner of voice; he would drink two or three glasses of wine, and then walk musing about the room till she had finished the remainder of the bottle; which if she happened to delay too long, he would grow impatient, and press her to, with all the seeming ardour of a lover.

When she had drank the buzza, he would very politely take her by the hand, and lead her into an inner apartment, which was lighted up with half a dozen large wax tapers. There was no bed in this room, but a large oak table in the middle of it; upon which was placed a very handsome cedar coffin, lined with white sattin, neatly crimped and quilted, with the foot of it placed directly opposite to the door.

Then taking up a fine pinked shroud, he would put it into the girl's hand, and a guinea into the other, desiring her to strip herself to her shift, and lie down in the coffin, just like a corpse, with her arms placed cross-wise over her bosom, and her eyes shut; and when she had

com-

composed herself in this manner, to express one heavy moan, and then remain motionless and silent, as the grave. While this sad office was performing, he would, through decency, retire out of the room, and wait at the door, till he heard the sigh, or signal of admission.

He would then, open the door, softly, as if he apprehended he was going to pay a visit to the sick, and march up slowly, to the foot of the coffin; then start, as if surprized, stand aghast, wring his hands, take out his handkerchief, and move step by step, up to the head of the coffin; sobbing, weeping, and sighing, all the way, as if lamenting over some dear and real loss. Then, after gazing for some minutes on her face, he would lay his hand gently on the breast of the living corpse, stoop down his head, and give her a parting and a passionate kiss. This obsequy performed, he would immediately retire out of the room, leaving the girl at leisure to re-dress herself, and walk about her business, in quest of more lively sport.

At first, when he took up this very odd fancy, it was with great difficulty he could get a girl to undergo this dismal ceremony; especially, as the very idea of death, must occasion shocking reflections, to reprobates. Besides, they were not aware how far the farce might have been

intended to be carried on ; so that it used to cost him three, four, sometimes five, or six guineas, to purchase a corpse, to his mind. But in a short time, he became so well known on the Strand, that he was stiled *The Weeping Cull*, and whenever he appeared, all the long, ghost-like gingers, used to crowd about him, and offer themselves voluntarily, to perform a scene in his tragedy ; which reduced the price, at length, to a supper and a guinea.

His story was this : He had been, for some years, in love with a young lady, of the description in the latter end of the third paragraph, of this chapter. She returned his passion with a reciprocal flame ; but her father, who was a rich citizen of London, opposed their union, because she was his only child, and that he was in hopes of matching her into some decayed noble family, whose *arms* might want *supporters*.

The lovers were immediately separated, upon the first overture of the match, and became inconsolable. But the lady, having a more tender sense of such disappointments, pined for some time, fell afterwards into a decay, and the physicians at length began to despair of her recovery. Her father was moved at this report, consented
to

to the marriage, and gave her leave to acquaint her lover with the news.

He was, at this time, near an hundred miles from London, taking possession of his estate, about five hundred pounds a year, upon his father's death. The moment he received the joyful summons, he mounted his horse, and rode off, post, to London. When he arrived, he found the house open, and stole up stairs directly to her apartment, without meeting any body in his way ; but when he opened the chamber-door, and was going to rush into the arms of his beloved mistress, he saw her just laid in her coffin.

He grew immediately distracted, fell into a fever, and was confined to his bed and room, for near six months, before he recovered his health and reason. Some part of the phrenzy still remained with him. There is a pleasure in indulging gloomy reflections. He was resolved to enjoy them ; and immediately instituted the above funeral rite to her memory, to be performed weekly, on her *death-day*. Which extraordinary and funest extravagance, he had continued for above a year, when Mr. Carewe quitted the Temple, and resolved to persevere in, during the remainder of his life.

C H A P. CXLIV.

S OON after I had been settled at the Temple, continued Mr. Carewe, I received a letter from the fair Divorcée, which had been returned to me from Oxford. It was in these words :

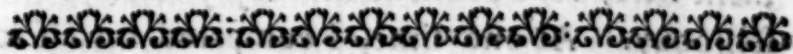
Dear Trustee,

T H E first half year of my alimony, will be due to-morrow. I am distress'd for money. I beg the favour of you to discharge it immediately—without *advice*, which I hate. I lodge at Mr. Seawell's, merchant, in Leadenhall-street, London, and am, dear guardian, your dutiful ward, and affectionate humble servant.

This hint rendered me uneasy. She had betrayed dangerous principles, and I was afraid of entering into any manner of connection with her. I did not care to have her name joined to mine, on my first setting out in the world. Men's characters are generally marked, though very unfairly, by their first steps in life. 'Tis hard to judge of persons, at an age when their passions are strongest, their discretion weakest, and their expe-

experience least. My first adventure with that lady, was *naturally* unavoidable. This would have been *morally* premeditative.

Upon this reflection, I immediately sat down and drew a bill upon her husband, for the half year's stipend; which received due honour by the return of the post. The next day, I went to the Royal Exchange, inquired for Mr. Seawell, and paid him the money, for his fair lodger; taking his receipt, in her name. I desired him to deliver my compliments to the lady, and make an apology for my not waiting on her, at that time; as I was then going out of town, &c.



C H A P. CXLV.

THE first masquerade that was exhibited in London, after my entrance at the Temple, I prepared myself for, in the gayest, and most superb manner I could devise. I dressed myself perfectly *en Turc*, and carried the folly to such extravagance, that the expences of my habit, and appurtenances, amounted to above an hundred pounds.

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The vanity of human nature is unaccountable, in some things. What possible advantage or enjoyment, could I have purposed to myself, from so magnificent an appearance ; unknowing others, and myself unknown ? To spend money upon passions, or pursuits, is defensible, but 'tis really, a sort of *suicide* in oeconomy, to stab one's fortune, without having either pleasure or profit in view.

The oddness and variety of the appearances, surpris'd and diverted me, for some time ; but I soon grew tired of the farce ; and felt myself offended at seeing human nature so deformed, and so disguised. I had no rational amusement here, for I could neither enjoy society, nor soliloquy. At one time, I compar'd myself to Adam, when he had collect'd together all the animals of the creation, to call them names. At another time, a more serious image occurred to me, of the *last day*, when all the various nations of the earth, shall be gathered into one groupe, for *judgment*.

Such reflections, with the intolerable warmth of the room, soon began to lower my spirits, and I retired frequently, to the side-boards, to recruit them. I happened to drink too freely there ; and afterwards, engag'd too indiscreetly at play, with a sett of persons whose characters

I was

I was as little acquainted with, as with their masks.

, I had the misfortune to have won considerably at first, which excited my passion, and joined to the wine, threw me intirely off my guard. I pushed away at every thing, accepted all manner of betts, without waiting to compute the odds, and lost and won, by turns, without ever considering how the balance of accounts stood for, or against me ; till upon the summing up of the reckoning, at the close of the night, I found myself indebted to sundry unknowns, to the amount of three thousand, five hundred pounds.

I felt myself in a very aukward and distressed situation, at this period, as I had not above three hundred pounds about me, at that time. I took off my mask, to let my creditors see that I was not afraid to shew my face, though at the same time, I acknowledged to them, that I was ashamed to do it ; that I was unused to play, and had ingaged myself, unawares, beyond my present means. I told them that I was a person of fortune, sufficient to answer their demands, and offered to go with them to a tavern, and pass securities for their respective claims.

They refused me this indulgence, said that play-debts were not recoverable at law, that it was probable a man who could, among perfect strangers,

gers, accept of betts, beyond his purse, might be likely to *plead the statute*, when called upon for payment; that they were gentlemen, persons of honour, would be treated as such; and so forth.

While they were, one and all, bullying after this manner, they surrounded me, and seemed to make one common cause of it, as in truth, I believe they were an associated gang; so that I had great reason to apprehend some harsh treatment, or unhappy event, from this foolish adventure; from which I was preparing to defend myself, after the best manner I could, and had just laid my hand to my scymetar, when a little man, in a domino, who had stood close by my side, from the time I had entered into play, and had frequently warned me, unheeded, interposed on my behalf, and addressing himself to the banditti, said that he did not look upon the debt in such a desperate light as they seemed to do; that from my dress, my *indiscretion*, and my ingenuoufness, it was reasonable to suppose me to be a young man of *modern* fashion. That, according to the gamester's phrase, he was ready to *back his opinion with his money*, and that, if they would but wait his return, for a few minutes, he would bring cash sufficient to satisfy their demands.

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He retired immediately, took a chair, came soon back, with East-India bonds to the amount of my debts, and divided them among the adventurers, in proportion to their claims. I was affected with a proper sense of gratitude, upon this occasion, and invited the little Domino to a tavern, in order to pass a security to him for his generous loan; but he excused himself, saying, that he was in reality, an usurer, that a simple obligation would not answer his purpose, and he would wait upon me, the next morning, to breakfast, and there propose his terms. I thanked him, however, and gave him my address—We then shook hands, and parted.

I was extremely happy, at having got so well rid of this unlucky adventure, and quitted that *grotesque* assembly, with a full resolution of never wearing a fool's coat there, again, during my life. Just as I was going out, I was accosted by a female mask, in a Grecian habit, and of an engaging figure, who addressed herself to me, in these words—I am in a difficult situation, *Seignior*, I have missed my company, in the crowd, I am afraid of venturing home alone, and beg leave to place myself under your *Highness's* protection, to convey me safe to my lodgings.

Yours, extempore, said I, then taking her by the hand, put her into a chair, desiring her to
lead

lead the way, and followed her in another. When we stopped at her door, I bad her farewell, and directed my chair to the Temple; but she insisted on my going in to drink a glass of wine, and receive the thanks of her friends, for my politeness and galantry toward her.

I bowed obeisance, handed her into the house, she led me into her own apartments, then shutting the door, let fall her mask, and sprang my fair Divorcée into my arms.

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C H A P. CXLVI.

THE reader, perhaps, may here inquire, how the Divorcée should know Mr. Carewe's name, and address, or he himself happen to be informed of either of these particulars, relative to her husband; as none of them appear to have been provided for, already. But it is more than probable, that the trust-deed, between these parties, was drawn up by the attorney, with

with all the usual forms and requisites; among which, the real names of the contractors, with their additions, and abodes, are always fully expressed.

I must confess, however, that my friend, Mr. Carewe, has rather too succinct a manner of telling a story—too little of the *narrative*, by a great deal. Witness the close of the last chapter, with many other disappointing instances, of the same kind, in various and sundry places of his memoirs. He might, perhaps, have been pardonable for omitting those *minutiæ*, at first, because he might not have immediately foreseen that they would be necessary in the prosecution of his story; but here he was certainly inexcusable to neglect it, and should have interrupted himself, with a “But, Gentlemen, first it is
“ necessary to inform you, that”—Or, “I had
“ forgot to mention to ye, in the former part
“ of my adventure with this same lady, how
“ &c.”

I would give fifty guineas, with all my heart, that this same laconic *Triumvirate* had been better read, than they appear to be, in the modern novels and memoirs which are published here every day; and I would engage to make cent. per cent. of my money, by it, too. For there is certainly, matter sufficient, in their stories, to
have

have *furnished out* a third volume to this work, had they been properly skilled in the manner, style, and conduct, of such performances. But so far from supplying me with any helps of this kind, I really think that I should hardly have squeezed out more than a single volume, from among this costive *Trio*, if I had not eked out a second, by the address of introducing myself so often, no matter how impertinently, into the scene, and *chorussing* it away, chapter after chapter, in the manner I am holding forth at present.

I agree with Mr. Carewe, intirely, that masquerades can never answer any fair purpose, in England. It might have been a good contrivance enough, in Italy, where they were first contrived, because the only freedom that nation enjoys, is under a *vizard*. But, to adopt such a *screen* in these kingdoms, was really superfluous, And the present age seems to be sensible of this absurdity, at last; for masquerades have been abolished of late, since liberty has become so very *bare-faced*, as it appears to be in these days.

You see here, another mere casual adventure, of poor Mr. Carewe's. He had taken all prudent means, and virtuous resolutions, imaginable, against renewing any manner of commerce with this very dangerous woman—But, he happened to take off his mask, at play, and she immediately

mediately lays violent hands upon him. Now what security, in this wicked world, for male chastity ! For if men should ever become coy, women will most certainly, ply stratagem against them.



C H A P. CXLVII.

THE next morning, said Mr. Carewe, I rose early, my double obligations to my little Domino, both of equity and honour, rendered me uneasy. The fair Divorcée pressed me to be frequent in my visits, I promised, her maid lent me a riding-hood to conceal my *Grand Seigniorship*, and led me out through a back door, into a private alley. I soon met a chair, and returned pleased, and dissatisfied ; resolving, and irresolute ; home to my chambers in the Temple.

After breakfast, my friend Domino called upon me, and brought a bond, ready filled up, for the money exactly, which he had advanced for me the night before. I thought it prudent in him not to add the fee of usury, in the *obligation*, but after I had signed the deed,

I threw my purse upon the table, and desired him to pay himself whatever *gratuity* he pleased, out of it.

But he declined my offer, saying, that the expression he had thrown out, the night before, was merely made use of to conceal himself the better—That he never had dealt in usury or extortion; but being cashier to a *company* of merchants in the city, he usually attended, incog. at public places of play, in order to pick up securities for money which he could venture to make free with; and which it might be imprudent in him to hazard in trade, or lend out in the offices of *notaries*, lest it should *take wind* among the *company*.

Then putting the bond into his pocket, and rising up from his seat, I hope, Sir, said he, that this transaction, instead of a debt, may become a purchase to you. A proper reflection upon this marked occasion, may turn your loss to gain. The entering into play, in your circumstances of fortune, sufficient, but not abounding, is, give me leave to say, unpardonable indiscretion. 'Tis risking what you want, for what you do not need. 'Tis *Æsop's* fable exactly, hazarding the substance, to grasp the shadow.

You

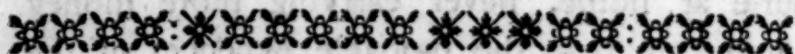
You seem, Sir, continued he, to be a young man, just entering into life, of a liberal, and ingenuous nature, and a few more admonitions, from experience, may, and I hope will, be both useful and necessary to you. Always leave your purse at home, never carrying more money about you, than the probable expences of the day ; for you'll find more *borrowers* than *lenders*, in this world, believe me. As you should conceal your vices, out of decency, so should you even your very virtues, out of prudence ; otherwise, the least worthy objects, being the most forward, will be apt to throw themselves in your way, preventing modest merit. Seek occasion, rather than suffer it to seek you ; and let your liberality be the result of virtue, not of weakness. This said, he bowed, and retired.

He was a mean-looking, middle-aged man, and mechanically dressed, which made his refusing the præmium, with the officious friendship which he testified toward me upon this occasion, seem the more unaccountable, and extraordinary. In fine, his words and actions were so much above his appearances, that I could only reconcile them in my mind, by setting the whole of this matter down to the account of *character*, with which, as I observed before, our nation so peculiarly abounds.

H

His

His exhortation had this good effect upon me, that I immediately put down my equipage, and disposed of my hounds and hunters in the country.



C H A P. CXLVIII.

I HAD promised the Divorcée to see her again, and accordingly paid her a visit in a few days after, with a purpose though, of withdrawing myself from any manner of future engagement with her, but without that abruptness which would have been inconsistent with the decorums of galantry. It was in the evening, I found her at home, and Mrs. Seawell, at whose house she lodged, at tea with her.

Mrs. Seawell was about twenty years old, and had been two years married. Her husband had been a widower, and appeared to me, when I saw him on the Exchange, to be above sixty. She was of a middle stature, fair and plump; she had bright dark chesnut-coloured hair, and very white teeth*; but what was extremely

* Anne of Austria used to say, that good teeth were the most natural beauty, because the only one that was of real use.

remarkable

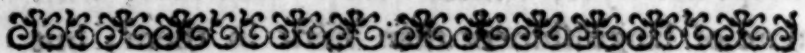
remarkable, they were naturally brilliant cut, so that when she spoke, or smiled, the glittering spangles would catch the eye, and rivet your attention, like the basilisk.

Her other features were nothing extraordinary, except her eyes, which were a dark blue, with more of languishment than spirit in them; but she had a certain *riantcy* about the lower part of her face, which was extremely captivating. In fine, the contrasted air of her features, might well be compared to a *tragi-comedy*, there was such a mixture of mirth and melancholy in them.

She did not appear to have much understanding, but whenever I spoke, she seemed to shew an attention that was flattering; and when I happened occasionally, to throw out any little compliment of galantry toward her, it would instantly diffuse such an air of *awkward fondness*, o'er all her countenance, as was at once expressive, both of passion, and compliance.

We three played parties of picquette, and supped together. It was post-night, and Mr. Seawell did not quit his office, while I staid. Nor indeed, did either of the ladies send any very pressing messages to invite him up stairs. I divided my addresses as equally as I could, between them, felt my situation difficult and distressing,

promised that my visits should be frequent, and retired home to the Temple—No—It was to my *private lodgings* near it—Chanting out Mac-heath's song to myself, all the way.



C H A P. CXLIX.

THE next day, some young Templars dined with me, we went in the evening, to the play, picked up more company there, and went all together, to supper at a tavern. Here, gentlemen, said Mr. Carewe, I blush to own, that I was a second time, led into deep play; though without designing, or desiring it. But resolution was never among my heroics; and I have ever been the slave of my company. One is too apt to be ashamed of dissenting from their fellows, and false modesty is a pimp to vice. I lost at first, and pushing away to retrieve myself, was finally involved for four thousand pounds—Purchasing anxiety at the rate of a thousand pounds an hour.

I could not sleep all night; I felt shocked at my own madness; I recollected my good friend Domino's advice, too late, and eked it out with

with more severe reflections of my own. Gaming is a *vice*, not a *passion*. Passions have bounds, vices none—It should not be called a *love*, but a *lust* of play—'Tis not *natural*, but *accidental*, to mankind. What Addison says of *swearing*, may be here applied; that no one can plead the being born of a *gaming constitution*. Ambition is con-nate; 'tis emulation; it both excites, and exercises noble and generous faculties; it has, or may have, some great and liberal end in view. Play is merely selfish; and confines the soul to mean and sordid objects. No man ever yet ventured his fortune on the die, with a purpose of relieving the poor, assisting the distressed, or rescuing an oppressed people, with his success. A gamester comprehends the character, both of fool and knave; for he sets out a *dupe*, and returns a *sharp*. But what signify all such reflections! the world will never be the better for them—For 'tis not *sober counsel*, but *sad experience*, that will ever make men wise!

C H A P. CL.

THE next morning, I began to meditate upon methods of discharging this most irksome incumbrance, and recollecting that I had some valuable woods on my estate, I wrote directly to my agent, to get them valued, and then come up to London. He did as I had directed, and told me the purchase was computed at about five thousand pounds; upon which I desired him to publish the sale in the papers; comforting myself after my too careless manner, that those trees, which had been before, but *nests for ravens*, were likely now, to become *habitations for men*.

Soon after the advertisement had appeared in print, I received a visit from my extraordinary friend, the little Domino, who, after some short intercourse of civility, asked me what sudden emergency had pressed upon me, since our parting, to sacrifice *the honours*, as he expressed himself, of my estate? Has any public calamity fallen upon the times? Is some dear friend, or fond connection, languishing at present, in a gaol? Or—I was piqued at his sarcasm, and interrupted him peevishly, with saying, that of-

ten

ten the heaviest circumstance of being in debt, was the rendering oneself liable to the overbearing insolence of purse-proud creditors; that I was not accountable to any person whatsoever, for the exercise of a dominion over my own estate, &c.

The Domino collected himself, upon this rebuke, and made an apology for the freedom he had used, by assuring me that he came to wait upon me, merely as a friend, and was prepared to advance whatever sum I might need, upon the present occasion, in order to spare my woods, which he told me he was informed would not be in a condition to fell with advantage, for several years to come.

I felt myself ashamed at the folly and extravagance which had humbled me to such mortifying circumstances; my resentment immediately subsided, I thanked him for his friendly offer, accepted it, passed my bond to him for four thousand pounds, and ran to discharge my notes of *honour*, on the instant.

C H A P. CLI.

WHEN I had composed myself a little after this disagreeable adventure, I went to amuse myself, one morning to Leadenhall-street. I found the two ladies sitting together, and Mrs. Seawell attempting to read a French book into English, for the entertainment of her friend, who did not understand a word of the language.

She stopped, on my coming in, but I begged she would proceed for a page or two, that I might be able to judge how far she was a mistress of French. She read on a little farther, but finding her to be a mere *dictionary scholar*, like most of our modern translators, I took the book out of her hand, and construed a few pages with an ease and fluency which pleased them both.

It was *Le Sopha*; and coming to that passage, where the writer, speaking of the proneness to intrigue, in women, imputes it principally, à le *de sœuvremnt* perpétuel dans lequel elles languissent, I shut the book, crying out in a transport, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!* and putting it into my pocket, asked the ladies to take the air with me a little way

way out of town, promising that I would finish the remainder of the novel for them, in the coach. They accepted the invitation, and we drove off to Ranelagh together.

The day was fine, and after we had walked a turn or two, in the gardens, we sat ourselves down in an arbour, and the ladies claimed my promise of reading the *Sopha* to them. To which I replied, that I would first give Mrs. Seawell some instructions in French, as she seemed to need only a few lessons in the *auxiliaries*, to become a compleat scholar. The dear pupil appeared pleased at my proposal, the other lady opposed it, but being out-voted, was obliged to sit dully, and impatiently by.

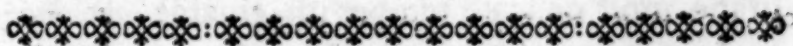
I then began pedantically enough, with the verb *avoir*, and went very seriously, through the indicative and imperative *moods*; but when I came to the *optative*, *potential*, and *subjunctive* parts of the *conjugation*, the very titles hinted an applicable subject to me; so digressing from old grammar, I laid hold of this opportunity, of telling her in French, that the difficulty of separating her from her companion, had reduced me to this *ruse d'amour*, to frame an occasion of declaring the purest, and warmest passion for her, that I had been struck at first sight, and this so strongly too, that ages could neither increase nor

diminish my flame--That--But here perceiving her countenance falling into some confusion, I quick shifted my discourse to some of the *tenses* of the *verb*, and then speaking to her in English, desired her to repeat any speech, psalm, or prayer, she had by heart, in French, in order to try her pronounciation.

She then spoke a stanza or two of *Une Chanson à boire*; and having by that time, recovered herself a little, concluded it by thanking me for the compliment I had paid her, and assuring me, in a sort of hesitating voice, and embarrassed manner, that while I should preserve the decorums of *Platonics*, which was all her *present circumstances* could admit of, she would return my passion with the warmest friendship and esteem.

All this she spoke in a broken and interrupted manner, as if she was only trying to recollect the remainder of her song; then speaking in English, said, with an arch smile, that this was enough for the first lesson, and turning to her friend, cried, Indeed, my dear, you miss a vast pleasure, in not understanding French. During all this while, the discontented lady sat by, throwing out, every now and then, such interjections as these: Vastly entertaining! perfectly polite! Some folks are rude to shew their breeding! Is this the *beau monde*! This what they call

call the *bon ton*! What! the gay, the ingenious Mr. Carewe turned school-master, to teach *parrots* to speak! &c.



C H A P. CLII.

AFTER this manner, and in walking, we amused the time, till Mrs. Seawell, looking at her watch, told us it was just three o'clock, and full time to set out toward London. I was sent off, to order the coach to the door, and returning soon back led the ladies into a little parlour, where a small, but elegant collation had been prepared, by my private directions on our first coming into the house.

I immediately seated myself at the table, intreating the favour of my fair guests to take their places on each side of me, which the Divorcée readily consented to, and placed herself directly on my right hand; but Mrs. Seawell hesitated a little, lest her husband might be displeased at her staying abroad, without notice. The other laughed at her scruples, saying, My dear friend, 'tis good policy sometimes, to act a little irregularly, in innocent and indis-

ferent matters, so shall you be at liberty in things of higher moment. Practise swimming, my girl, within your depth, and it may save you at a plunge. She smiled, and blushed. She seemed in the most delicate temper imaginable—at once both *willing*, and *afraid*. I arose, took her by the warm, trembling hand, pressed it tenderly, and seated her at the table.

We were each of us extremely lively, drank briskly, exhausted all the *modern* wit of *sentimental* toasting, and our whole conversation was supported with spirit and galantry. The Divorcée spoke her opinions pretty freely, upon this latter subject; and while she meant only to justify her own *amour*, she was, without perceiving, or intending it, assisting mine.

When we had got into the coach, to return to London, I proposed to my pretty pupil, that we should converse in French together, for a while; upon any common topic, just to try how far she had profited of my lessons, in the morning. The other lady, who in truth preferred *plain English*, objected, but was, as before, over-ruled in the question, which left us again at our liberty.

I took advantage of this second favourable crisis, to urge my now increasing passion, with the united warmth of youth and wine; to which she answered, in a tender accent, that if she had
never

never done so before, she did, at that instant, most cordially wish, that she had never been yet married. To this objection I quick replied, that hearts were made before *vows*, and that nature was prior to *obligation*; adding, that if she would make herself perfect mistress of the language we were then conversing in, she must intirely accommodate herself to the manners of that nation, who are our instructors in it.

To give you an example, now, continued I, all the difference that the polite French make, between *matrimony*, and *intrigue*, is, that they term the first *menage*, and the latter *manege*—The transposition of a single letter only—So that the strictest moralist can make but a *literal error* of it, at most. To youth, and passion, melted by champaigne, any sophistry is good logic *. I kissed her at parting, and in return, she pressed my hand. I lay at my *private lodgings* that night, and the next morning discharged them.

* Shakespear has an happy expression, to this purpose, in his *Coriolanus*,

————— I'll watch him,
Till he be *dicted* to my request.

C H A P.

C H A P. CLIII.

WHAT Mr. Carewe says, of the Divorcée's helping forward his intrigue, with Mrs. Seawell, puts me in mind of a note of the Greek scholiast, upon Menander's *Fall of Woman*. It is quoted, in Latin, by one of the commentators upon Ovid, *De arte amandi*; and my translation must be from this latter, having never seen the original:

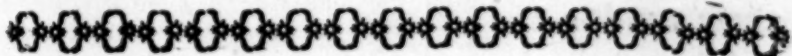
“ To employ one woman, to inveigle another,
 “ is like *setting a knave to catch a knave*. A fe-
 “ male confidante, or companion, will contri-
 “ bute more to the success of an amour, in one
 “ month, than the galant's own assiduity, for
 “ twelve. Consider the *times* and *seasons*, they
 “ are together; with the power of *example*, ad-
 “ ded to precept. Another's courage inspires
 “ one's own *.”

* Suetonius mentions one woman, who was remarkable for resisting the prevalence of example. Antonia, daughter to M. Anthony, and wife to Drusus, in the midst of a dissolute and debauched court, was an example of virtue, prudence, and conjugal love. But 'twas also remarkable of her, that she never spit, in her life.

Here

Here follows an anatomical dissertation on the *body female*; with a physical account of the effects of passion upon the *noble parts*, the head, the heart, the &c. and the whole is concluded with this quaint expression—"In short, says he, "women undo one another, like cockles."

This image is really ridiculous enough, but 'tis in the strong manner of the antient simile; and I have never been able to see the hinges of two cockles, turned against each other, since, and niggling themselves open, without thinking of the old scholiast on Menander, or *The Fall of Woman*.



C H A P. CLIV.

WE three had frequent parties together in London, at the play, the tavern, and the china-shops, where I laid out a good deal of money, in presents, to both of the ladies; for I thought it necessary to shew some more certain tokens of fondness and galantry to my lovely
Seawell,

Seawell, than mere professions, and caresses *. And to have neglected the same compliment to the other lady, might have raised both a jealousy and a suspicion, and would not have been either prudent or polite.

However, all my caution did not avail me long; for my attentions, my languishments, on one side, with some unpardonable neglects and omissions, on the other, soon visibly marked the preference. The forsaken fair had betrayed a good deal of uneasiness and pique, at this, once or twice before; but one night, after supper, at a tavern, when my pupil and I were exchanging a few *bons mots*, in French, she started up from the table, expressing her resentment, in these words:

Though I do not understand your tongues, said she, I do your eyes. I have long suspected it; but being slow to censure—or perhaps, to think so meanly of my own age, or person, as to imagine they could, for many years yet to come, be used to cloak another's amour, I have
 - - - - - But I am trespassing on your pa-

* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Shakeſpear.

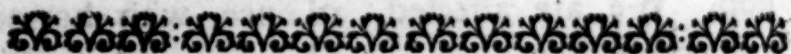
tience, or rather *impatience*, I dare swear——
 Waiter, call me a chair—I shall leave you together, *incontinently*, “ here to consummate your “ unfinished loves.” A chair—a chair—below there—

She was an alarming figure all together. Her eyes flashed fire, her cheeks flushed blood, her whole frame was convulsed; and her charms became, at the same instant, both heightened and deformed. Enraged beauty strikes us with a peculiar kind of shock. It raises a contrasted sensation in our breasts, both of love, and aversion. We are affected, at once, with horror and compassion.

I attempted all in my power, to soothe her rage—Denied the charge, and in my hurry and confusion, vowed that she, and she alone, was the true object of my real passion—That——But before I could frame, or add another syllable, my ear was assaulted by a dying moan, and turning my eye quick about, I perceived the fainting Seawell falling from her chair. I fled to her assistance, caught her in my arms, called her my life, my love—In plain English—having quite forgot my French, in this moment of distraction. I leaned her back, sprinkled water in her face, and kissed it dry again, till she recovered.

All

All this while the enraged *Roxana* went on exclaiming against my disingenuousness and perfidy, and ringing the bell, for a chair. I ordered a second to be called; she flung herself into one, I placed my poor trembling pupil in the other, and ran along by the side of it, vowing, professing, and stammering, all the way, till we got near her house; then slunk off, for fear of being espied by the jealous termagant, and returned home to the Temple, in the utmost perplexity and confusion.



C H A P. CLV.

I Could not compose my spirits sufficiently, that night, to lie down in my bed, and sat up till day-break, musing o'er the taper. My reflections ran thus: I was apprehensive lest the violence of the disappointed Divorcée, might transport her to expose the fair victim to her husband. I was resolved to vindicate her *actual innocence*, and to support her through the consequences of our mutual indiscretion, so far as it had already proceeded; and was so affected with
the

the dangerous situation to which my libertinism had reduced her, that I resolutely determined never more to re-visit Leadenhall-street again; and compounded for the loss of a fond mistress, by the getting rid of a jealous virago.

Having thus far qualified the difficulty and uneasiness of my mind, I began to turn my thoughts inward on myself—What a life is mine! without purpose, or end!

———“ As if there was no more behind,
 “ But such a day to-morrow as to day,
 “ And to be boy eternal.”——— *

Youth flies, and fortune wastes! In what a venture am I engaged, and what a shipwreck must he endanger, whose gale is passion, whose pilot inexperience, and whose port is no where!

Then, upon comparing my Temple, with my college life—That, letters, love, and œconomy—This, dissipation, debauchery, and extravagance—I started from my chair, crying out, Where is she, my lovely academie, now? my virtuous mistress, my disinterested friend, my society alone! O! why not sum up all these dear appellations, in one still more dear, and

comprehensive term, my wife ! And she shall be mine, if love, approbation, and selection, can intitle me to her ; or that the confessing myself the *base Indian*, now repentant, may win her from her delicacy and scruples. But is she not already so ? Our souls are one, and our bodies have been each other's.

“ For marriage is a matter of more worth,
 “ Than to be dealt in by *attorneyship*.”

With these reflections, and with this resolve, I laid me down to rest, and awakened with the same. For sleep, by composing my spirits, and calming my reason, had but the more firmly determined my purpose. I perceived the vanity of life, the clearer, where nothing stable is, but love and virtue ; which when conjoined, stake this world as an earnest of the next.

“ Consideration, like an angel came,
 “ And whipt the offending Adam out of him ;
 “ Leaving his body as a paradise,
 “ To envelope, and contain *cœlestial spirits*.”

C H A P. CLVI.

MY sentiments, with regard to the charming *Eloisa*, were not, at first, solely the deductions of reason, but rather the inspirations of passion. This will surprise you, perhaps. I had parted from her, with tolerable ease to myself, because I had the satisfaction to have no manner of apprehensions subsisting upon her own account. I had left her safe, both in fortune and in virtue. So far had I acquitted myself, to the calls of honour, and the claims of justice; and on my own part, I had youth, frolic, and adventure, before me, to keep up my spirits, on the parting.

But, I had never passed a day, since our last adieu, without wishing for her society; nor a night, without longing for her fellowship. Women and wine had lost their flavour; company became insipid, books dry, and amour wanted zest. In fine, she was my health, which I had insensibly enjoyed, in the possession, and only lamented, in the loss.

My last night's shock had, like a burning-glass, collected all these scattered rays of love and virtue together, in an instant, and their *vis unita*
force

force was irresistible. My resolves are sudden, and my action quick. I took post-horses immediately, and drove down to Oxford.

My inquiry about *her*, there, was fruitless. I was informed, that *he* had lived intirely sequestered, from the time I quitted college, appearing only at the public lectures, and the public service; and that as soon as he had taken his degree, he had struck his name out of the books, and retired, whither unknown, without having taken leave of any body.

I lay that night in the town, and was preparing to pursue my dear fugitive further, the next morning, when some select friends of mine, who had become fellows of the university, and had been informed of my arrival, came to the inn, and arrested my course. We loved one another, we walked together o'er the classic ground; particularly the park, where my dear chum had related to me all her transactions with her grandfather; and O! where the action with *Ap Shones* had happened, which was the prologue to my happiness.

We spent the day together, often speaking of our *pretty collegiate*, as they called her, and at several times I was in danger of exposing the secret, by the transports that I found it difficult to restrain, upon the mention of her name. I loitered at
old

old *Alma's* for a week, purposing every morning to depart. My stronger affections urged me to go, but my more immediate ones induced me to stay. Such is the nature of man! *



C H A P. CLVII.

FROM Oxford I proceeded to our former sojourn, for the double pleasure of embracing my little *Hermes*, and hearing, probably, some account of his dear mother. But in both was I disappointed. My old landlady informed me that about a month before, a very pretty young gentleman, who called himself my wife's brother, and was as like her as a twin, had come to his house, brought a maid-servant in the chair with him, and carried away the child, who had been long weaned, and was a fine healthy, lovely boy.

* *Cadmus*, being dispatched by his father *Agenor*, in pursuit of his eloped sister *Europa*, happened to be struck with the beauties of a particular situation, and built the city of *Thebes*, *in his way*.

This

- This additional circumstance sunk my spirits to the lowest ebb. I felt a double loss at once, a wife, and son -- And in the latter, was deprived also, of the only *clue* I had to trace the mother by. I was now arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of my pursuit; for I neither knew her grandfather's name, or abode. She had never mentioned him to me, by any other title than the *Old Colonel*, or *Grandfire*.

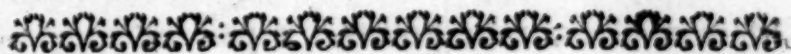
Nor indeed, had I ever asked her any thing about the matter myself, because, from the awkward circumstance of my own family affair, I did not chuse to be communicative in the like particular, myself. Nay, the same reserve I have still continued to preserve, even toward you, gentlemen, said he to Mr. Andrews and Beville, for *Cartwe* is not my real name, but only one that I have assumed to myself because I did not care to use my own, while my father and I remain upon such unhappy terms.

Thus was I blown out to sea, again -- But though I lost my *haven*, I was resolved to take what care I could of the cargo; and for one instance of it, I immediately wrote a letter to the gentleman with whom I happened to have the adventure at this house, desiring him to make his remittances of alimony through the hands of Mr. Seawell, for the future; telling him that

I found

I found it very inconvenient to act any longer as agent in that business.

I did not, however, resign the office of trustee at the same time—The most worthless person, the greatest criminal, has a right to justice from us, though not to favour; and a breach of confidence is something more than an offence against morals.



C H A P. CLVIII.

I FELT myself in the world alone. I had now no *point of view* to guide my *perspective*, no referable object to direct my actions toward. The mind is active, and like a conjured demon, will raise, or build a church, according to the spell that raised it :

Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.

I returned back, forlorn, to London, to folly, intemperance, and to *single joys*. However, I shut myself up in my chambers, at first, and studied law with great application, in order to

I

keep

keep my attention from wandering upon outward objects, and to attach it to some rational pursuit in life.

About a fortnight after I had thus sequestered myself from the world, I received the following billet, one morning :

Dear Sir,

A Certain friend of yours, is at present in a very unhappy situation—If you are a gentleman of honour, you will repair instantly to Leadenhall-street, and there you shall hear the particulars from, dear Sir, your truly afflicted, and most humble servant,

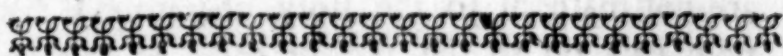
Jane Seawell.

This note alarmed me. I concluded that some awkward piece of business must have fallen out, from the jealous resentment of the Divorcée. But whatever it might be, I was resolved to bear myself through it, like a man ; so putting on my sword, I took coach, and drove off directly to the rendezvous appointed.

When I arrived at the house, I was led into the parlour, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Seawell together, and alone. He was walking in a disturbed manner, about the room, while she sat weeping in the window. Just as I guessed, said I to myself. Mr. Seawell received me with

a formal and embarrassed air, and his wife, wiping her eyes, rose quickly from her seat, and running toward me, cried out, Oh ! Sir—our poor unhappy friend is *lost, ruined, and undone.*

I was shocked greatly, at this state of the case, but began soon to grow easier in my mind, than I had felt myself on my entrance, and desiring to be informed of the nature and circumstances of that unfortunate lady's difficulties, Mr. Seawell gave me the following account :



C H A P. CLIX.

A Young merchant Jew, just entered on the 'Change, having had frequent business to transact at my *counter*, was often invited to my table, where this lady was always one of the company. She threw out her lure, and encouraged his addresses, *extempore.* This was obvious enough on the first interview ; but as there *may be* flirts, who would not be strumpets, I suffered the amour to be carried on before my face, for about a fortnight ; till her behaviour at last, her affecting always to sit by him, her laying hold of his hand to fix him in discourse, her fond inclinings, her gloting eyes, &c. began to

give me such offence, and alarm too, on account of the example before my wife, that I marked it to both the lovers, the last night they supped together here; and forbore asking him farther than my *counting-office*, for the future, whenever his business gave him pretence to call upon me.

This difficulty embarrassed the *inamorato's* a good deal, and reduced them to the necessity of making appointments elsewhere. They met in the park, at the play, and other places, which are not material to the story, therefore I shall now pass on to the present crisis of this business.

This morning she was arrested at my house, upon an information for having stolen a diamond ring, value five hundred pounds, from the Jew. She immediately threw herself at my feet, continued Mr. Seawell, supplicating me not to suffer her to be hurried away to a gaol, before she had an opportunity of speaking a word or two with the merchant, whom she intreated me to go for, in person, and bring to her, on the instant. My wife joined in the request, I prevailed on the bailiffs to wait my return, and immediately repaired to the Jew's lodgings.

He told me the whole course of the intrigue, ever since the last evening they had passed together

ther at my house, till two nights past, when she was prevailed upon to sup with him at his own lodgings. Here, said he, I happened to amuse her by shewing a parcel of valuable jewels, which had been consigned to me by a correspondent at Venice, and were that evening just come to hand.

Yesterday morning, said he, I missed the ring in question, and wrote her a civil line, to know whether she had taken it away, either in mistake, or jest, to alarm me? To which she replied, that she knew nothing at all of the matter, had not even distinguished the ring from the rest of the jewels, and lastly, that I was welcome to her affidavit, if I should be mean and ungenerous enough, to charge her still with so base a fraud.

Her answer confounded me, continued he. I could no longer suspect her, after this last paragraph—*though she is a Christian*—Such was the Jew's expression. I then looked all through my bureau again, searched my rooms and my pockets, above twenty times; but in vain. By this time, said he, the day was far spent, so that it was late before I could go about the city, to give notice at all the jewellers shops; but had the mortification to find that my warning came too late, for that the ring had been disposed of

at one of them, early in the morning, by an ordinary woman, who appeared to be a servant-maid.

Upon this I began to challenge the purchaser, for having ventured to buy such a commodity, in so clandestine a manner; but he stopped me short, by acquainting me that, in this particular, he had conducted himself with sufficient mercantile caution; for, upon suspecting the persons who had offered the ring to sale, he had threatened to detain her till she should be able to give him a satisfactory account, both of herself and the jewel.

Upon this, said he, she led me to one Mr. Seawell's house, in Leadenhall-street, where a lady, of a very responsible appearance, who, it seems, lodges there, vouched the property to be her own. Upon which I returned with the wench, back again to my shop, and paid her, before witnesses, what I hope may be deemed pretty near the value of the ring.

After this, continued the Jew, I thought I had no other measure to keep, but that of justice. I immediately gave in examinations before a magistrate, and have now delivered the wretched woman over into the hands of the law, where she shall abide her doom, for me. I pressed him to come along with me to see her, at least,

least, as she had so earnestly requested, but he peremptorily refused. For to what purpose, said he? I would not forgive the *debt*, even to a *few*; much less the *theft*, to a *Christian*.

I then returned home, concluded Mr. Seawell, and delivered the prisoner up to the bailiffs, who carried her immediately away, and lodged her in the Poultry-compter. That foolish chicken-hearted woman there, added he, fell into distraction, at the merited distress of her hopeful friend, and wrote you the note which has brought you, Sir, hither, and given you a trouble that I apprehend can possibly answer no manner of purpose, in the world.

The lovely Seawell then falling on her knees before me, implored my assistance toward rescuing our poor unhappy friend, from her miserable situation. I would snatch her from the ground, but she was immoveable in her suit. I promised every thing in my power, said that it was not easy to frame any manner of device, on the instant, but I would fly to comfort her, and consult together all possible means of saving her life, at least. Justice forbids it, added I, but humanity intercedes, even for vice. I then raised the suppliant fair; but in the midst of my moral, found myself, e'er I was aware, pressing her hand, somewhat too tenderly.

C H A P. CLX.

WHEN I entered the gaol, I felt myself affected with a crowd of sensations and reflections; the noisome scents, the fallow complexions, the squalid garments, shocked my sight and smell. But I found myself much more disturbed at the boisterous merriment I heard among the prisoners; which made their wretchedness appear still more wretched; and added *Bedlam* to the *Mint*.

I spied the unhappy woman sitting in a corner of the common hall, her face all pale with guilt and dread, her arms crossed over her breast, and eyes turned up to Heaven; while a parcel of raggamuffins, male and female, were rifling her pockets for *garnish*. *The oppressed oppressing!*

How I felt, is not to be described. Her beauty, her vice—her situation, her sex—That form which I had once folded in my arms, with fondness and desire! her jealousy, my vanity—her distress, and my compassion! I scattered money among the contending mob, seized her arm, and hurried her into an inner room, before she could perceive who I was. Then taking her gently by the hand, and beginning to
speak

ſpeak I know not what, my tongue ſtood ſtill, and my eyes o'erflowed.

The moment ſhe obſerved me, ſhe gave a loud ſhriek, her ſtrength failed her, and ſhe ſunk down upon the floor, murmuring to herſelf, “ This is too much, O juſtice ! to be confronted with the perſon who knows ſo many vices in me ! loaded as I am with guilt, this added ſhame reaches beyond my powers ! ” It gave me extreme ſatisfaction to find her ſuſceptible of any ſpark of virtue, of humility, or contrition. I raiſed her up, embraced her, bid her repent, hope, and depend upon my utmoſt exertion in her defence.

She then confeſſed the felony to me, pretending that had I been conſtant to her, this miſfortune could never have happened ; that love alone, with me, would have ſatiſfied all her deſires ; but finding herſelf diſappointed in that fond wiſh, ſhe had reſolved to make all her future amours ſubſervient to her intereſt.

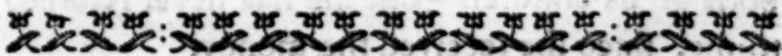
She told me that with this view, ſhe had engaged in an intrigue with the Jew, becauſe he was reckoned rich. That ſhe had endeavoured to get money from him, once or twice, on pretence of being conſiderably in debt, but found him to be a mean-ſpirited fellow ; and that ſhe was tempted to ſlip the ring into her boſom,

in order to pay herself; imagining that perhaps he might not have readily missed it from among so large a parcel of jewels; or that if he should, she might possibly not have been suspected; might wheedle him out of it; or finally, compound the matter with him, by restoring it again. But—having once obtained the quiet possession of the prize, said she, my avarice began to lay violent hands upon it; and the temptation proved, alas! too strong for my weakness.

Thus, continued she, did I sap the foundations of my honesty, as I had done before of my chastity, by *salvo's*. My *first* failure—I may deem it my only one—For one breach in virtue, renders a woman bankrupt for life. Honour is our true virginity—Dishonour never strikes us twice—My affair with the unfortunate young man that is dead, said she, with a sigh and a tear, was never intended, or the consequences even apprehended, by me. He was forward, and took freedoms, which I permitted, rather for want of *breeding*, than of *modesty*; and I finding still my purpose honest, indulged too great a latitude to my actions; determining however, most resolutely, to oppose the *last* attack.

But alas! he had gained ground on me, so gradually and insensibly, that the *last* favour, being but little more than what he had obtained
the

the day before, I was ruined, e'er I perceived my danger. She then concluded her account of that adventure, with this very just and prudent reflection; Women, said she, who do not take up arms, against the *first* attempt, will scarce become heroines, upon the *last*.



C H A P. CLXI.

I Staid to dinner with her, in this wretched scene, endeavouring to support her spirits by frequent assurances of my friendship and compassion, which I promised to exert for her service, to the utmost shilling of my fortune; but at the same time, strongly recommending to her an unfeigned penitence, and a thorough reformation of life. Prepare yourself for death, added I, not through despair, but by the only preparation that is fit for life. Hope, and virtue. She wept, vowed, and prayed.

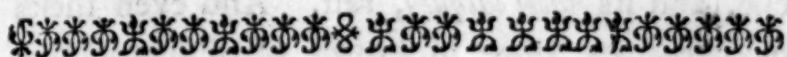
At parting, I desired her to give me the money she had received on the sale of the ring, that I might carry it to the Jew, and endeavour to bribe him into a composition of the felony, with it.

it. Here she fell into tears again, exclaiming out, Oh, Sir! too surely is folly the natural concomitant of vice! I thought I should have screened myself, by employing another person, and one unknown, to dispose of the jewel; and I imagined I might have safely intrusted my own maid, who had lived with me since we were both of us children—but she has never returned to me, since she received the money.

No matter, I replied, the expedient I intended, shall be supplied out of my own purse—So promising to return the next morning, I retired, without taking any other leave of her, than by a bow, and adieu. A gaol is no scene of galantry, and after my first transport of humanity toward her, was over, I kept quite clear of all manner of dalliance, for the remainder of the day—both upon her account, and my own. Vice is contagious, as well as distemper; and I was resolved to hold no farther connection with it, than what was barely necessary for its cure.

However, I felt myself extremely uneasy at leaving the unhappy woman in such a place, and circumstance, alone, and would have given bail for her myself, but I was told by the gaoler, that a *positive felony* would not admit it. I then gave him five guineas, to treat the lady with the utmost humanity and respect, had her placed in the

the best apartment of the house, and calling in at the first bookseller's, in my way home, sent her a present of a Bible, a Prayer-book, and Sherlock's two discourses upon Death and Resurrection.



C H A P. CLXII.

I WAS impatient, Mr. Reader, till Mr. Carewe had finished the last chapter, that I might indulge myself in the opportunity of saying a few words, upon a subject which he touches a little at, in the beginning of it. Namely, *a gaol*.

Every person's humanity, though ever so universal, still selects to itself one favourite object of compassion. Some, the lunatic—others the beggar—some, the slave; and others, the criminal. Mine is the *Marshalsea prisoner*.

The *lunatic* is a sad object, indeed! Swift said that this was a sight which he could never look on, without an inward shock. I am, myself—God preserve my senses! as much affected at this appearance, as he could be, though I have not so much wit to lose—*Sed miserum est perdere*

perdere nautum—But then, this is considering the madman as an *object*, merely—for, as a *subject*, he is frequently an happy creature—and fools bid fairest for that character !

The *mendicant* enjoys freedom, air, and charity—*Turkish captives*, or *galley-slaves*, have exercise, and its *sweet lacquey*, rest. And even these, or *mine*, or *row*, in hopes of redemption—For such is the mistaken charity of Christians, that they often pass by the moans of *Southwark*, and the *Fleet*, to set slaves free in Barbary ! The Culprit ! why he is not a prisoner *for life*—but *for death*, only. His confinement is but short—*Aut cito mors, aut victoria læta !*

The confined *debtor* is a wretch, who vexed with all their griefs, has not a single solace of their reliefs. He has the *Bedlamite's* restraint, without the ignorance of his misery ! he is a beggar, without freedom, air, or charity ! a slave, without the wholesome vicissitudes of labour and rest ! a prisoner, without the *permutatio fœlix*, of death or liberty ! The criminal may have some hope, from the favour of a jury, or the mercy of a judge—but the harsh creditor is, at once, both judge, jury, and executioner too, to the extremest letter of the law. The *Jew of Venice* was tender-hearted—he would have a pound of flesh only, and let the rest go free—
the

the *Christian gaoler* skeletons the whole body with pining want, manacles the limbs to noisome dungeons, and wastes the mind in repinings and despair !

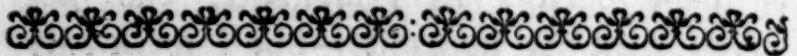
I speak not here, of common cases, for I trust in my *Redeemer*, that there are but few like this ; for many debtors have substance, and *some creditors* want not humanity—but I speak only of those wretches, who *cannot pay*, and those greater ones, who *cannot forgive* *. Under these mutual circumstances, I know some who *feel*, and others who *fear*, a gaol, from those who calling themselves Christians, know no other text in scripture but this, *there shalt thou remain, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing*.

The legislature would certainly interpose, in such hard cases as these, but upon the presumption that no *human creature* can be totally devoid of *humanity*. The bankruptcy act does not reach it. This respects only failures in trade. *Acts of grace* come nearest to the remedy ; but these are rare, and partial ; passed only upon extraordinary occasions, and extending but to prisoners, and exiles, under certain restrained descriptions.

A standing act, of this kind, comprehending every person, and at all times, who was willing to take the relief of it, would be necessary to abrogate this *summum jus*, this *tyranny within the*

* See Matthew, chap. xviii. beginning at verse 21.
law,

law, would be—a turn upon the word is unavoidable here—the most *gracious* act of power, that could be well devised, and most becoming of that government, the principles and spirit of which are founded in *liberty*.



C H A P. CLXIII.

AS soon as I returned home, said Mr. Carewe, I sent a note to my good old friend Domino, addressed for him at the compting-house, where he had directed me to pay the interest of my bonds, as it should become due; begging the favour of him to let me have five hundred pounds, if possible, the next morning, upon a very pressing occasion.

He came to me the next day, before ten o'clock, and brought the money along with him, telling me, while he was filling up the bond, that this was the last shilling he had, at present, or might perhaps, for ever have it in his power to lend. No matter for that, replied I, so far as relates to myself, for I have had a sufficient surfeit of extravagance already, and I promise you, that as soon as I shall have got rid of

of a certain difficult business, which I am just now engaged in, I will retire from the world, to books, and œconomy, till love and matrimony, which I am now in quest of, added I, with a sigh, shall engross me sole. Little Domino much commended both of these prudent and virtuous resolutions, and took his leave.

I flew immediately to Leadenhall-street, to request the favour of Mr. Seawell to carry this five hundred pounds to his friend the Jew, and tempt him to withdraw the prosecution; as I thought that a collusion of this kind, might be more successfully managed in privacy between themselves, than by the negotiation of any third person. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to transact this affair, but by the assistance of his wife's tears and intreaties, we at length got him out of the house.

Mrs. Seawell remained in the parlour with me, till her husband's return, expressing great apprehensions and concern for her friend, one minute, and begging of me, the next, to tell her the whole story of our amour, for that she loved to hear *little novels*, vastly. I defended myself, by replying that the present occasion was too serious a time, to amuse with such light tales as this, while the life of the unhappy subject of it, remained still under suspense; and
that

that memoirs, of the kind she seemed to imagine ours to have been, were very improper and dangerous recitals for wives to listen to.

Lord bless me, how you talk, now ! replied she, how differently from what you used to do ! but the extremity of your grief for the *fair* prisoner—though she is much fallen off, in my opinion, in that particular, of late—has, I believe, made a swaddler of you. Prithee now, could your telling an arch story of our friend, among ourselves here, have any manner of effect upon her tryal ? And for my own part, I really cannot see why any wife in the world might not read an intrigue this hour, and say her prayers the next. Nay, the warmer perhaps, for that reason, as it might afford her a hint to pray more earnestly against the temptation—I hope this last reflection, Mr. Methodist, said she, with a smile, will please you.

I laughed at her giddy liveliness, but must confess that I was once or twice, very near forgetting myself, on this *tête à tête* party. Her morning *deshabille* had something extremely elegant and familiar in it ; her robe was loose, and made of a French lutestring, azure ground, clouded with pale pink : she had no stays on, but a fine ticken vest, which suffered all the pliancies of an easy, well-turned shape, to appear through
it.

it. Her bright glossy hair, which had a natural curl in it, flowed carelessly over her shoulders, and was interwoven before, with ribbon, like a victim dressed for the sacrifice. The few drops of pity she had just shed, added another *water* to the brilliancy of her eyes. Her neck was uncovered, excepting a slight black gauze handkerchief, which was crossed before, and folded in between her breasts, to mark the parted snow. She appeared to be finely limbed, her slippers were of light blue Persian, with a silver fringe, her stockings white silk, and her petticoats so short, that the tassels of her garters were to be seen, as she sat leaning on the couch with one leg hanging over the cushion, and the other reaching to the floor.

Her *toute ensemble* was so very alluring, that a more perfect saint than I was, might perhaps have fallen into the temptation; but virtue had for me, the counter-charms of a *new mistress*. I reflected on the late danger to which she had herself been exposed, from the rivalry of the Divorcée; I ruminated upon the depth of vice which the other had fallen into, from perfect innocence, through one unguarded step—and could I think of exposing her to the same ruin! The place too, warned my virtue—Scipio, a Pagan, forewent the rights of conquest, from a principle

principle of honour, alone—and should I, a Christian, dare profane the sacred laws of hospitality! But more, in aid, to my exalted sense appeared the lovely academic, like an angel heavenly bright! she firm'd my footsteps, like *a fixed point of view*, which guides the equilibrist safely o'er the precipice, upon a single plank.

I preserved the spirit of these reflections, through my whole conversation with her; softening however, the austerity of them, with a guarded mixture of gaiety and politeness; and endeavoured to recommend virtue, as libertines do vice, by setting forth the pleasures of it, till Mr. Seawell returned to us, with an account of his having happily concluded a treaty with the Jew; who had been prevailed upon to accept the money, and engaged not to appear upon the tryal.

C H A P. CLXIV.

I WAS transported at this event, and so appeared the lovely Seawell too, at the first—But—female friendship! her joy began to flatten; which upon perceiving, I took notice of to her. She replied, that it really did afford her great pleasure, to find that the *poor woman's* life was safe, but feared, at the same time, for her *wretched soul's* sake, that she would never die so well prepared, as she had a chance of doing upon this *lucky warning*. To which she added, that she apprehended still farther, *upon my account*, lest her beauty—*what remained of it*—her *wickedness and arts*, might hereafter lead me into some more expensive or dangerous mishap, than I had hitherto sustained from her.

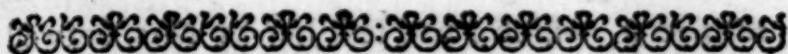
I returned her thanks for her friendly concern about me, but assured her that all such fears for me, were groundless; for that vice, or even beauty, must assail my heart in vain, whose affections were already fixed upon an adamantine rock, of love, and virtue. And that besides, with regard to the lady in question, I was resolved, as soon as the tryal should be over, to make use of all my influence to persuade her to quit
the

the kingdom immediately, and leave her shame behind her. She seemed to rejoice both in my security, and in my scheme, and immediately offered to accompany me to the gaol, to carry the happy news to her *dear friend*.

I declined going myself, at that time, saying that I should not chuse to see the unhappy woman, till after her first emotions were over; and that the acknowledgements her gratitude might prompt her to make, would render me awkward and uneasy; but said, that I should be much pleased, if she would carry the good news herself, and prepare her to receive me, agreeably to my own sentiments of this matter. That if she would stay to dinner there, I would remain with Mr Seawell till evening, and by the time that I might imagine the lady's spirits to be a little composed, he and I should wait upon them to supper. Her husband consented to this proposal, and she went off directly in a chair.

My purpose, in thus putting myself upon Mr. Seawell, was with a design of cultivating an intimacy and friendship with him, in order to strengthen my virtue, by an alliance with my honour. I had a farther view also, of becoming a watchful guardian over his wife's behaviour; as the galantries I had practised toward her, having seemed to have had some little effect upon
her

her mind, rendered me answerable for her future conduct.



C H A P. CLXV.

I Spent the remainder of the day pleasantly enough, with Mr. Seawell, and a very sensible, good sort of elderly country gentleman, who was his near relation, and happened to dine with us. Our host was a plain, rational man, without either wit or learning; but one who appeared to know the world sufficiently, and to understand mercantile business extremely well. I was with him for some time in his counting-house, before dinner; and after he had finished his letters for the post, and that his friend had taken his leave, we took coach, and went to wait upon our ladies together.

We found them both very properly employed; the prisoner was reading one of the volumes of Sherlock, while Mrs. Seawell was attending, and sprigging a flower in the border of an handkerchief. The fair Confined, upon seeing me enter the room, fell on her knees; I ran to take her up, and vowed I would quit the place instantly,

instantly, if she should attempt to distress me after this manner, any more.

She rose immediately, and asked my pardon, for having forgot the *generous injunction*, as she termed it, which I had sent her by Mrs. Seawell; adding, that it was increasing the obligation to do so, as it must have been impossible for her to have found words strong enough to express the grateful sentiments she bore toward her kind deliverer.

Her compliment threw me into some confusion—from what principle in human nature does this coyness arise? To call it *modesty*, does not satisfy my philosophy *—I replied, that the amending of her *life*, would over-pay the *gift*, and that her prayers and thanksgivings were fitter to be addressed to him who can redeem from *sin*, than to one who has saved from *death* only.

* Neither Mr. Andrews nor his brother returned him any solution to this proposition, being unwilling to interrupt his story; nor shall I enter into a disquisition upon the subject, in this place, for the same reason; but shall content myself at present, with quoting a very pretty sentiment from the Peruvian Letters, which combats this delicacy strongly: “To be thoroughly generous, one should listen “to acknowledgements.” It certainly must be a kind relief, to a grateful mind, to be indulged in the fond pleasure of expressing its obligations. It, in some sort, eases us of the debt.

We

We all supped together ; and at parting, promised to pass most of our time with her, by turns, till the day of trial should be over, which was to come on in about ten days. While she was returning us thanks for our humanity and compassion toward her wretched situation, Mrs. Seawell was hinting to me with a low voice, and in French, that this would be a favourable opportunity for proposing the scheme I had mentioned in the morning, of her quitting the kingdom ; because, said she, it will be an easier matter to make terms with her, while she may consider herself as still in your power, than after her safety shall become past dispute. I made no reply, and felt myself much offended at her meanness. The ladies exchanged tears, embraces, and adieu's, with each other, and we retired.

C H A P. CLXVI.

I Passed great part of every day, during her confinement, with the fair reformed; and in reality, she appeared to be a truly penitent one. I acted as her *ordinary*, and was highly sensible of the transcendent joy of *ministering to a mind diseased*. I used to carry a variety of books in my pocket, and read select passages out of them, to her, fitted to alleviate her distress.

Sometimes she would throw herself on her knees, and pray; at others, in a female expression of gratitude, catch me in her arms, and weep. Then, with joined hands, and uplifted eyes, walk across the room, crying out, “ How
 “ happy was it for me to have felt this severe,
 “ yet healing affliction! Had not Divine Pro-
 “ vidence, in its great mercy, thus awakened
 “ my soul to attention, I might have still gone
 “ on, from bad to worse, to worst. Is there in
 “ sensuality an age of joy, equal in poignancy,
 “ or degree, to one hour of that horror and
 “ anxiety I have endured, since my committal
 “ hither! and yet, these terrors are what even
 “ the most fortunate sinners must soon, or late,
 “ sustain;

“ sustain ; for though they should escape a *scaffold*, a death-bed has no reprieve ! ”

At other moments, she would start up from her seat, with wildness and despair in her looks, crying, “ Where is my husband ! where my children ! where is that generous hand, which raised me from indigence to affluence ! and where those lovely babes, that doubly blessed my fortunes ! you have—you have, she would add, suborned the evidence against my life—but oh ! who shall bribe off these bitter testimonies against my soul ! ”

Such sad reflections, and self-expostulations as these, used to throw her into swoonings almost to convulsions, which I endeavoured to relieve, in vain, till after a shower of contrite tears, had assuaged the tempest in her breast, and recovered her, but rather to a torpid, than a calm state of mind.

I became quite charmed with my fair penitent. She seemed sometimes inspired. She talked above her reason, and often exerted an energy, beyond her native force. I contributed every argument in my power, to strengthen and confirm these good sentiments in her. She only wrought herself into these extasies, when we were alone together, but she diffused the spirit of them, through all her converse with Mrs. Seawell,

well, who always spent every evening with her ; and thus helped to second the fair intentions, which I had before conceived, toward that very pretty, but very weak young woman.

On the post-evenings, Mr. Seawell never paid us a visit, and I used to walk home with my fair pupil, to Leadenhall-street, and deliver up my charge, at the door. She told me, one night, as I was conducting her, with a *no-thanks* to me, that the Divorcée had related her whole story to her, at some interval she happened to be with her alone, not by way of *narrative*, but *confession* ; and gave me such warning, and counsel, upon several passages of it, said she, that I hope, and believe I shall be the better for, all my life:

At another time, she said that she really imagined our friend to be perfectly sincere in her reformation ; which had rendered her a truly edifying example—And yours also, said she, turning to me, greatly confirms the strength of it ; for it proves that virtue may subsist, even in the midst of passion. To tell you the truth, went she on, what had put me almost out of conceit with goodness, before—I mean, said she, catching herself up, the *appearances* of it, was that one seldom sees it preached, or practised, but by certain old folk, who seem to grow
good,

good, merely when they are become *good for nothing* ; and poorly think to heal example, by precept.

I agreed with my fair moralist, that this was too generally the case, especially with women ; who once entered into vice, rarely quit the *sin*, till the *sinner* forsakes them. And as their affections, being naturally strong, must be occupied, and their fond hearts engaged, they then become devotees, and enter into a course of Platonics with Heaven. The object only changed, the passion still the same.

Upon the whole, then, replied she, we had better remain as we are, for women, it seems, are scandalous, in sin, and become ridiculous, when they would put on the appearances of growing good again. Your scheme, said I, is certainly the best ; for 'tis the easiest, the safest, and upon experience, will be found to be the pleasantest, also.

C H A P. CLXVII.

AT length, the irksome day of tryal arrived; a crisis, which even to the innocent, or the secure, must occasion great matter of perturbation. My penitent did not appear to be the least disturbed at its approach. She assured me that virtue and religion had, even within so short an interval, so perfectly calmed every passion in her mind, that she was very certain, had not the prosecution been purchased off, I should have seen her upon this occasion, rather more composed than she confessed she was at the present; for she owned that there lay one concern heavy on her mind, now, which she would not much have attended to, then. This was her being exposed a public spectacle in a court, upon an indictment for so mean a crime.

This thought pleased me extremely. It gave me assurance of her virtue. Modesty is the great bulwark of that sex; and the surest sign of a returning grace in them, is its being accompanied with a sense of shame. I was resolved therefore, to extricate her from this difficulty; and immediately calling in the gaoler, I told him how the case stood, with regard to his prisoner; that there

there was to be no manner of prosecution ; and therefore, as there was nothing more than mere matter of form to pass through, I would give him ten guineas to procure any ordinary woman to stand in the dock, and hold up her hand at the bar, in this lady's name.

The money tempted him, he stept out of the room, and returning back again in about five minutes, told us he had bribed his own maid-servant, to put on her riding-hood, and act the culprit part for the prisoner. But at the same time, he insisted upon locking the lady up safe, lest the prosecution might unexpectedly go on, and he be obliged then, to plead a mistake, and produce the real person, whose name was upon his calendar.

We submitted to this caution ; and I consented, at her request, to be confined along with her ; having retained some eminent lawyers to attend the tryal, and placed Mr. Seawell as a guard upon the Jew. When we were left alone, tears burst from her eyes, and turning them to me, You cannot bear acknowledgements, said she, therefore I shall only still continue to oblige, by asking further favours from you. Will you then, in this sad scene, and at this dread hour, join your voice with mine, in fervent prayer ? I kneeled down by her, at the word, and we

both continued in that posture, till we heard the door unlocked; when Mr. Seawell came running into the room, to wish her joy.

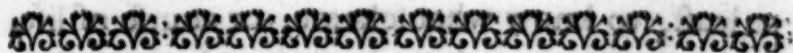
She behaved with her *new temper*, upon this occasion; and with a composed countenance, and steady voice, replied, I heartily thank my friends, both for their kindness and generous assistance, during my distress, but O! far above all do I acknowledge my eternal obligations to the *Most High*, for his infinite goodness and mercy, in having thus tried and proved me, by this *happy affliction*.

We immediately took coach, and went off together to Leadenhall-street, where we found Mrs. Seawell in the fondest anxiety and impatience, as she expressed herself, to receive her dear friend safe into her arms; and both she and I had already set forth the reformation of the Divorcée, in such a light, that Mr. Seawell was prevailed upon, at my request, to accept of her as a lodger in his house again.

I staid to dine with them; in the evening the two ladies went to prayers, and at their return, I read *Amana* to them, a new dramatic poem, which had been just published that day. They appeared to be both charmed with the spirit, style, and sentiments of the writing, and said they

they were flattered by it also, as it was written by a woman.

We supped together; and when I was taking my leave, I paid the reclaimed Divorcée all due compliments, upon her proper sense and merit on the late occasion; and concluded with this injunction to the rest, that on account of this consideration, no part of her past conduct, or private history, should ever be repeated out of our little society, nor even remembered in it. The Seawells made a solemn vow of confidence, to the purport of my proposition, and I retired, leaving the retrieved fair dissolved in tears of tenderest gratitude.



C H A P. CLXVIII.

I Returned home with the most exulting heart imaginable. I had rescued one woman, and prevented another, from ruin. So far well—for them. But, for myself, I had another woman, more precious than the whole sex besides, still to recover. This acquisition was necessary to

confirm my virtue, and compleat my happiness at the same time.

But, where to find her—by what clue to trace her out ! London was neither a probable place to expect, nor a possible one to search for her in ; and to what part of England she might have retired, with her little *Hermes*, then about three years old, it must have been impossible for me, even to have guessed.

The next morning, I sent a card to Leaden-hall-street, to inquire how the ladies did, but did not pay them a visit for several days, which I passed retired in my chambers, in a very low-spirited way, arising from the despondent reflection just mentioned ; praying and hoping that either her friendship for me, or natural curiosity at least, to know what scheme, or course of life, I was pursuing, or some lucky accident or other, might restore me to the happiness of seeing her once more ; and resolving, upon a trust in this fond hope, to hold both my heart and hand at liberty to dedicate to her.

The last evening of my retirement, Mr. Seawell called to see me. He told me that his ladies had gone to morning and evening prayers, at six and six, every day since we parted ; and that his wife had objected to the early service, at first, but had been persuaded to it by her friend,

as

as answering a double purpose at once, both of health and devotion. He added that he owed great obligations to this extraordinary woman, who kept his wife almost constantly in her company, read to her, and endeavoured all in her power, to improve her mind, and regulate her conduct.

He concluded his visit, with telling me that the ladies were much surprised at my long absence, and had sent him to inquire whether any accident, or disgust, had happened to deprive them the pleasure of my company. I returned my compliments to the fair querists, and assured him that I had purposed to wait upon upon them the next morning, before he had called upon me.



C H A P. CLXIX.

THE day following, I went to Leadenhall-street, about twelve o'clock; and after a few minutes conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Seawell, below stairs, I walked up to pay a visit to my now esteemed friend; who received me with

with great chearfulness in her manner, and pleasure in her looks.

She asked me, in a friendly way, why I had absented myself so long, from friends who had so well-grounded an esteem for me? But I recollect your delicacy, said she, you were afraid of acknowledgements, and knowing the world tolerably well, might very justly have concluded that a few days interval would have supplied a bumper of *Lethé* to obligation. No, Mr. Carewe, added she, though my speech may be condemned to silence, my actions shall ever bear an higher testimony of my gratitude toward you.

I hope, continued she, with a smile, that my behaviour for some time past, may not be understood as any contradiction to my present professions; but the innocent, yet frail Mrs. Seawell, has candidly confessed her weakness, with regard to you; she has translated to me all your French conversations together, and has owned the dangerous preference, which it was too natural for a young galant to have obtained over an old husband.

But my exhortations, my remonstrances, said she, with the prevalence of my own sad example, who with—I may without presumption add—better sense, and less temptation to err, had
merely

merely through indiscretion, been led from one step to another, into the very gulph of destruction, have been so strongly urged by me, as a warning to her conduct, that I think I may, as far as female sincerity can be depended upon, give assurance of her conduct for the future.

To this I replied, in the same style with which she had accosted me, that she had infringed one article of her covenant, for so far from restraining her speech, she had testified her obligations to me in the highest manner, in thus employing it to co-operate by her advice and counsel, with my own honest intentions toward the person she mentioned. And if the lady has done me justice, added I, you must be already convinced of this assertion, from my conversation and manners with regard to her, for some time past.

I must confess, she replied, that my friend has not made me a confidant, in this particular, you are not to expect such ingenuousness in our sex—and to tell you the truth, said she, I think it would not be prudent in either of us, to take any notice of it to her. Women are naturally weak, and vain; and 'tis the best philosophy always to oppose these foibles against each other. Now should her virtue appear to have arisen from any other principle but her own native force, believe me

me it would much weaken the incitement to it.

Just at this instant the door opened, and a lovely boy of about eight years of age, walked into the room—she looked, she doubted—she blushed, she started—then giving a loud shriek, sprang forward, caught him up in her arms, and would have stifled him with her embrace, if a most beautiful girl, about a year younger, had not appeared immediately after—she let her son drop, and had not power to advance toward her daughter—but when her husband entered the room, she swooned away on the floor, before he could run up to sustain her.

The scene was beyond my powers—I ran instantly down stairs, to rejoice with my friends below, upon this happy event, which I had already prepared them for.

C H A P. CLXX.

YOU were kinder to them, than you have been to us, interrupted Mr. Andrews and Beville, with one voice, for this was indeed a crisis, which no part of your recital could in any manner have warned us of. I was so impatient to obtain this favourite point, replied Mr. Carewe, that I neglected the usual course of narrative, to arrive at it. The story, in short, is this :

When I perceived the fair Penitent rising into virtue, by such degrees as gave assurance of stability ; her repentance ; her resignation ; her grateful sentiments of her obligations to her husband ; her reflection about her children ; her sense of shame ; and finally, the receiving, and rejoicing in her affliction, as a mercy and a blessing from the hands of Providence ; I thought her now become a fit object for the most interesting connections of life, either as a friend, a mother, or a wife.

Upon this *not unphilosophic* sentiment, I wrote a letter to her husband, the very night of her acquittal, saying that I had something to communicate to him, of consequence to his children
and

and himself, and requesting the favour of him to bring them up to London immediately, for that I should not explain myself any farther, by letter. Curiosity hurried him up express, and the morning before I carried him to Leadenhall-street, he came to my apartments in the Temple.

I then told him that the business I had summoned him about, was to acquaint him with an event, which must naturally afford the extreme satisfaction, to an humane mind; namely, the most compleat reformation in his wife, both in mind and manners, that ever *Grace* had yet vouchsafed to a sinner.

I then gave him an account of her behaviour and expressions, since her arrest, as far as I could do so without revealing any part of her story, which would have been to her disadvantage; but affected to speak of her amendment, as commencing immediately, upon the separation.

I said that her actions and conduct had now ceased to be a scandal to her husband, or a reproach to her children; and that her sense and virtue were sufficient to recommend her, at present, both as a companion to the one, and a guide to the other. For my part, said I, were she free, and my own heart disengaged, from the thorough conviction I have conceived of her
firmness.

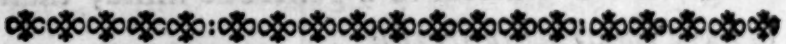
firmness in morals and religion, I should not have the least manner of scruple about accepting her myself, into the nicest and most honourable connections of life; regarding her former vice and errors, be they what they may, but as the spots of pestilence, or deliriums of a fever, unimputable now to her restored health and reason.

Then, said I, taking hold of him by the hand, whom Heaven hath forgiven, let not man forsake! receive her, dear Sir, again into your favour and protection, at once to reward and to confirm her virtue; and be assured that you will find the exercise of this kindness, this charity, this humanity, most extremely pleasing on the experiment, for perhaps, there may be few things, more grateful to a generous mind, than to have *something to forgive*.

I perceived the workings of his mind rising by degrees, and aiding my purpose, still as I went on, but when I came to this last expression, he burst silence with these words: "*Forgive!*" said he, and leaning his hand upon my shoulder, "I have, alas! nothing to forgive! my crime has been greater than her's, even supposing her to have been guilty; and we have nothing now to do, but to commute forgiveness, And as I hope that my contri-
tion

“ tion has already earned full pardon for my
 “ sin, we meet now upon equal terms of peni-
 “ tence—why not then, of love? O! lead me
 “ to her, thou excellent young man, that I
 “ may shew the strength of that passion, with
 “ which I first embraced her, by its subsisting
 “ still in force, after a separation of three years,
 “ and one so strongly marked as ours.”

I listened with pleasure, and embraced him with transport—I then appointed the next morning for the completion of their re-union; and told him that I would not suffer her to receive the least notice of her approaching happiness, in order to have their meeting as strongly marked, as was their parting.



C H A P. CLXXI.

I SAT below with Mrs. Seawell, who was praising and blessing me for my goodness, till dinner was served; when I went up stairs to summon this little happy united family. I embraced them all, not without tears; and taking her by the hand, led her down into the parlour.

The

The remainder of that day passed off in the pleafantest manner imaginable, to us all—but the exultations of my mind, upon this occasion, are not to be expreffed. Your own virtue, gentlemen, muft conceive them. The behaviour of the reconciled pair to each other, fo polite, fo attentive, and fo fond ! each ftriving to prevent the other, in fhews of love, and mutual amity—

The next morning early, they left London, and returned to their own feat, in the country ; where they have lived in perfect harmony together, ever fince, as frequent letters, and preffing invitations from them both, have happily informed me. I have never yet paid them a vifit—their defiring one, pleafed me, becaufe it fhewed *the true humility of virtue* ; but my nicety prevented me ; becaufe perfons, be their reformation ever fo fincere, can never enjoy perfect eafe or freedom, in company with thofe, who have once had certain knowledge of their vices.

C H A P. CLXXII.

HAVING now rid my mind of all difficulties with regard to others, my own uneasiness pressed more heavily upon me. I owed a treble obligation, to honour, to virtue, and to love; but was deprived of the charming means of acquitting myself to them all, at once. Reflection upon this scheme the more confirmed my purpose; and disappointment augmented still my ardour.

I helped to relieve my spirits, by reading, and seeing the fair Seawell often, at her own house, or by invitation with her husband, at my chambers; and our behaviour toward each other, was ever perfectly polite, and platonic. We used all the freedom of a brother and sister together, preserving, at the same time, the purest innocence of such correlatives.

In this situation had I continued for some time, when one evening I received this letter by the penny-post, gentlemen, said Mr. Carewe, taking out his pocket-book, and presenting them with a paper to read, the contents of which were in the following words:

S.I.R,

SIR,

AS you may be deemed, in some sort, accountable for my conduct in life, perhaps it may pass for a kind of duty in me, to acquaint you with every particular of it, since we last parted; a faithful relation of which, shall be the subject of this letter.

As soon as I had taken my degree at Oxford, I struck my name out of the books, and returned home to my grandfather's. He was rejoiced to see me, said a great many fond and flattering things to me, and pressed me several times in his arms. I felt myself extremely unhappy, on this interview, as his kindnesses appeared so much unmerited, on my part; first, from the equivocation of my sex; and next, from that *ultimate misfortune*, which had rendered me so very unworthy of my real one.

He told me that he hoped I had come home, with a resolution of remaining with him during the short remnant of his life; and I had indeed really purposed to do so. But I soon found it very disagreeable, and sometimes inconvenient to myself, to live intirely in his house.

He was too fond of my company, and never afforded me the least opportunity for reading, or reflection, except the few hours which I used to
steal

steal to myself in the mornings, by rising so much earlier than he; and during the short *siesta's*, or evening naps he took every day, after dinner.

I loved him for his good-nature, I respected him for his virtues, and I honoured him as a parent—but notwithstanding these regards, his conversation soon became tedious to me. He would tell old stories, and his memory, or fresh topics failing him, would repeat them over again. He would also tire me with asking a number of frivolous questions, which one moment's reflection might have either answered to himself, or shewn him the insignificancy of. But this is after the manner of old people, who find it easier to *talk*, than *think*.

There were some other particulars, which rendered my abode with him difficult and uneasy to me. He lived hospitably, and saw more company than was agreeable, either to my inclinations, or circumstances. He would be sometimes peevish, if I did not drink *a bottle with my friends*—who cared not whether I was drunk, or sick with it, or no—and that I would not *dishonour* myself, to do the *honours* of his house.

When young ladies happened to be of the company, he would distress me greatly, by pressing me to exert my galantries toward them. I

used

used sometimes to attempt it, in complaisance to him, but my address was always too much embarrassed. I could neither assume the assurance of my apparent character, nor divest myself of the bashfulness of my real one; and this awkwardness appeared so very ridiculous, that it has frequently set the girls a laughing at me.

But there was one difficulty, which distressed me more than any of the rest. When his house was crowded with guests at nights, he would desire me to offer *share of my bed*, to some of the jolly fox-hunters of the company. The first time that this happened, I feigned a sudden illness, as soon as the old colonel had retired; and sat up, taking an emetic, till the *early horn* sounded, which summoned my chum to the chace, and left me the bed to myself. A second time, upon foreseeing the like circumstance, I pretended a vast impatience of paying my duty to my aunt, and accordingly ordered the post-chaise, and drove off to her house, immediately after dinner.

Upon a consideration of all these circumstances, I resolved to retreat some-where or other, where I might pass my life in a manner more retired and agreeable, to myself, and to my real character. I told the good old man that I required the conversation and assistance of some eminent divines,

to

to settle my *orthodoxy* ; that I had a mind to see a little more of the world, before I sequestered myself from it ; and that therefore I should be infinitely obliged to him, if he would let me have the portion he had been so good as to allot me, and suffer me to seek my fortunes in the world, at large.

This most excellent parent received my proposal with regret ; but after some pause, Thou hast so much sense and virtue, he was so kind to say, that I do not think I shall fail in the duty of a guardian, in trusting you with your own conduct in life. And as to the portion you have chosen to stint yourself to—remember it was all your own doing—I think, d’ye mind, that you have been too fair a purchaser, to have that little *modicum* withheld from you, upon demand—so God bless you, boy—you’ll come, d’ye hear, and see your old father, often. God Almighty guide and protect my child !

The next morning he gave me an order on his banker for four thousand pounds, and opening his bureau, made me a present of two hundred guineas, also. We both of us wept sincerely, and the next day I borrowed his equipage, to set me down in London. I placed the four thousand pounds, along with the same sum, which you had been so generous as to remit to me at Oxford, in the funds. I hired a
small

small house there, and sent for my nurse and foster-father to come up, and attend me in it.

My reason for selecting these two persons, was, that as she was the only confidant of my metamorphose, from whom I apprehended any discovery, I thought it prudent to retain her, both in my friendship, and my service ; and, as her husband was a very rational discreet man, who had been my father's parish-clerk, had kept a Latin-school in the village, was a good Christian, and tolerably well read in morality and history, I thought he might be useful toward assisting me in the first parts of my dear child's education ; whom, at the proper age for beginning instruction, I have since brought home to me.

I shall here ask pardon of you, for this theft ; but fearing lest you might not have had the generosity to bestow him to me, had I made the request ; and being likewise offended, at the apprehension of his ever coming to discover what kind of relationship he bears to you, I ventured to steal him from you. Besides, what is, *at present*, my sole happiness, might have been, perhaps, rather an incumbrance to you. - He is lovely, lively, healthy, and intelligent. I will be responsible for his education and morals.

My reason for chusing London, as an *asylum* from the world, was, that I thought I might

L

live

live there more disingaged and unknown, than I could possibly have done in any village or country-seat in England. One is best hid in a croud. Another inducement to this choice, was that I might sometimes enjoy the pleasure, though an uneasy one, of seeing you, at a distance, of attending to your conduct, of watching over you, like a guardian-angel, unseen, and of doing you, perhaps, some little friendly offices, which your too giddy and dissipated life might possibly, sooner or later, afford me an opportunity of exerting towards you.

I have seen you often at church, and at the play; and having directed some private inquiries about your conduct, character, and manner of life, I was informed that you had prepared a most expensive habit, to appear in at the first masquerade of last season, which dress I received a particular description of.

I was struck with the whim of seeing you and this fantastic scene, together. I went there, dressed in a *domino*. The rest of that night's adventure, perhaps, may occur to your own recollection, now. I employed my foster-father to carry on the masquerade with you the next morning, and twice since, by personating a merchant's clerk.

I had

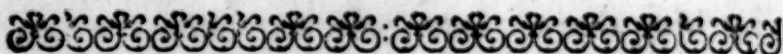
I had determined to have remained in London, quite disingaged from any manner of connection, suffering our dear son to pass for my ward, till he should be fit to enter into college, when I purposed to carry him to Cambridge, and reside with him there. But some expressions which you happened to let drop, the last morning my agent was with you, have quite altered my scheme of life. You hinted, with a fond sigh, that you were then in pursuit of *love and matrimony*. May all the success and happiness, *that your merit shall intitle you to*, attend you in every ingagement and connection of life! To with more were impious—

But, notwithstanding the sincerity of this prayer, notwithstanding the religion, the philosophy, and the resignation, with which I flattered myself that I had sufficiently armed my mind, I find I cannot—I confess my weakness—think of remaining in the same city, or even in the same kingdom, with you, after such an event. Some unlucky chance might possibly, hereafter, occasion you and I to meet—and I would spare us both the difficulty and disturbance of such an interview.

I deferred sending you this letter, which has been written for some time, till I was on ship-board,

board, where I am at present—whither bound, no matter—May prosperous gales breathe on us both! Amen, and adieu!

Domino.



C H A P. CLXXIII.

WHAT must have been my situation, when I had come to the conclusion of this letter! what a fate had befallen me, that those very expressions of love and honour, which the overflowings of my fond heart had occasionally poured out toward herself, should have been the sole cause of her being banished from my hopes for ever! I began to grow superstitious, and dread lest some evil contingency might possibly have been interwoven with my destiny, and fell into a kind of despondency and despair, which I continued under for some days.

At length I was roused out of my reverie, by Mr. Seawell's calling on me one morning, and shewing me an invitation to spend some days in the country, which had been addressed to him, his wife, and to me, from the gentleman, mentioned

tioned before, with whom I had dined one day, in Leadenhall-street, and who lived about five miles from London.

It was about the middle of May, and the weather fine. I thought that company and country air might assist me to relieve my spirits, and at least alleviate, in some sort, my present disappointment. I accordingly accepted of the invitation, and the next morning took a coach, called on my two friends, and drove down to the country, with a design of spending a week there together.

Our host entertained us with great chearfulness and hospitality ; but finding that wine rather depressed, than raised my spirits, I retired to the ladies, soon after dinner—I drank a dish of coffee with them, and perceiving that my melancholy damped the spirit of their conversation, I stole out of the room, and went to saunter in the gardens alone.

I had walked there about half an hour, when crossing one of the alleys, I met Mrs. Seawell, who told me she had made some pretence to quit her company, and had followed me into the garden out of a friendly curiosity and concern, to inquire what sudden or extraordinary misfortune had affected me so very remarkably,

the whole day, both in looks, appetite, and manners?

When the mind is full, and the heart softened, sollicitation and sympathy are apt to induce a confidence. 'Tis a relief besides, to the o'er-burdened soul, to find a friendly prop to rest its load upon; and in love peculiarly, it is some solace, even to make the object of our affections, a subject of our conversation. I treated her then, to the *little novel* * of my amour; but with such reserve, as still preserved both the lady's character, and secret.

I told her that I had formerly paid my addresses to a very amiable young lady, without any design but general galantry; that I had happened unluckily, to have won her heart, before I perceived that I had lost my own. That after I had parted from her, and passed through some dangerous and extravagant scenes of idle and debauched life, I found that my attachments had been already fixed upon this dear object, without my own consciousness of the matter. That upon this conviction, I had gone to search for her, at her former residence; and upon missing, and not being able to gather any account of her, or her family, there, I had been in quest of her ever since, in vain.

* See her own expression, chap. clxiii. parag. 4.

I then

I then concluded my story, with telling her that about a week past, I had received a letter from this lady, dated from on ship-board, and taking leave of me, for life. I added also, the circumstance which had, through mistake, been the unlucky occasion of our ultimate separation. I stopt, I sighed, and shed a tear—she took me by the hand, pressed it, and dropt a tear also. Through all her features was strongly marked the charming *morbidezza*, or tender languish. She wished herself the happy fair; or that fortune might throw it in her way to discover, and present her to my arms.



C H A P. CLXXIV.

THIS conversation had led us a considerable distance from the house, when happening to pass by an *apiary*, just as one of the hives began to swarm, she started at the hum, and sprang over a border, into the opposite alley. But on her alighting at the other side, she had missed her footing, and fell quite prostrate on the grass-walk; doing herself, at the same

time, an accidental piece of justice, by revealing the most beautiful limbs, even above her garters, that I had ever yet beheld.

I *walked* over the border, to her assistance; pleased, though surprised, at her remaining motionless on the ground, in such a posture, and *deshabille*, as if waiting till I should come to raise her up; but it seemed that she had sprained her left ankle, and wrenched both her wrists, which had rendered her quite unable to stir, without assistance.

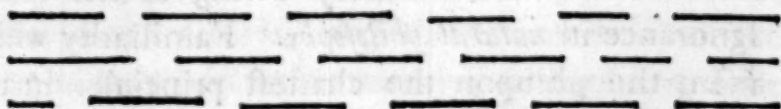
I took her in my arms, and carried her out of the sun, into a little green arbour that I spied at some paces off, where I set her down on the grass, as there was neither chair, or bench, in the place. She moaned greatly, through pain, and both her hands being disabled, she could not rub, or foment her leg herself; but perceiving the ankle beginning to swell, I kneeled down before her, and performed that piece of surgery for her, as we were too far from the house, to provide her with more decent assistance.

I kept down the swelling, and by degrees she found herself able to move her ankle sufficiently to limp home. She then returned me thanks for my obliging care, expressed great concern at the trouble she had given me, and seemed extremely

tremely impatient to be gone from that suspicious place.

I gave her my hand to raise her; but when she attempted to stir, she was obliged to scream out, from an excess of sudden pain, and remained still on the ground. This second distress proceeded intirely from her over-scrupulous modesty; for, that she might expose no more of her leg than was just necessary to be chafed, she had contracted the sinews of it so much, that it occasioned a violent cramp in the calf of that limb.

I had now an higher operation to perform, upon my too lovely patient. I began instantly to rub the *gastrocnemium* *, till the convulsion, rising by degrees into the *biceps femoris* †, and the *gemini* ‡, I was tempted to pursue the retreating enemy too far, till at length, I had fallen my self into the ambush.



* A term in anatomy, for the calf of the leg.

† A muscle of the thigh, which serves to move the leg.

‡ Vide Harris's Lexicon Technicum.

C H A P. CLXXV.

POOOR Carewe! you see, ladies, that he cannot peep his nose abroad, but temptation and opportunity stare him full in the face. But in truth, he had for some time, most unphysically mistaken an ague for virtue, and the hot fit had now, very naturally succeeded the cold one. Consider his situation. What constitution can stand unmoved, *point blank* under the line? He had presumed too much upon his *new-fledged pinions*—*pennis non homini datis*, and like another *Icarus*, by soaring into the region of temptation, the wax was melted before the flame of desire.

The unfortunate Seawell too! her accident seems to have been intirely owing to her total ignorance in *natural philosophy*. Familiarity with men, though upon the chastest principles imaginable, is always dangerous. The jockeys have a phrase, that *a foal, well handled, is half broke*; and the Spaniards have also a proverb - - - - - That is - - - - - (If you ask me, I'll tell you.)

In short, take my word for it, ladies, those few of you who have had no experience in this matter,

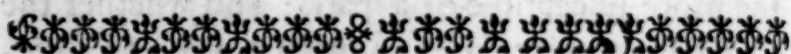
matter, that Platonics are a mere farce. 'Tis as dull and uninteresting, as *bunting a drag*, without any *quarry* at the end of it. They are the devil's features, under an angel's mask. In general, they are but pretended, in order to indulge a vice, under the cloak of virtue; but even where they are sincere, as in innocent and unexperienced minds they sometimes may be, yet let such still beware, that refined passions, like dried gunpowder, are thereby but rendered the more susceptible of a spark; and whether the flame be caught from an earthly fire, or a celestial ray, it equally raises the combustible to an explosion.

There happened to be another science too, which the fair, but illiterate Seawell seems to have been totally ignorant of, upon this crisis; namely, *anatomy*. Mr. Carewe appears to be perfectly skilled in the muscles *gastrocnemium*, the *biceps femoris*, and the *O gemini*! but the poor lady had unfortunately, never learned the use of the *tendon*, stiled *Sartorius* *. Though philosophers generally agree, that this same *sinew* was originally so weakened by *the fall*, that it has not recovered its *spring* ever since.

* This is called in anatomy, the *Taylor's Muscle*, as it is that which enables us to *cross our legs*.

There

There is another piece of natural knowledge also, which Mr. Carewe hints this lady to have been most shamefully unacquainted with, till then. But let old Seawell take it for his pains—When a person happens to have been bound apprentice to an insufficient master, it cannot certainly be deemed any breach of indentures, to pick up the trade from a more able instructor.



C H A P. CLXXVI.

WHEN we had recovered from our trance, said Mr. Carewe, for such it might be truly called, where we were both of us rather *patients* than *agents*, she wept and trembled—I blushed and started—she immediately forgot her lameness, and rushed out of the arbour. I remained behind, calling myself villain, betrayer, perfidious lover, treacherous friend, inhospitable guest, hypocrite, apostate, &c. not one of which vile appellations had I in reality merited for an involuntary deed of phrenzy, without or purpose, or reflection. But such was my concern, such my contrition, that in my
extra-

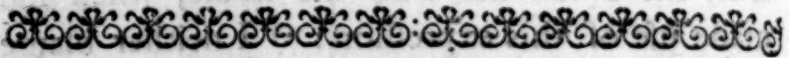
extravagance I charged myself with the *seemings*, as with *realities*.

I pursued her into the garden, and soon overtook her labouring toward the house, in pain and distraction. I took hold of her hand, threw myself at her feet, implored her forgiveness, pleaded surprise, passion, madness, nature, &c. She still continued to weep, and remained some time silent while I was supporting her under the arm, till I led her near the house, when she made use of this expression: "I neither blame you, Sir, nor myself, said she, but wish sincerely, that my death, this morning, had been as sudden, and unexpected, as *your* crime."

The accident of her fall, the marks of which became now very visible in her leg and wrists, accounted for her confusion and tears, and my walking off abruptly, as I did, to London, as soon as I had seated Mrs. Seawell in the drawing-room, was apologized for, by her telling the company the story I had made her a confidant of, in the garden; and which also made an excuse for my gloomy reserve, and avoidance of society, all the day.

I did indeed fly precipitately from the house, the moment I had disingaged myself, being ashamed to look *some of the company* in the face, and

and afraid also of embarrassing the unfortunate fair one, with my presence. I pitied her, and condemned myself—but there are contingencies which baffle foresight, and disgrace philosophy. All that is left for poor virtue to do, is to repair those evils which it can't prevent. And this I was resolved to do, by every possible means in my power.



CHAP. CLXXVII.

I Remained at home, for about a week, spending my time between musings and books; often kissing and reading over my dear Domino's letter, till I am very certain that I could repeat every syllable of it by heart. I found that I owed her eight thousand pounds; which though an heavy debt, gave me this satisfaction, that by this means I might possibly have the happiness of soon finding her out; for as it was the whole of her fortune, she must be obliged to draw bills upon me for the interest; and I was in hopes that I should then be able to discover the place of her residence, from the date of her first *advice*.

I thought

I thought it prudent, during this avocation and leisure, to look a little into my own affairs, and make some calculation about my other debts and expences; and upon this inquiry had the surprise to find, that besides this eight thousand pounds, I owed in sundry sums, each of which was too small in itself to alarm me, to the amount of two thousand pounds, more.

Thus had I the shame and mortification of reflecting that almost half my fortune had been the prey of vanity and extravagance, without having purchased me any one responsible pleasure, even a transitory one, except the five hundred pounds which I had bestowed upon the Divorcée, and which will ever remain a solid and permanent one, to me. For all the joys I had ever yet experienced, had been contingencies merely, without having been either my purchase, or pursuit.

The cheapest thing a man can possibly do, is to pay his debts; and 'tis cheaper still to sell, than borrow. I applied immediately to a *land-jobber*, for this purpose, and marked out a distinct portion of my estate to him, which I was resolved to dispose of. We soon agreed upon the terms, but when he came to look into the title, I was discovered to have been made but bare

bare *tenant for life*, with remainder over, to some distant relation of the testator.

This was the first knowledge I ever had received, of the restriction which my fortune was tied down to. My honour was extremely shocked, upon this information, on account of the danger to which my unfortunate creditors, but principally my dear *wife and child*, were exposed, upon the precariousness of my life.

I held a frequent correspondence with my dear mother, during her life, and had several interviews with her, by her appointments, at a relation's house of her's, about a day's journey from my father's—From her I learned that he was, at this time, but just entering into his fiftieth year, and was of a robust, hale, fox-hunter's constitution.

In these circumstances, I thought it would be extremely idle in me, to live on upon contingency, and very dishonest too, to refer my creditors to so insufficient a security. I therefore, for the safety of all parties, immediately resolved upon a scheme of œconomy, which I accordingly put in practice the very next day.

I found that though I had been made *tenant for life*, by the will, yet I was left *dispunishable for waste*, so I disposed of my woods, to a person who had been in treaty with me for them,
upon

upon my advertisement, for the sum of five thousand pounds. I might perhaps have raised more money, upon this sale, had I given notice of it in the public papers; but I transacted the matter clandestinely, as it were, lest it might possibly have come to the knowledge of my dear wife, and have given her an alarm, with regard to her own fortune, or rendered her generous mind uneasy, about mine.

I laid out this money in the funds, with a resolution to confine my expences to the income of it. I also vested the rents of my estate, in the hands of a trustee, a benchman of the Inner Temple, and a friend of mine; giving him a schedule of my debts, directing principally, that the interest of the eight thousand pounds should be kept sacred, against all half-yearly demands, and three thousand pounds of the principal provided for likewise, out of the first receipts, the wood-money being deposited as a security for the remainder; and that the rest of my creditors should be paid off in course, with a preference still, in favour of the most needy.

C H A P. CLXXVIII.

ONE morning, about a fortnight after my adventure in the harbour, as I was reading in my chambers, Mr. Seawell came into the room, after a very abrupt manner, shut the door hastily, and turning the bolt of the lock, “ You’ll excuse my manners, Sir, said he, but “ my business with you, at present, requires “ privacy.”

He appeared to be much disturbed, and you must imagine, gentlemen, said Mr. Carewe, that I could not have been perfectly at ease myself, upon this extraordinary interview. O what a powerful thing is guilt ! That spirit of youth and nature, which but a minute before dared have braved a lion, now trembled at a man.

This affair, my dear Andrews, said he, had like to have ended very fatally, both to you and me, for it was that very five hundred pounds, which the unfortunate man’s difficulties then called upon me to join him in a bond for, that some time after involved your generosity, in so much distress and danger. But this relief happened not to be at all effectual to the poor man, for his disappointments and losses in trade, fell so quick

quick upon him, that he was obliged to quit the kingdom soon after, and absconded with his wife, into Holland.

When the honest man found that he could not stand his ground, he sent me private notice to lay on an execution, in order to secure myself in a debt which he had contracted solely with a view of preserving his credit, on the *Change*. I did as he directed, and received the five hundred pounds, upon the sale of his effects.

The next day I paid a visit to the Jew merchant, already spoken of, and deposited this sum in his hands, with directions to remit it over to his friend in Holland, as a support to these poor unhappy fugitives. He executed this commission with punctuality, and I had the satisfaction, some time after, to hear that by this help, joined to the assistance of some Dutch merchants, who had been his correspondents at London, he had been enabled to establish himself very comfortably in trade again, at Amsterdam.

This debt, now becoming my own, I immediately added to the schedule which I had already given in to my trustee.

C H A P. CLXXIX.

HAVING now prudently contracted my expences to the bare interest of five thousand pounds, I thought it proper to quit the Temple, and retire from among a sett of cotemporaries, with whom I had been used to spend a much larger income.

I took lodgings at a milliner's, a widow, in London, and kept myself pretty much retired there, seldom stirring abroad, except to sup, now and then, with my friend and trustee; or sometimes spending a night or two with him, at a little *villa* he had near town.

Some evenings when I happened to be tired of reading, or not in a fit disposition of mind to sit down to it, I would invite my landlady and her daughter up stairs, to drink tea, or sup with me. The mother used to entertain me with mistaking one word for another that had a similar sound, and would really have been a treasure to *Fielding*, when he was drawing the character of his *Slip-Slop*.

Her daughter was young, handsome, and forward. The mother would frequently leave us together, when she was called down stairs, about
the

the business of her shop. These are hazardous experiments. I had before experienced male chastity to be a jest, and am apt to believe too, that opportunity is generally an over-match for female virtue, also. *The Parthian exercise is their best discipline* *. This adventure soon added another five hundred pounds, to my *schedule*.

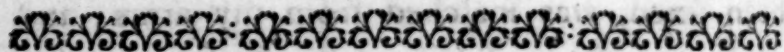
A batchelor's life, who has any principles of honour, is a very awkward and distressing one. I have often wished that philosophy could point out some way or other, to reconcile morals with nature, and strike every thing out of the catalogue of vices, which is not entered in the list of reason. I would marry, but could not. The person upon whom my virtue and affections had been fixed, was snatched from my arms; and while even the most distant hope of recovering her, remained, it would have been dishonourable in me to have entered into engagements, with any other woman. *Quoi faire, donc ?*

It was here I lodged, my dear Andrews, said Mr. Carewe, when your bravery and generosity rescued me on Ludgate-hill; and from the day of our parting at Islington, I retired into the country of England, without remaining long in

* An happy expression made use of by the lady who translated the memoirs and writings of Ninon de l'Enclos.

any one place, in order to avoid fixing my affections on any woman, who might, during the uncertain and fluctuating state of my mind, have possibly attached them too much, either for my honour, or repose.

The interval of my life, between that day and this, continued Mr. Carewe, has been chiefly employed in reading, or amused with a very few desultory adventures, without connection, or consequence, and therefore not worth relating; excepting one, which being equally whimsical and ridiculous, I shall entertain you with, at present.



C H A P. CLXXX.

HOLD, Mr. Carewe—You see, reader, that he is at one of his short catches, here again*. Just touch, and go—Give you hints, and then leave you to guess. Perhaps he scorned to descend into a detail of Mrs. Benson's *bons mots*, before the refined Messieurs Andrews and

* See chap. cxlvi. parag. 2.

Beville; and to say the truth, I should be as nice myself, were I to perform before such audiences only; but pit, box, and gallery must be regarded, now-a-days, by every writer who honestly means to pay his bookseller *. Besides, you may see by the list of my subscribers, what a *farrago* of readers I am bound down to; and I am now going to fulfil my engagements, to the last class of them.

I knew this Mrs. Benson extremely well, and have spent many an hour with the mother, below stairs, for the mere pleasure of hearing her *knock words out of joint*, while Charles Carewe perhaps, was *spelling, and putting together* with the daughter, above stairs. I did not know Mr. Carewe, at that time, and only visited Mrs. Benson in order to compleat a *Slip-Slop* dictionary I was then framing, which I have since compleated, and shall be soon published, for the benefit of the many persons who are apt to catch words *by ear*, and repeat them *by rote*, without knowing either the meaning, or derivation of them.

In this very useful dictionary, it may be necessary, in order to prevent mistakes, to acquaint the *belles* and *beau's* that the wrong word is placed first, and the right word opposite to it; as for example:

* See Preface, parag. 12.

Disgest—digest.

Ingenious (for sincere) ingenuous.

Male (joined with ocean) main.

Twilight (for a dressing-table) toilet.

Concubine (for a quilt) counter-pane.

Metrolopus—metropolis.

Separation (for the ripening of a wound) sup-
puration.

Regiment (for health) regimen.

Crazy (for lunatic) crazed.

Cruds—curds.

Cleopatra (for the doxology) Gloria Patri.

Harpicol—harpichord.

Diffolute (for lonely) desolate.

Contagious (for proximity) contiguous.

Immediantly—immediately.

Sermon—sermon.

Laudable (for loud) audible.

Cock-getting—coquetting.

And so forth. But to return to mother Benson.

She complained to me one day, that a woman in the neighbourhood, upon some quarrel that happened between them, had given her very *unprovarious* language.

Another time, she expressed great pity for a poor gentleman who lived over the way, because his fortune, she said, was much *produced* of late.

I was

I was going to Norwich once, and she advised me to set up at a particular inn, which she had been well entertained at, because she said I might depend on good *commendation* there.

She asked my advice, one day, about a law-suit she was going to commence, on her brother's dying *attested*.

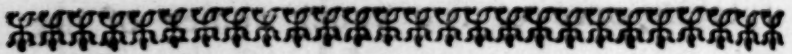
She missed some tea and sugar, one morning, and calling her maid to account for it, said she would forgive her, if she would own the truth, for that open *confusion* was good for the soul.

Speaking once of two young women of her acquaintance, who were sisters, Pray observe, said she, the difference of natures, in the same family, and under the very same education too. There's Sally now, *imports* herself with perfect modesty, and that vile Nancy has turned out an arrant *profelyte*.

But to return again to my dictionary—I dare say that this work cannot fail of encouragement, in such a *dictionary age* as the present. To what *sublimated* pitch of learning have some of our great *chemists in literature* arrived, in the current century, who deal out science in *essence*, without the difficulty of *study*, as empirics do health in *phials*, without the restraint of *regimen*. Both of which *quintessences* of refinement, may be well compared to our late invented spring post-chaises,

M

chaises, which so expeditiously convey the modern youth of Britain, from stage to stage, without the fatigue of *exercise*. But the *dictionary library* must still remain imperfect, till the publication of my *Slip-Slop Expositor*, for the rest only teach you what you are to say, but this will inform you also, what you are not to say, which is absolutely necessary to render the circle of arts and sciences, full and compleat.



C H A P. CLXXXI.

IN one of the villages where I lodged, said Mr. Catewe, I happened to become acquainted with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, by his dining sometimes with my landlord, with whom I boarded. He had great fund of entertainment in him, not indeed derived from any extraordinary sense, wit, or learning; but he was an *humourist*, had a peculiar cast of character, and was what the French stile *un diseur des bons mots*, but seasoned high with sarcasm, which rendered him, at once, the delight, and terror, of all his acquaintance; for he was very free of speech, and his descriptions of the principal personages,

sonages, male and female, of that country, which he usually made the topics of his conversation, were doubly pointed, both critical and severe.

One evening he invited me, along with a good deal of company, to supper at his house. His wife was a pretty kind of woman, handsome, lively, good-humoured, and about thirty years of age. He was himself an hale man, somewhat above forty. They had been just seven years married, that day, without ever having had a child ; or the least alarm about one.

We spent the night very chearfully and agreeably together, some in dancing, and others in playing cards, till supper was served ; which was a very elegant one, in honour, as he told us, of his wedding-day. About twelve o'clock, the company divided, the ladies retired up stairs, with his wife, and the men staid below with our landlord, to finish what wine was upon the table, and to escort the ladies home.

In about a quarter of an hour, a bell was rung, and our host immediately rising up from his chair, Gentlemen, said he, ye were most of you present, this very night seven years, at the ceremony of *throwing the stocking*, and I have invited you all, this evening, in order to be spectators of a rite, which I design to introduce, of

casting the night-cap. We smiled at the expression, though without thoroughly comprehending the meaning of it, and followed him up stairs into his wife's apartment.

We found her in bed, with the rest of the ladies standing round it. As soon as her husband entered the room, he took up his night-cap, which had been placed upon his own pillow, and with an audible voice, repeated the following lines :

Vainly I've in the vineyard plied,
 Seven years of fruitless love have tried,
 An hard apprenticeship, alack !
 When e'er 'tis served the trade grows slack !
 With equal wish tho' toiled my dame,
Love's labour lost was all our game.
 What folly 'twere then, to repeat it,
 So thus I *cast my night-cap* at it.

When he had finished his rhimes, he raised up the cloaths with one hand, and with the other slung his brown beaver into the middle of the bed. The whole company laughed heartily, and seemed highly pleased with the humour. For my part, I confess that I could not much relish the indecency of the action, in itself, though his being a sort of privileged person, and this frolick
 a stroke

a stroke in character, did in some measure, take off a good deal from the impropriety of it.

When I was taking my leave, I stooped down, and saluted the fair prostrate ; then turning about to the husband, " Issue, Sir, said I, is more the
" gift of Providence, than of nature ; and those
" from whom this blessing is with-held, would
" do well to think that in the dispensations of
" Heaven, some parents may be left without
" children, because some children are left def-
" titute of parents."

He seemed to be struck with my expression. Your hint shall not be thrown away upon me, replied he. We shook hands, and parted. In a few days after, I had the pleasure to hear that he had adopted two orphans in the parish, a boy and a girl, whom he cloathed, and put to school, with a declared, and provided purpose, of apprenticing and portioning them, hereafter.

C H A P. CLXXXII.

THIS Mr. Carewe seems really to be a most excellent young man. You'll pardon him, ladies, the few snacks of wenching he takes, now and then, as you see that this is not his purpose, and that he would do better, if he could. His sentiment in this place, is extremely beautiful. The reflection is fine, and the thought intirely new. But in truth, it were a shame if a Christian had not been able to have expressed himself in such a manner, when a Pagan, Epictetus, was capable of saying, that *there were no orphans, for Jupiter, the parent of mankind, liveth for ever.*

I wish I could persuade your *old maids* to pick up a little moral, out of this sentiment of Mr. Carewe: It would be much better for their poor souls, than *peevishness, envy, and scandal.* It might possibly, also recommend them sometimes to widowers; and after they were] past the hopes of being ever made *mothers*, themselves, give them a chance of becoming *step-mothers* to others, at least.

Where women of this class in life, happen to be well disposed, they may frequently be very useful members of society; for having no connections,

nections, or vocations of their own, they might be ready, upon occasion, to supply the places of those who had. Infomuch, that I really think no large family in the country, can well be without one or two *familiars*, or *led-cousins*, of this sort, who should be maintained at the subscriptional expence of all their married male relations, to the third degree, inclusive.

And in towns, I would have one, two, or or three women, past their teemings, established in every parish, according to the size of it, who should be ready to be summoned, in aid, to prevent husbands from *gandering* away their health, and squandering their substance, when wives lie in; and when they die, to take upon them the government of the house and family, in order to keep widowers from injuring their children, by second marriages.

These *succedaneums* to matrimony, should be always lodged at the apothecary's, ready to be *administered*, as occasion may require; and ought to be supported by a parish cess, to be levied along with the poor-house rates, and watch-money. And with regard to the moral of the matter, in polity, as well as war, may it not be sometimes necessary to appoint *des enfans perdus*, or a *forlorn-hope*, to be sacrificed, for the good of the community?

M 4

I think

I think proper, in this place, to explain and vindicate myself, upon a passage, in my subscription-list, where I make a distinction between *old maids* and *old virgins*, which it seems, has given great offence to a very respectable society, as I have been informed by a letter I received lately, from a lady who styles herself *president* to an academy of old maidens, in the city; and who concludes her epistle in these words: “ ’Tis
 “ very hard truly, Sir, that you will not allow
 “ us even *the virtue of necessity*; nor leave us the
 “ *merit* of chastity, to make us some small
 “ amends, for the *mortification* of it.”

But these ladies have misapprehended me greatly, if they imagine that I meant to cast any manner of reflection upon their purity, by this distinction—far from it: but my philosophy about the matter, is really this: Let maidens guard their virginity, ever so vigilantly, from man, that sly, slow ravisher, which besieges them, both night and day, *time* will, at length, steal it imperceptibly away, in despite of chastity, even while they are at their *last prayers*, or wrangling at quadrille.

For virginity, like other flowers, though you should not pluck it, falls off itself, when ripe, leaving a dry and sterile stalk behind it. Milton says,

It

It withers on the stalk, with languish'd head;
And Shakespear,

But earthlier happier is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

So that *old maids*, be they never so chaste, cannot, with any manner of propriety, be stiled *virgins*—but the *baums* of virginity, only.

Old maids and batchelors may be compared to *ram-pikes*, which remain solitary in the woodland, after their fellows have been made into utensils for the use and services of society.



C H A P. CLXXXIII.

I Passed the tedious interval since our parting, in this sort of vagrant life, in the country of England, except several half-yearly excursions, which I took to France, Italy, Germany, and Holland, in pursuit of my dear Domino, upon receiving her bills from any of those places.

But all my search was vain, for it seems she had provided herself with a letter of credit, upon going abroad, by depositing my bonds in the hands of her banker, which enabled her to receive value for her bill, at the time of signing it. However, she never did this, till she was just setting out upon her purposed tour; and I found it impossible to trace her course by any inquiries I could make at her banker's, or even at her lodgings, which I had sometimes hit upon.

About a month ago, I was summoned up to London, upon the death of my worthy friend and trustee, in order to settle accounts with his executor, and to transfer the trust. Just as I had finished this business, I received a foreign letter, directed to my former apartments at the Temple.

I knew the hand, kissed it, and trembled: But when I turned it about to tear open the seal, finding the wax black, and the edges of the paper mourning, my heart gave one loud throb, and ceased all motion. My stomach grew instantly sick, and my voice was just able to falter out, *My Hermes is no more.*

In this opinion I was but too much confirmed, after I had had resolution enough to open the letter, by seeing, at the top of it, an order to her banker, to cancel my first bond of four thousand

sand

and pounds, which was the very provision I had allotted as a portion for my dear child.

The letter dropt from my hands, and I walked about the room, for some time, before I had power to take it up again. For to the loss of my son, upon whose honours was built my whole ambition, was added the despair of ever recovering his dear mother again; all tender, all natural, all virtuous connection, thus at once cut off!

Mr. Carewe then presented the letter to Mr. Andrews, who read as follows:

S I R,

I TAKE the liberty of returning you the portion you had conferred upon our dear Hermes, as he has now no longer any occasion for your maintenance, and that perhaps it may, at present, be necessary to your own.

My life has been pursued by losses and misfortunes, since I left England. Last year, my dear grandfather died, of the gout in his stomach; and about a month ago, my gallant cousin, who had by his bravery raised himself to the rank of major, was killed in the late action in Germany. I have most sincerely lamented their deaths, though an estate of two thousand pounds a year has, by these losses, devolved to me.

I shall

I shall continue the same course of life I have hitherto pursued abroad, by spending my time in reading, prayer, and travel. I shall never love again, *for your sake*; nor marry, *for my own*. I have however, at length brought my mind to be able to think of you without perturbation, though not without regret; and thanks to religion, have now the power of subscribing myself, my still too dear Abelard, yours Eloisa—but *without her conflicts*.

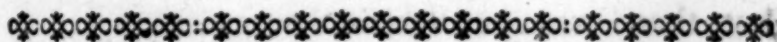
Our charming Hermes continues to improve in every amiable quality of face, person, sense, and disposition. His fondness and attention toward me, surpass those of a child; for ignorant as he is of my being his parent, even his young mind seems already to impute an higher merit than duty, to my love and attachment towards him.

Adieu.

The last part of this letter, said Mr. Carewe, revived my spirits. It cancelled my fears indeed, but the former part of it, had before bereft me of my hopes. I lamented my forlorn condition, I considered myself as her husband, or rather her mournful widower, and put on black for her relations, as if they had been my own. At the same time I directed one thousand pounds, out
of

of my *adventitious* fortune, to be given to the trustees for the *Magdalen-House*, in aid of that great and two-fold charity, toward both soul and body.

The very day I got to London I had inquired for you, my dear friend, at your house, said he to Mr. Andrews, and being there referred to your attorney, had the satisfaction of hearing that you were settled in this country; and the moment I had finished my business in town, I flew down hither, to throw myself into the arms of friendship and philosophy, with a determined purpose of taking some lodge near you, and spending the remainder of my days in study, contemplation, resignation, and retirement.



C H A P. CLXXXIV.

MR. Andrews and Mr. Beville were extremely charmed and entertained with Mr. Carewe's account of himself. The adventures he had related, both of his own, and those of others, were uncommon, interesting, and extraordinary; and the generous and virtuous tenor of conduct he had preserved throughout, though

though interrupted now and then, by the natural lapses of human frailty, had stamped a character for him, as perfect, I am afraid, as flesh, *male* flesh at least, is capable of.

They highly approved and commended the honour and virtue of his design, in marrying the most amiable and excellent *Eloisa*; and joined cordially in condoling with him, on account of the unlucky disappointments he had met with, in so honest and proper a pursuit. They rejoiced extremely at his purpose of taking a house in their neighbourhood, and that declaration had now rendered this friendly *Triumvirate* as happy, as it was possible for them to be, in their present respective circumstances.

They lived together in perfect harmony, at the farm, during the remainder of the summer; but there was one particular, with regard to *Mr. Carewe*, that puzzled and surprised his two friends extremely. He had related his memoirs to them, with all the appearance of frankness and confidence imaginable, so as that no person who had heard him, could possibly have suspected that any one secret, or anecdote, even of the most trifling consequence, had still remained behind. And yet, they had seen him frequently receive letters, the superscription a fair and female hand, which he never communicated the least of,

of, to either of them ; and whatever answers he wrote, he always used the reserve of carrying to the post-office himself.

There was another circumstance, with regard to this correspondence, that joined to raise their surprise still higher ; which was, that these letters were written on mourning paper, and sealed with black wax. This particular inclined them to suspect that they had come from the fair fugitive, or mistaken exile ; and what further article, relative to her, need now remain a mystery between them, was both their curiosity and wonder. However, it was too delicate a point to touch upon—We have no right over other people's secrets ; so let this continue one, till he may himself think proper to reveal it.

The three friends remained together on these terms, till about the middle of September, when Mr. Carewe, on the receipt of one of these uncommunicated epistles, told Mr. Andrews that he should be obliged to take leave of him for a short time, upon business of some consequence, which was not then ripe enough to communicate with his good friends at the farm.

Mr. Beville who was present, joined with Mr. Andrews in wishing him a good journey, a successful event to his new adventure, and a quick return into his present society. Mr. Carewe

rewere thanked them, and appeared for the rest of that day, more chearful and disengaged in his conversation and manners, than he had been at any time during his residence among them. The next morning he rose before day, and rode off from the farm, without disturbing his friends.



C H A P. CLXXXV.

ABOUT a fortnight after their separation, Mr. Andrews received the following most extraordinary letter from Mr. Carewe, dated from *Condisciple-Hall* :

My dear friend,

AFTER so unreserved and voluntary a relation of the various incidents of my life, it must certainly appear a great instance of dissimulation in me, to have secreted any one particular of my private history from you. But your having mentioned the name of *Ethelinda*, with Mr. Bevill's unfortunate passion for her, was the reason of my not informing you sooner; that my connections with that lady, were of a
much

much earlier date, than his acquaintance with her.

I happened to be out of the kingdom, when she was married ; she too easily submitted to the arbitrary commands of a father, and yielded to duty, without approbation, or choice. I became acquainted with this misfortune, time enough only to lament, but not prevent the too discordant union.

She was however, soon released from her heavy bondage ; for your friend died in a few days after your departure from hence, of the disorder you had left him labouring under, last Christmas ; and leaving her a childless widow, has, in consideration of her merit and behaviour towards him, endowed her with his whole fortune, amounting to fifteen hundred pounds a year.

I shall not detain you longer, on a subject which must be extremely uneasy to Mr. Beville, consequently to you, and am in haste to inform you that in a sort of clandestine correspondence which I held with this lady, while I was at your house, I have had the fortune to prevail on her to adventure upon the state of matrimony again ; and I must now beg leave to intreat the pleasure of your's and Mr. Beville's company to spend the *honey-moon* with us, at this place, from the beginning

beginning of next month. I should not have had the presumption to make this request, if the fair Ethelinda did not join me in it. Ye were both present at her first marriage, at another's suit, and ye are now invited to her second, at her own.

Let not my sincerity be at all impeached, upon this occasion. I do still love the dear Eloisa, with all that warmth of passion I have so lately expressed before you, and declare that were she within my grasp, I would this instant, kneel down with her, before the altar. But even hope is fled! this lady then, holds only the second rank in my affections—but I sincerely wish her happy, and may perhaps, without vanity, pronounce that I have it in my power to render her so. The fond lover wishes his own happiness; the generous one that of his mistress. This for Mr. Beville. Adieu.

Charles Carewe.

C H A P.

C H A P. CLXXXVI.

MR. Andrews was both astonished and perplexed, upon reading this letter. He did not know how to reconcile the purport of it, to honour ; nor yet could he say upon what punctilio of moral, to reprehend it. Mr. Carewe's having entered into an engagement with one woman, while he was riding post after another ; his supplanting a man, with whom he had appeared voluntarily to have linked himself in a league of friendship ; and his rivalling a real lover, without even pleading passion for an excuse ; seemed all perfectly inconsistent with the ingenuoufness and generosity of his character.

And yet, on the other hand, might he not have engaged himself in this amour, at some interval before his honour and virtue had been awakened toward the amiable Eloisa ? Might not the interposition of parents have snatched this fair one from his arms, when he had just won her affections ? Might not the despair of ever being able to recover his first object, have suffered the second to take place ? like mercantile bills, *Pay this my second of exchange, the first not paid.* Whenever a question can admit of a favourable

vourable construction, charity should ever adopt it; as in the English laws, every person is supposed to be innocent, till the contrary is proved.

After these reflections, Mr. Andrews ventured to communicate the letter to his friend. He received it like a man—with resentment and resolution. He lamented his having never heard of the Condisciple's death, till it was too late to profit of it. And yet what a mortification and disappointment had he escaped, by his ignorance of it! he regretted his death, which had afforded him at least the hope of possibility, merely to shut it out for ever.

He then seemed generously to rejoice in an event, which had yielded his adored Ethelinda so fair a prospect of happiness for life. He had himself sustained no wrong, had suffered no injustice. The injury he had received was from fate alone, and he was resolved to disappoint its malice, by shewing himself, through resignation, unworthy of the infliction.

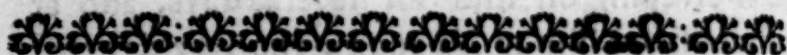
Mr. Andrews seconded his philosophy, by adding the latter part of his own reflections, mentioned above, in order to reconcile him to Mr. Carewe, and prevail on him to accept of his invitation to the wedding. This however, he obstinately refused, for some time. But
Mr.

Mr. Andrews urging Ethelinda's request, whose knowledge of his passion he had never been informed of, and which intirely screened the impropriety of her invitation, at length prevailed upon him to exert a bravery which Mr. Andrews was charmed with ; for after that effort should be over, he was in hopes of retrieving his dear friend back again into the world, once more.

These two philosophic friends then immediately began to prepare themselves for the ungrateful journey ; but were prevented by Mr. Beville's falling ill of a slow fever, which had been creeping on him for several days, and at last confined him to his room, the very day that had been fixed on for their departure. His feelings were too strong for his philosophy, and though the mind had triumphed, its victory was over the body.

Mr. Andrews sent directly for a physician, and wrote an apology to Mr. Carewe, wishing him and the fair Ethelinda compleat happiness, both in his own name, and Mr. Beville's also, who had generously desired his compliments to be added, upon this occasion. Mr. Andrews was extremely alarmed at his friend's danger, and a good deal puzzled also, with regard to the widow's character. From Mr. Carewe's letter did it not appear that there had been an engagement

ment between them, before her marriage; and yet, at the time she was made acquainted with Mr. Beville's unfortunate passion, did she not speak, though with a becoming prudence and modesty, yet in such a manner, as might have inspired the fondest hopes, should her hand have ever been again at her own disposal? and yet—but woman is woman—*varium et mutabile!* and love has its own laws; arbitrary, and capricious!



C H A P. CLXXXVII.

MR: Beville declined every day, notwithstanding all the aid of physic, and his life was almost despaired of, when to poor Mr. Andrews's great satisfaction, he saw his worthy friend, the clergyman, alight at the door. This visit had an happy effect upon our patient, his conversation soothed his spirits, the society of a friend ranks high among the *Materiae Medicæ*, and his prescription soon restored his health. He administered James's powders to him, and his fever quitted him the next day.

The

The re-union of these three friends, was such a pleasure, as the reader, who has either virtue or sentiment, must suppose to himself, better than I can express it; and if he wants sense or feeling, no words can convey an idea of it to him. Mr. Beville continued for some days confined to his bed, which left Mr. Andrews an opportunity of communicating to his friend the clergyman, when they were alone, Mr. Carewe's letter, with just so much of his story, and of Beville's, as was necessary to *explain*, and render it *unaccountable*, at the same time.

The morning that Mr. Beville found himself able to quit his chamber, and while they were walking about the parlour, and conversing together in a more free and disingaged manner than usual, they perceived a coach and six, with a large retinue, driving toward the house. They all looked out at the window, without being able to guess what new adventure was going to occur, when the equipage stopt at the door, and they saw Mr. Carewe alight, leading forth the fair mourning bride, by the hand.

Mr. Andrews and the clergyman were much embarrassed, upon this occasion, on account of poor Mr. Beville, who changed colour at the sight, and walked instantly away from the window; but quickly recollecting himself, he turned about
briskly

briskly again, saying, My friends, fear me not—
I have already paid the fine of disappointment,
and am henceforth free of misfortune, for life.

C H A P. CLXXXVIII.

MR. Andrews was in such confusion, that
he suffered his new guests to come into
the room before he could step forward to meet
them. Welcomes, embracings, and wishing of
joy, were given, and received, with equal stiff-
ness ;

“ And Venus to the loves around,

“ Remark’d how ill they all dissembled.”

It must have been a greater painter of the passions
than *Le Brun*, who could have drawn this groupe
of persons up to the life. For though our new
guests might have been ever so capable of justi-
fying their own conduct, upon logical princi-
ples, yet *beyond the fixed and settled rules*, there is
an undefinable moral ; and in the slightest ap-
pearance of dissingenuousness, something highly
offensive to liberal minds.

The

The beauty of the lovely widow transcended her wedding charms, which had then wanted a year of their perfection. Her person was now compleatly formed, her carriage easier, and more free her air. A lively spirit had informed her eyes—not by supplanting modesty, but correcting bashfulness. The roses in her cheeks were fuller blown, the cherries became more ripened in her lips, and the pearly whiteness of her skin, shone with superior lustre set in weeds.

This garb declared her still to be a widow, which added to the distress of the three friends, who were in hopes the marriage-ceremony had been over, without their being obliged to be the mournful witnesses of it. After about two hours constrained conversation, among four of the company, Mr. Beville doing nothing all the while, but gaze and sigh, dinner was served; which did not hold them long at table, for Mr. Andrews had not been sufficiently prepared for a wedding feast.

After tea and coffee was over, and that Ethelinda had retired to the library, Mr. Carewe, turning to the clergyman, said that he looked upon it as a fortunate circumstance, to meet him at the farm, upon this occasion, as the character he had been taught to conceive of him, from Mr. Andrews's representation, might pro-

N

mise

mise an happy event to any business he should become a party in ; he therefore requested the favour of him to tie the indissoluble, or death-resolving knot, the next morning ; for which, said he, taking a license out of his pocket, and presenting it to him, this shall be your sufficient warrant.

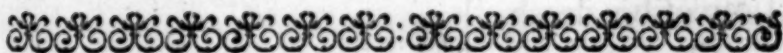
It is now full time for me, continued Mr. Carewe, to reveal to you the only memoir of my life, that has hitherto been kept a secret from you, and which I shall do in as few words as possible, by informing you that my acquaintance with your fair guest within here, commenced even so early as her birth ; for about three years before I had been exiled from my father's house, my dear mother groaned her into the world.

The surprise and astonishment of the rest of the company, is not to be described ; they stood mute, near a minute, staring at each other, before they could recollect themselves, or be able to form any manner of conclusion from such unexpected premises, till the clergyman, upon looking into the license, pronounced aloud the name of William Beville ; who, at the sound, cried out, Too much, too much, too——and sunk back again into his chair, after he had raised himself out of it, to fly into Carewe's arms.

Mr.

Mr. Carewe ran up to embrace, and with him joy, and the mutual happiness of these four friends was inexpressible, but by tears. Mr. Carewe then took his *brother* under the arm, and led him alone into the library, where the fair widow sat reading, reclined upon a sofa. She blushed at seeing them come together into the room, and rose to receive them. Carewe joined their hands, and retired.

Beville still holding his grasp, threw himself instantly at her feet, unable to speak to her, but with his eyes. She cast a regard toward him, of tenderness and modesty, and raising him up, the contract was sealed by a mutual and fond embrace.



C H A P. CLXXXIX.

THE next day the lovely Etheliada's nuptials were celebrated, with all the decency and decorum imaginable. No common-place jests, no arch innuendo's, no privileged manners. One might have imagined themselves present at the initiating of a vestal, rather than a *modern*

marriage. The morning after Mr. Beville taking Mr. Andrews aside, addressed him thus :

My dear brother and benefactor, my unhappy sister brought you no fortune, and her worth needed no addition ; but as her loss wants much repair, you'll give me leave to present you with this bill, which Providence seems to have kept detached from the rest of its unmerited bounties to me, in order to enable me to pay my debts, both of obligation and of honour.

So saying, he laid a paper on the table, and quitted the room. It was a bill of exchange, on a banker in London, for five thousand pounds ; which his friend the Condisciple had received as a marriage-portion with Ethelinda, and which happened to have remained unexchanged, at the time of his death.

This amiable society enjoyed the seraphic harmony of love, friendship, and *halyon* skies, together, for about a fortnight, till Mr. and Mrs. Beville took their leave, and were just setting out one morning, for Condisciple-Hall, when their journey was interrupted by the threatening of a storm ; which rising by degrees, to the extremest height, seemed as if Tempest was collecting its forces together, from all the elements, to shake the earth's foundation to the center :

The

The air grew sudden dark, the clouds quick
blend

Their floating waters in one troubled mass,
O'ershadowing the gloomy face of nature.

The rumorous winds moan'd through the trem-
bling woods,

And the earth's caverns eccho'd back the groan.

The *multitudinous* sea soon grew convuls'd,

The waves came riding o'er each other's heads,

Like roaring lions hunger-driven abroad,

Or foaming boars flipt by unbridled hell,

Against its victim weak defenceless man.

While he upon the beach stands unappall'd,

In wonder only, and religion lost,

Still resting sure on that coercive word,

Which taught the insensate surge to know its
bound.

The lurid flashes of the lightning's glare,

Added new horror to factitious night;

The rolling thunders seem'd in adverse war,

From East to West in clamorous opposition.

The rains descend in torrents through the plain,

And swelling rivers rushing to the sea,

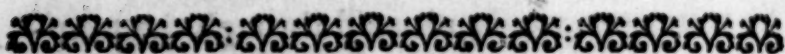
Repell'd, run back affrighted to their source.

The tempest rag'd, and o'er the boisterous deep,

Gigantic terror scowl'd, and mute despair.

While th' elements at civil strife, proclaim'd

Creation's wreck, this globe to atoms hurl'd,
And restauration of old Chaos' reign.



C H A P. CXC.

THE storm commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, was at the height at five in the evening, and continued without abatement, till twelve at night. It then began to subside, and about four the next morning, the wind seemed to cease, as being out of breath; when Mr. Andrews was awakened by his servants coming into his chamber, to tell him that one of the neighbouring villagers had just then run up to the house, to acquaint him that a ship had been stranded and beat to pieces, near the farm; that the few passengers who had escaped the waves, were in the highest distress, and that the country was hastening down upon the shore, to *make a wreck* of the vessel.

Mr. Andrews, whose whole soul had received the inspiration of public virtue, had taken out a commission of the peace for the shire of York, as soon as his house was built; which with the character he had established, even in the short time

time of his residence in that country, intitled and encouraged the inhabitants within his district, to call upon him, preferably, on any occasion where an extraordinary exertion of spirit, humanity, or justice, was deemed necessary.

He arose instantly, and sent to Mr. Carewe and the clergyman, to do the same. They all dressed with the utmost dispatch, armed themselves, their servants, and the labourers, without disturbing Mr. Beville, for fear of alarming the bride; mounted their horses, and galloped down to the shore. At about a mile's distance, they saw the ship, in a shattered condition, lying on its side, in shallow water, on the tide's ebb.

They perceived many bodies floating, several persons wading through the sea, some standing still, with imploring arms extended toward the strand, others fainting through weakness, and thrown often on their faces by the slightest wind or wave. The populace that had lined the shore, awed by authority, and *arms*, dispersed immediately upon the appearance of Mr. Andrews, who with Mr. Carewe rode through the tide, attended by their party, to the succour of this poor ship-wrecked crew, and soon brought them all, the dead, the dying, and the surviving, to a little village near the shore.

Here they were distributed among the several cabbins, where every manner of hospitable assistance was administered, to recover the seeming dead, revive the drooping, and refresh the strong. The three friends divided the charge equally; and separating themselves, took different portions of the village under their respective care.

Mr. Andrews dispatched horsemen up to his house, for garments of all kinds, both male and female; for there were some women among the distressed, who by their appearances and apparel, even under the strong disguise of their misfortune, seemed to be persons of some distinction. The messengers soon returned, and in a short time after, followed Mr. and Mrs. Beville, who having been awakened by the hurry in the house, and informed of this distressful adventure, arose and ran down to the village, in order to join their ready assistance, in so humane an office.

C H A P. CXCI.

MR. Carewe, in visiting one of the *hospitals* in his department, was told by the woman of the house, that a beautiful young lady had been given into her charge, who appeared to be dead, but that on holding her up by the heels, for some time, till a great quantity of water had run off from her stomach, then putting on a warm shift, and placing her in an aired bed, she had seemed to afford some tokens of returning life, and might probably be saved, if any one could be got to bleed her instantly.

Mr. Carewe quick ran through the streets, crying out for a surgeon, a barber, or even a lance ; when the clergyman hearing him, came out of a cottage, with a bloody lancet in his hand, and offered his assistance ; saying that he had just then performed an operation with success, on a young gentleman who was mourned as dead, by his weeping servants. Mr. Carewe ran back with him to his fair patient. The clergyman pierced her arm, and some blood flowed slowly for about half a minute, toward the end of which she seemed to breathe, and at length her eyes opened.

During this interval, Mr. Carewe leaned over the bed, examining the features of the patient, with a look of earnestness, of doubt, and inquiry; but on her opening her eyes, he threw himself on his knees, and catching her in his arms, cried out, My lost, my recovered love, my constancy's reward, my virtue's præmium! O turn, and behold your friend, your lover, your husband, a penitent at your feet! O let— He was going on, when at the sound of these last expressions, she interrupted him with a sudden start, and turning her languid eyes upon him, endeavoured to utter something, when her arm stopped bleeding, and she, without a sigh or struggle, instantly expired in his arms.

The wretched Carewe stared wildly on the corpse for a time, without drawing his breath, or speaking a word; then clasped its cold bosom close to his breast, endeavouring, but in vain, to weep; when after holding it there for a minute, with his eyes fixed, as in death, he cast it suddenly from him, and springing upon his feet, cried out, I am damned—she is gone, Heaven's messenger, to send the furies for me! Infinite justice must have atonement for innocence defiled! No salvo's here! I have but one life to pay, but give it freely—O may it be accepted like

like the widow's mite, and wipe from out my score, the multitude of my offences !

At these words he snatched up the lance, which the clergyman, through his astonishment and terror at this extraordinary and affecting scene, had left neglected on the table, and would have destroyed himself with it, if he had not, on the instant, recovered presence of mind enough to spring forward with a brisk action, and catch hold of his arm. The poor distracted Carewe struggled for a while, till wasting his strength in exclamation, and dropping the lance on the floor, he sunk into a chair.

Just at this moment the door opened, and the young man who had been recovered by bleeding, walked slowly into the room, leaning on Mr. Beville, with his arm tied up, his air languid, and his face sicklied o'er with weakness, fatigue, and grief. But under all these disadvantages, it was easy to perceive a most beautiful composition of features, a fine proportioned shape, with a most graceful figure. He was led toward the bed, but upon viewing the corpse, expressed an heavy moan, and fainted on the body.

C H A P. CXCII.

MR. Carewe, whose chair had been turned from this scene, being roused by the noise, started hastily up, and beholding the dying embrace, cried out, What, a rival in death, also ! O hapless youth—O happy rather—no more the object of my jealousy, but envy—whose grief equalling thy love, hath forbid thy life one moment to survive thy loss !

In the mean time, Mr. Beville and the clergyman did every thing in their power to recover the young man from his swoon ; and after they had raised him up, sprinkled water in his face, and applied salts to his nose, they had the pleasure to find him coming a little to his senses ; upon which they placed him in a chair, and spread a covering over the corpse, to hide it from the view of the distracted corrivals.

Mr. Carewe stood all this while in the middle of the room, with his arms folded across, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his soul labouring with the most dismal reflections ; when upon hearing the young man's voice, who had now begun to make acknowledgments to his kind assistants, he stared, he listened, he started, and
 extending

extending wide his arms, Gracious Heaven ! cried he out, what will the fates do with me ? What ! dead, and alive, at once ! does Providence then make sport of torments ! 'tis impossible—and yet 'tis certain—'Tis she, my Harriot lives ! O let me catch her in these arms, once more, though the extreme of bliss should prove too strong for life itself to bear !

He sprung forward at these words, fell kneeling at her feet, grasped her hand with rapture, and gazed upon her face with fondness, surprise, and joy. Her astonishment was likewise great, and her difficulties no less ; though Mr. Beville, upon the first alarm of this discovery, was so polite as to remove some of them, by quitting the room, and taking the clergyman along with him.

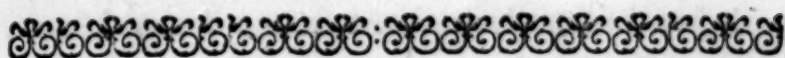
Eloisa trembled all over, and could not resist the first transports, her own passion sympathising with his ; but recollecting herself soon, and forcing herself from his hold, Mr. Carewe, said she, with a blush, the surprise of this adventure, has thrown us both too much off our guard—there is one, I presume, to whom these professions, these regards, more properly belong ; and I intreat that you may no longer injure your own honour, nor attempt to disturb my peace, again. Oh !

Oh ! my lamented, far-sought love, my ever-esteemed, and long-purposed wife, cried he out with impatience, your mistake in this particular, has been the fatal cause of our tedious and unhappy separation. The expression I made use of to your steward, was fondly meant toward you ; and I had before then been for some time in quest of you, and have ever since, with constant ardour, pursued your flight in vain, through most of the countries in Europe.

I do confess my truant youth had been too insensible of the love I bore you, at our parting ; but upon comparing my sentiments of you, with the transient and unsatisfactory passions, with which all other objects had been capable of inspiring me since, I soon perceived my happiness wound up in yours ; your love alone the means, and your alliance the sole end of all my future blifs.

As he pronounced these last words, a sudden burst of triumphant tears flowed down her lovely cheeks, and she sunk into his arms, supporting herself from falling, by a close embrace ; while the o'erpowered Carewe could answer only with his arms, his looks, and sighs. Shakespear is dead, nor is there now alive one capable of language or feelings, able to describe a scene of such contrasted passions ; of love, of gratitude ;
of

of honour, of contrition; of surprise, of joy;
of silence, and expression!



C H A P. CXCIH.

MR. Carewe, as soon as he could recollect any thing which did not immediately relate to his passion, led his Eloisa out of the room where the corpse lay, into one adjoining it, on pretence that she might remain more private here to change her dress, and commence *a woman* now for life. In order to which transformation, he sent into the next cottage, where the farm-wardrobe had been deposited, and obtained for her a compleat suit of female cloaths and linen.

He was extremely unhappy about his son, whom he apprehended to have been swallowed up in the waves, but was too tender to make any inquiry concerning him, which might awaken his Eloisa to distraction. However, upon finding her, without either lamentation or inquiry after him, returning again to tears and exclamations, on the death of the lady in the next room, he stopt her short, by crying out, But first my
Hermes,

Hermes, O what of him? Thanks to all-protecting Heaven, replied she, in a transport, I left him behind at Thoulouse, when my dear sister, who has just expired, called on me there with her husband, in their route from Montpellier to Portugal.

I loved her, said she, renewing her tears, with the fondness of a sister enlivened by the warmth of a friend. It was some years since we had parted last, I found myself unhappy at the thought of her quitting me so soon, and resolved to accompany her on her tour; so leaving our dear child in the care of my faithful steward, I proceeded on the journey along with my sister and brother, and arrived safe at Lisbon.

This most amiable pair, continued she, about a year before, had lost two lovely children, their whole stock, in the small-pox. The grief of the parents was immoderate, and in a short time affected both their healths. My poor sister had got the addition of a severe cold, by sitting up day and night with her children. Her disorder fell upon her lungs, and soon shewed certain symptoms of a decay.

My dear brother, who loved her passionately, had a consultation of physicians upon her case; who after having *practised on her*, without effect, advised her going to Spa; from thence she was
sent

sent to Aix, thence to Montpellier, and then to Lisbon. This *course*, which we may better style a *tour*, had it been capable of answering any other end than mere amusement, was as necessary to her husband, as to herself.

Men's minds, they say, are stronger than ours, and I believe it; but then, I am of opinion also, that their strength serves them better to resist, than to endure misfortune. Throw them but a moment off their guard, till calamity shall have slipped into their breasts, their resentments and struggles being greater, the sooner weaken their force. The convulsions of a giant are an earthquake to those of a dwarf.

Whether such was the case, or no, with regard to this worthy man, or whether his unhappiness infinitely exceeded her's, by foreseeing her early death, I cannot determine, but about a month ago, after we had been at Lisbon near a quarter of a year, he was attacked by a fever on his spirits, which put an end to his life in ten days.

What a wretch did he leave behind him! she was deprived of reason for three days, and the moment she recovered it, she resolved upon quitting the kingdom instantly. She was reduced now to a weaker state than ever, and I
would

would have deferred her voyage till the spring, but she was inflexible.

I asked the physicians there, what climate they would now recommend to my dear sister, to breathe in ; but they replied, that Lisbon was the *ne plus ultra* of health, and that since it had not done her any service, they feared no other region on the globe would avail, except the returning again to her *native air*, might produce some salutary effect ; and which was a thing frequently recommended, by the *college*.

We then began to prepare for our voyage, for I was resolved to accompany her into England, and retire with her to some private country scene, where she had never seen either her children, or her husband, or any thing which might remind her particularly of either.

There would I have remained with her, till she should be either released from a sickly and unhappy life, or so far restored to health, as to be able to accompany me in my scheme of travelling, and purpose of living abroad. We waited some time for a ship, at last we embarked, the wind changed and shifted us out of our course, and after some days sailing to and fro, drove us at length, amidst this perilous storm. The rest you know.

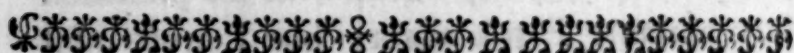
Mr.

Mr. Carewe embraced her at this period, wiping away her tender tears with kisses; then leaving her to change her dress, went out to inquire after some of the passengers, whom she said were persons she had lately become acquainted with, and conceived a friendship for; and whose safety therefore, she was sincerely interested in.

When he got into the street, he met Mr. Beville coming from visiting one of the cottages, and taking him by the arm, You see, my dear brother, said he, that Providence has at length, thought fit to bless my wishes with the possession of the amiable Eloisa again; but I must insist upon it that you never reveal the secret history of our love, to any person whatsoever, not excepting my sister—Had I retained the least glimpse of hope, of ever recovering her again, I should not have been so unguarded, even to my dearest friends. But though there is nothing in her most private memoirs, so circumstanced, and so uninformed as she really was, at a certain æra, which ought to affect her character, in the opinion of philosophy or candour, yet women or the world are apt to censure failings, which their own feelings should incline them to excuse.

Enough, replied Mr. Beville, and more than was necessary to me, my most excellent friend—may
she

she make you as happy, as you have rendered me ; and if confirmed virtue, on one side, and approved honour, on the other, can render you so, your union must be blest. They then walked down together to Mr. Andrews's quarters, and met Mrs. Beville at one of the doors, having just stepped out to refresh herself, after the fatigue of administering cordials to two ladies, who had been among the wretched passengers, and helping them to put on dry cloaths, which she had provided for them.



C H A P. CXCIV.

DURING all these transactions, Mr. Andrews was extremely active in his department, supplying wine which he had ordered down from his own house, and raiment which he purchased from the inhabitants, to the sailors, and poor passengers who had escaped the wreck, and came half naked to the shore.

The captain of the vessel too, was one of the objects which fell under his attention ; but he refused any kind of help, except brandy ; nor did he afford the least manner of assistance to any
one

one of the crew, though well enough able to have done it, as he had escaped free from all damage, but wetting. He sat by a cabin fire, drying the cloaths, on his back, smoaking a pipe, quaffing off half pints of brandy at a draught, and swearing at the storm so loud and impiously, as were enough to have provoked a second tempest.

Mr. Andrews, having now finished his circuit, and provided for every thing in his rounds, came at length to the house where we are at present, to rest himself, and pay his particular compliments to the ladies whom he had before left under the care of Mrs. Beville. He arrived just at the time that Beville and Carewe came to the door, and they all walked into the parlour together ; where they were hardly seated, when the clergyman, who had been active in his office of visiting, praying by, and exhorting of the sick, came in, and took his seat among them.

Mr. Carewe, impatient to communicate his joy, taking Mr. Andrews by the hand, cried out, in a transport, O my dear friend, my Eloisa is found among the wreck, is recovered to life, and has this moment accepted my hand. Mr. Andrews, overcome both with pleasure and surprise, had power to express himself no other way,

way, than by catching him in his arms, and shedding silent, speaking tears.

As soon as Mr. Carewe could disengage himself, he turned toward Mrs. Beville and the clergyman, who though one of them knowing nothing at all, and the other nothing material of his story, were both most heartily wishing him joy, and immediately related to them a short extempore novel of his love, which satisfied their curiosity, as well as the real adventure would have done.

The greatest difficulty his invention had to struggle with here, was how to account for his Harriot's appearance in men's cloaths; but the turn he gave to it at last, was, that being resolved to inform herself of every thing worth seeing or knowing, while she was in Portugal, she had disguised her sex under a male habit, that attended by her brother-in-law, she might enjoy a freedom which by the manners of that country, women are restrained from.

Mr. Andrews quick perceived the delicacy of Mr. Carewe's intention, and was highly pleased with his address and readiness of invention—*Splendide mendax*—He then sent up his compliments to the two ladies above stairs, to inquire how they were; and being answered that they were not yet prepared to admit a visit, he with
the

the rest of his company, went out together to pay their compliments to their new and fair ally — They found her compleatly dressed, in Ethelinda's first wedding suit, and rivalling the beauties of her bridal day.

A roral blush, which had diffused itself over all her features, on seeing this unexpected company come into the room, enriched her charms, and banished from her face all traces of fatigue or grief. They became enamoured of her, at first sight; and Mr. Carewe also confessed improved beauties, and acquired graces, both in her ripened features, and now finished form.

He performed the office of gentleman-usher, and introduced the company to the bride, mentioning the relation, connection, or character, of each person, respectively. She received them all with the polite address of new acquaintances, joined to the generous warmth of old friendships; and after the usual congratulations, and occasional civilities had been passed and repassed among them, Mr. Andrews took Eloisa by the hand, and led the way back to the house he had just come from, as it was the largest in the village, and that he had some further hospitalities to offer to the two distressed ladies who were lodged there.

C H A P. CXC.V.

S OON after they had come into the house, a message was delivered to Mr. Andrews, from the ladies above stairs, that they would be glad of his company, along with his friends, to return them all thanks for the humane and charitable assistance afforded them, in this great article of distress and danger. They obeyed the summons, and went up together. They found a lady alone in the room, of a genteel person, and about fifty years of age, sitting on the side of a bed, who upon their entrance, rose up to receive them, and addressed them thus :

My generous friends, I have the extreme gratitude to acknowledge to you all, for your timely and necessary aid, in this our great calamity ; but my thanks are more particularly due to you, Sir, said she, turning herself toward Mr. Andrews, who I have the pleasure to learn has been the first mover, and chief instrument, under Providence, upon this occasion. As soon as I was capable, continued she, of inquiring upon what coast of England I had been thrown, and had heard your name sounded from below, it afforded me a singular joy, to find that we
had

had owed our lives to a person, for whom, though but little known, I had been taught by others, to conceive so true a friendship and esteem.

Mr. Andrews was equally surprised and confounded at so partial a compliment, but moving up slowly toward her, and beginning by degrees, to recollect her person, cried out at length, Thou generous parent of my lost Fanny! welcome from death, and to these arms again! O! since thy kindness could not save her precious life, yet let it be some alleviation of my grief, that I have had the fortune to rescue yours.

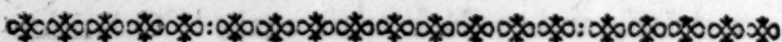
After they had tenderly embraced each other, the lady begging leave to sit down, and intreating all the company to do the same, applied herself again to Mr. Andrews, saying, with great emotion, O my dear nephew, urge not a subject o'er again, which is now past lamenting for you, and but revives a fruitless grief in me; who if I feel it less, at present, am weaker still, to bear it! speak to me rather of yourself, your children, and your fortunes. These be our only cares now, say what of these?

Mr. Andrews then gave her as short an account of himself and his family, as possible, by saying that he was rich, and they were well; being impatient to inquire about her daughter's

O

health,

health, which he pleaded his emotion and surprise, for not having done sooner. She answered, with the fondness of a mother, My dear and only child, thank Heaven and you, is in the room within there, and out of danger ; but both her mind and body, being more easily affected than mine, have prevented her from being able yet to appear, and join in my acknowledgments.



C H A P. CXCVI.

JUST then, Mr. Andrews's steward, who had been appointed to land the passengers effects from the ship, came into the room to inform him, that he had brought all the luggage safe ashore, and lodged them in the parlour below. The aunt, upon hearing this, immediately ordered a large deal box to be brought up stairs.

She then told Mr. Andrews that she had two presents to make him, on condition that he would summon his philosophy, in aid, and arm the whole man within him, to abide the test. O ! madam, exclaimed he, and clasping his hands together, Losses which can be e'er forgot, may have their sense renewed ; but in me
what

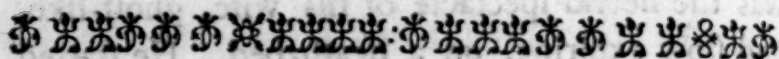
what monument can awaken griefs, which never yet have slept !

When the box was opened, she took out a picture, and placed it on a chair before him. It was the horrid spectacle of his wife, ghost-like, and slow expiring, on a death-bed. He started at first, though prepared ; then standing mute, and motionless, before it, with uplifted hands, and head reclined, gazed at the portrait, till it almost became his own. Fond Beville wept, the rest joined too, in silent grief ; and even the aunt, to whom notwithstanding this object had now grown familiar, here dropt her sympathetic tear.

After she had suffered them for a while, to indulge in this “ sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown,” she took out another picture, and placed it on the same chair, before the first. This object surprised the whole company, more than the last ; because it puzzled them, with regard to the order of its succession.

It was the portrait of Mrs. Andrews, drawn in perfect health, and beauty’s bloom. The astonished husband viewed it o’er with rapture, crying aloud, Just such she was, just such she is again, an angel heavenly bright ! but where the crown of glory, where the seraph’s plumes, which should have marked her spirit for the skies !

He was continuing thus to rave, when his extasy was suddenly interrupted, by the original rushing into the room, and flying into his arms.



C H A P. CXCVII.

IN imitation of the great Timanthes, in his famous picture upon the sacrifice of Iphigenia, I must here *let fall the curtain*, to hide those features, which no painting can express. O reader, there is no describing of this scene! the wonder, the joy, the emotion!

I was present at this interview, and so I happened to be on the late execution at Lisbon. But this affected me much more. In the criminal case, one goes prepared with resolution, a reflection on the crime, abates compassion, and justice acquiesces in the rack. Philosophy besides, informs us, that pain is tolerable, only to a certain degree, beyond which, it ceases, with life together. But here, the spectator is first taken by surprise, and then a willing captive, surrenders himself up, bound hand and foot, to a transport of pleasure, exceeding into pain.

After

After the first effects of amazement and joy, had a little subsided, the clergyman stepping forward, begged, that before any one should call for an explanation of this miracle, the whole company should join him in worship, to that Almighty Being, who is the worker of all miracles, " who stilleth the raging of the sea, and " the noise of his waves, and the madness of " the people." *

The proposal was readily embraced, and the rest of the house being called together, they all kneeled down to prayer. In the midst of it he introduced part of the 107th Psalm, from the 19th to the 32d verses, both inclusive; which was so extremely applicable to the present occasion, that the whole congregation repeated it after him, with as much fervency of devotion, as if it had been an extempore hymn.

When this pious duty to Providence, was ended, and that proper instructions had been given, about the unfortunate widow's funeral, they all prepared to set out for the farm. The gentlemen subscribed a purse among them, for the relief of the crew, and to reward the villagers. Eloisa, Mrs. Andrews, and her aunt, having *suspended their votive garments*, were taken

* Psalm lxxv. ver. 7.

by Mrs. Beville, into her equipage; and the gentlemen attended them on horseback.

As soon as the coach arrived at the farm, little Harry and Fanny ran out to the door, to meet their father—Mrs. Andrews, and her children! Here let me *draw the veil*, again.

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## C H A P. CXCVIII.

**A**FTER dinner, tea, and the happy Eloisa's wedding, were over, and that all interruption of servants was removed, Mrs. Beville seemed very impatient to have the mystery explained, of Mrs. Andrews's recovery, her long absence from her husband and children, with her total silence toward them, during that so interesting an interval.

She looked first at Mr. Andrews, then at Mr. Beville, thinking it most natural for one or other of them, to begin the inquiry—But their whole souls were so much wrapt up, in the reality of her existence, that the least thought about reconciling of appearances, never once entered into their heads.

She

She then turned herself toward the clergyman, with an eye of curiosity, hinting the question she would have proposed ; but he happened to be so intirely occupied, in contemplations of an higher nature, that he did not remark the expressions of her countenance, any more than Beville or Andrews had done.

After these disappointments, applying herself to her brother, she begged of him, in a low voice, to make the proposition ; but neither he, nor Eloisa, to whom she also addressed herself, gave the least attention to her request ; for their hearts and minds were so happily engaged in their own mutual discoveries, he of her person, and she of his love, that they seemed to have no manner of curiosity, at that time, about any matter, foreign to their own concerns.

The impatience of the fair Ethelinda, increased at every difficulty—Women love *little novels* extremely, as Mrs. Seawell says \*, and finding that the opening of the scene, rested solely upon herself, she at length addressed herself directly to the old lady, in these words : Madam, said she, I have borne my share, with great sincerity, in the general joy, which this happy and unexpected event in your family, has diffused among us all ; but as I happen to be one of those persons, who

\* Chap. clxiii. parag. 4.

are not sufficiently satisfied with merely being happy, without knowing how they have become so, I must intreat the favour of you, to afford us a detail of all the extraordinary incidents, which must have happened to this lady and to you, since your leaving this kingdom together.

This proposition immediately engaged the attention of the rest of the company, and they all joined their voices in the same request. The good old lady bowed, and prepared herself to satisfy their curiosity—but, upon opening her mouth, she was suddenly seized with such a fit of yawning, that she was not able to utter one syllable, for a considerable time; and when she had composed her muscles sufficiently to speak, it was only to desire a respite, till the next morning; saying, that the fatigue she had undergone, both of body and mind, the foregoing day and night, was then calling upon her so pressingly, for rest, that she must beg leave for the present, to retire to bed. The whole company bowed, and some of them *nodded* too; upon which hint, the aunt's motion soon became general; and each party following her example, took up a candle, and walked away supperless to their chambers.

## C H A P. CXCIX.

**P**ERhaps, reader, if you are a female, you may feel yourself as much disappointed here, madam, as the inquisitive Ethelinda appears to have been, last night—but if you are a man, you have reason, I assure you, Sir, to be greatly rejoiced at this interruption, for it is much better that she should yawn herself to sleep, before she began the story, than that you should be obliged to stretch your jaws, at her *narration*.

Women have such a tedious manner of telling a story! with a *said he*, and *said she*; then again, *he said*, and *she said*; then she came into the room, and *coming into the room*—with other needless repetitions, conversations without subjects, characters without manners, language without style, similes without likeness, passion expiring in declamation, and action standing stock still, staring at narrative running by itself till it is out of breath.

But prithee, are we to receive no manner of satisfaction upon this point, at all? and because an old woman is apt to talk too much, must every one else be dumb? No, Sir, by no means. I shall *do you reason*, myself; but will give you a story,



story, in a few pages, which would have taken her up a volume; for she commenced it the next morning, immediately after breakfast, and kept the company up to *yawning-time*, after supper, before she had got herself on ship-board.

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## C H A P. CC.

**A**FTER Mrs. Andrews had been given over by the physicians, at *Spa*, the aunt was writing a letter, one night, to Mr. Andrews, when her daughter came crying into the room, saying that her dear cousin had just then expired, in her arms. The aunt ran immediately to her bed-side, and judging from all appearances, that she was really dead, after some effusions of grief, returned to her letter, and added these words, *Alas! our Fanny is no more!* then sealing it with black wax, sent it off to the post.

Our Fanny, it seems, had only fainted, through weakness, at this time; and the nurse-tender perceiving still some signs of life in her patient, called for assistance, and by the applica-  
tion

tion of proper remedies, she was recovered to sense again, before the next morning.

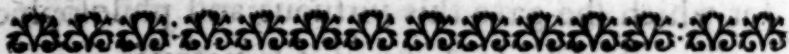
The aunt would then have recalled the last paragraph of her letter, but it was too late for that, and yet too soon to venture to contradict it. Her death seemed only delayed, and she thought it would have been cruel, after he had received the shock, to have amused Mr. Andrews with a fruitless hope, which none of her physicians had in the least encouraged.

Her fair cousin, who was herself in a deep decay, and loved her with a double sympathy, of affection and disorder, prevailed upon her, a day or two after her swoon, to suffer her picture to be drawn, in the very situation she then lay; for which she gave this virtuous and philosophic reason, that the looking on it sometimes, might serve to mortify every vain, proud, or presumptuous thought, which should ever hereafter happen to arise in her own breast, by shewing to what a condition, even health, youth, and beauty, might be so suddenly reduced.

Mrs. Andrews continued in this languishing way, all the winter; one week giving hopes, and another despair, of her recovery, till at length, toward spring, the physicians, upon finding her still holding out in a fluctuating state, pronounced that possibly, the warm air of Lisbon

bon might establish her health; which hint was readily taken hold of by the aunt, both out of affection to her niece, and that she imagined her own daughter might also receive some benefit from the same climate.

As soon as it was possible for them to begin their journey, this female Triumvirate set out from Spa, travelling to *Brest*, by slow marches, to prevent fatigue to the two invalids. The daughter happened to catch cold on the road, her sea-sickness was extreme, and two days after she had landed at Lisbon, she was seized with a *diarrhœa*, which carried her off in about a week.



## C H A P. CCI.

**H**ERE, reader, have I saved you a world of embarrassment, in this part of the story, by snatching it out of the mother's mouth. Why should you be reduced to grieve for a person, whom you knew not sufficiently, to be concerned about? and why should you be delayed the pleasure of hearing, that upon this loss, the aunt, to whom by her husband's will, the daughter's

daughter's estate of twelve hundred pounds a year, had devolved, immediately adopted her niece, our old acquaintance and favourite, for her heir. It was this circumstance which afforded the good old lady the equivocation, of saying, at the village, that *her dear and only child was in the room within.*

Whether the motion of the sea, like *stirring up of land*, might have given some latent seeds of health a power to germinate—whether the spring of the air, in this dry climate, might have caused a brisker circulation in her blood—or finally, which is by no means the least physical *hypothesis* of the three, whether the satisfaction created in her mind, by finding herself, her husband, and her children, thus redeemed from difficulty and want, to affluence and ease, might have given a salutary elasticity to her nerves, I am not philosopher enough to pronounce; nor indeed is it worth our inquiry here, while this truth is certain, that Mrs. Andrews began visibly to recover at Lisbon, in a short time after her landing.

As soon as she was restored to health and features again, her aunt got her portrait taken \*, for a reason of pretty much the same religious cast, with her daughter's; to shew, by placing it near the former, that the hand which, to prove the

\* Chap. cxcvi. last parag.



vanity of mortal boasts, can reduce health and beauty, to deformity and distemper, can, in manifestation of its goodness and mercy, restore them both again, to their former vigour and lustre.



## C H A P. CCII.

**W**HILE Mrs. Andrews continued in a desperate state of health, and even after her recovery appeared to be possible, the physicians at Spa, had laid all persons about her, under an injunction to keep her mind, as much, or even more than her body, free from all manner of emotion, either of joy or grief, suffering every passion and affection of the soul to subside to *a hole some apathy*.

Our aunt took advantage of this restriction. She had never ventured to tell her niece of the mistaken paragraph, in her letter to Mr. Andrews; and yet without doing so, how could she be able to account for so fond an husband's never writing a line to his wife, or troubling himself, even with inquiring about her health, from the aunt?

This

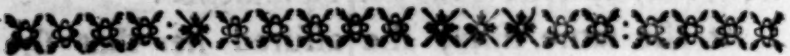
This precept of the physician, then, most luckily removed that difficulty ; and having been delivered before the patient herself, the aunt immediately declared that she would acquaint Mr. Andrews of this restriction, by the next post ; forbidding him to write any letter to his wife, thenceforward, till he should receive a license from her, to renew his correspondence.

At the same time, she assured her that she would direct her steward to send her constant accounts, of her husband, father, and children, which she would communicate freely to her, while they all continued in an uniform and uninteresting tenor of health ; but that she must not expect to hear even of a tooth-ach, or a kided heel, till her mind should be able to stand upon its own legs again.

The expiring Mrs. Andrews acquiesced in this disposition of things, not so much for the expediency of the advice, as because her mind had for some time, begun to wean itself from all human connections ; not in the least by weakening their force in her breast, but by infinitely outweighing them, with the regards of another life.

The good old woman did accordingly direct her steward, in the manner she had promised, and received continued advice from him, of every change in Mr. Andrews's situation and circumstances ;

cumstances; his *debrise* in Hertfordshire; his father's death, and will, with his present residence near Scarborough; it was by knowing of this last particular, that she had discovered him so quickly, at the village, upon just hearing the name of Andrews pronounced.



### C H A P. CCIII.

**H**OWEVER, all these articles of his fortunes, both good and bad, with old Beville's death also, she kept still a secret from her niece, till after her being pronounced out of danger, at Lisbon; and then, upon her beginning to recommence a correspondence with her husband, she was made acquainted with the truth of the story. This information rendered her extremely unhappy, she reflected with vast uneasiness, upon her dear husband's still continuing in the same error; and was for immediately letting fly an express to England, with a letter from her own hand, to acquaint him of her recovery.

But her aunt restrained all this extasy, by saying that the too sudden surprise and joy, of such an unlooked and unhoped-for discovery, might possibly

possibly produce some dangerous effect upon his health, or mind ; that she might have the happiness of seeing him, and her children together, much sooner by setting out immediately for England, herself, than by waiting for his coming to Lisbon ; that she would hire a ship, and sail directly to *Harwich*, which was near her own seat ; and that an express from thence, would reach him sooner than the packet from Lisbon, going round by London.

The design of this very good old gentlewoman, was to have wrote to Mr. Andrews, as soon as she should arrive at her own house, to come to her, and bring his children along with him ; without undeceiving him about his wife. This miracle she meant to have opened to him, by degrees ; and one of the methods which she had purposed to have employed toward that end, was to shew him the two portraits, in the same order that she did at the village.

She imagined that upon his seeing the *living picture*, so reversely succeed the *dying one*, it might naturally raise some hope, some suspicion, some inquiry, in him, at least, **how** it was possible to have obtained the **second** portrait, after death. But we have already seen how little success she had upon that experiment ; for the hurry of Mr. Andrews's passions, when his dear Fanny was



was the object, left him no leisure for the exercise of his reason or reflection. Which, joined to the impatience of the fond Mrs. Andrews, precipitated the denouëment, before the plot had ripened to maturity.

Mrs. Andrews approved extremely, of this whole plan of operation, and they began to prepare themselves for the voyage, with the utmost expedition; and hired a ship to set sail the next morning, for England; when an extraordinary accident happened, which detained them at Lisbon, for above four months after their preparations for setting out.



#### C H A P. CCIV.

**T**HERE was a priest, who lodged in the same house with them, and with whom they had become very intimate, by their frequent intercourse with the people of the family. He was a lively agreeable person, with an elegant taste in polite literature; and having been born and bred a Frenchman, had something extremely easy and polite, in his address and manners.

The

The only point of good breeding, in which he seemed to be deficient, was his too frequently urging the argument of religion, in conversation. But all his scholastic divinity, and jesuitical sophistry, were with ease exposed, by Mrs. Andrews, from the extreme perspicuity of her own natural sense, assisted by the instructions she had so frequently received, from her learned and ingenious friend, the clergyman.

Mrs. Andrews's understanding, with her returning beauty, began soon to attract the regards of the abbé; and his particular address toward her, became at length, so remarkable, as to give her offence. When she perceived it, she commenced a reserve, by degrees, till she had withdrawn herself intirely from any manner of society with the family where she lodged; and afterwards refused the visits of the abbé, on pretence of indisposition.

Affairs were in this situation, when a ship was hired, and the ladies were to have set sail the next morning, at ten o'clock. But at the hour of twelve, the night before, after they had both been in bed for some time, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the portal of the house. The door was opened, and the noise ceased there for a few minutes, but was again repeated at the bed-chamber-

chamber door, where Mrs. Andrews and her aunt lay.

They immediately called out to inquire the cause of this disturbance, and were answered by their landlady, who in a most doleful tone of voice, informed them that the most high and holy court of Inquisition, had sent their secretary with a guard, to take Mrs. Andrews into *safe* custody, till a tryal should be appointed her, for certain blasphemies, and profane expressions, uttered by her against holy mother the church, in derogation of antient reliques, modern miracles, and *divine* saint-worship.

The unhappy Mrs. Andrews quick perceived the priest's hand, and the *clowen-foot* together, in this most horrid prosecution; which appeared still plainer, after she and her aunt had dressed themselves, and opened the door, when she saw the abbé enter the room, alone, with his arms folded, and his countenance masked under an assumed vizard of sorrow and compassion. But soon shifting his saint's look to a satyr's leer, he whispered to her in French, that it was in her power to dismiss the suit, on the instant; and that upon such very easy terms as these—merely to prefer love, liberty, and life, to prison, death, and torture.

I hope

I hope that none of my readers will harbour the least manner of doubt, with regard to Mrs. Andrews's option, upon this occasion. My female readers, I dare swear, have already determined the choice for her, between these alternatives, as the story of the nuns of *Collingham* \*, is one of their strongest articles of faith.

“ I doubtless do prefer, said she, speaking aloud, love, liberty, and life, to prison, death, and torture—but then, by infinitely greater odds, do I prefer prison, death, and torture, before prostitution, infamy, and wrath. I therefore submit myself, not to the jurisdiction of this court, but to the dispensations of Providence, which has already rescued me from a more imminent danger, even than the present ; but if a second miracle in my favour, may be too much for me to expect, I shall still hope, that implored Heaven will proportion my strength to the struggle, and raise my virtue above my torments.”

\* Who cut off their noses to preserve their chastity.



## C H A P. CCV.

**T**HE condition of the unhappy aunt, who remained in uncertainty about her dear niece's life or death, during several months, may well be imagined, without the aid of description. For the walls of the Inquisition cut off from the wretched prisoner, all manner of communication with the world, during her dismal confinement in that purgatory.

She frequently applied to the judges of that most iniquitous court, for leave only to see her niece, even in the presence of any of their own officers; but was inhumanly denied that satisfaction. She then drew up a petition, and watched an opportunity of presenting it, in person, to his Portuguese majesty; which happened to have this good effect, that though it did not obtain her release, it preserved her, by the king's *intercession*, from sustaining any manner of violence, or undergoing a tryal, during her confinement there. For the minister, upon hearing that a British subject of some note, was in question, thought it politic to temporise with so potent an ally as England, while a Spanish war was depending.

The

The aunt, at one time, drew up a memorial, setting forth the real state of the case, with the iniquity and malice of the abbé's prosecution; which she had designed to have delivered into the court of Inquisition. But upon communicating it to her landlord, he advised her most strenuously, against it; saying that instead of redeeming her niece by this method, she would infallibly involve herself, in the same misfortune, even without the least hope of redemption; for that the defamation of a priest, or the least censure against *the church*, was held, among them, to be an infinitely more deadly sin, than the highest profanation of God, or religion itself.

In this dreadful situation had both these unhappy women remained, for about four months, without any manner of consolation; except this only, which they each separately enjoyed, that poor Mr. Andrews had not been yet undeceived, with regard to his dear Fanny's supposed death. At the end of this period, Eloisa, with her brother and sister, arrived at Lisbon, and happening to take lodgings in the same *hôtel* with our aunt, became soon acquainted with this unhappy story.

They all most cordially commiserated her misfortune; and the brother-in-law happening fortunately to be nephew to the new ambassador,

sador, who had lately arrived from England to renew a treaty of alliance between the two crowns, went instantly to wait upon him, and obtained his promise that he would solicit the minister of Portugal, for Mrs. Andrews's release, and if refused, would even proceed so far, as to interest his own court, on her behalf.

He kept his word punctually, with his nephew, and succeeded in his suit; but not time enough to afford him the satisfaction of knowing it; for that good and unhappy man died before Mrs. Andrews had been set at liberty, which she obtained but just time enough to acknowledge her obligations to the ladies, and to accompany them, along with her aunt, in their voyage to England.

## C H A P. CCVI.

**B**UT to return to the farm. These eight persons formed one of the most extraordinary and most amiable societies, that can well be imagined. The sense, virtue, fondness, friendship, and chearfulness of the whole company, rendered them not only agreeable to each other, but the objects of envy or admiration, to all the world besides.

The only interruption to their enjoyments, was what Mrs. Carewe's grief for her brother and sister, used often to occasion, at first, till it had subsided by degrees, to a tender, but composed concern for their loss, which was confined to her own breast, and rarely broke out any more, to the disturbance of the company.

This charming groupe of friends continued together at the farm, till the middle of December, when Mr. Beville invited them all to spend the Christmas with him, at Condisciple-Hall — From thence they proceeded to the deceased colonel's seat, to pass their Easter with Mr. Carewe; and then returned to the farm, on the Whitsuntide following.

In this stated rotation of friendly visits, the Triumvirate ingaged to each other, to enjoy the

P.

three



three great festivals of religion together, during their lives ; appointing the worthy clergyman to be chaplain and almoner to this society, which subscribed among them, a purse of three hundred pounds a year, to be distributed in charity, at his sole discretion.

The union and harmony of this happy family of friends, subsist unbroken still, and ever must subsist ; for their connections are founded on virtue, and reciprocal obligation. Nothing worth relating has since occurred among them, except the birth of children, and the death of Mr. Carewe's father, by which his fortune has received an addition of three thousand pounds a year.

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